This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

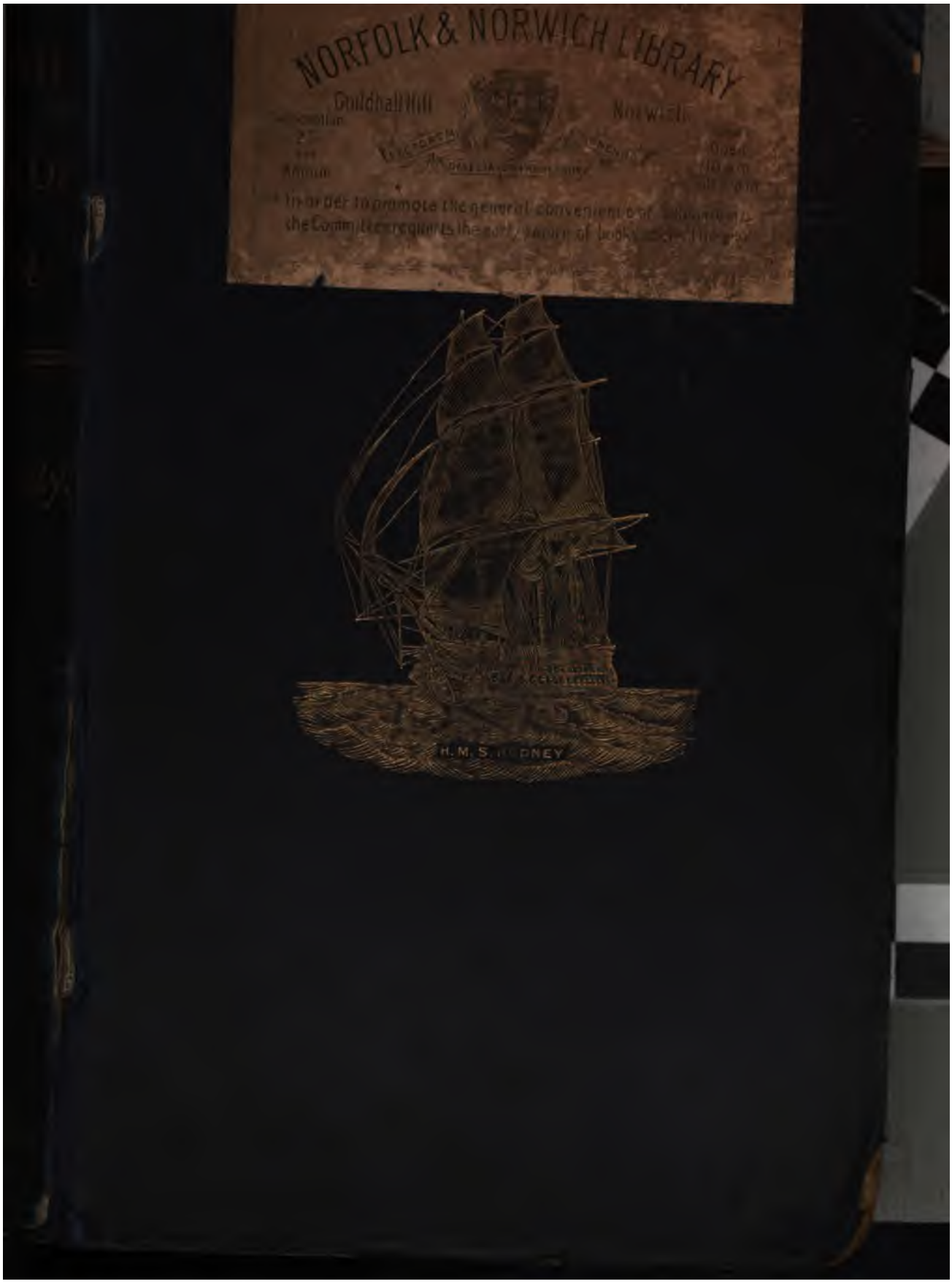
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

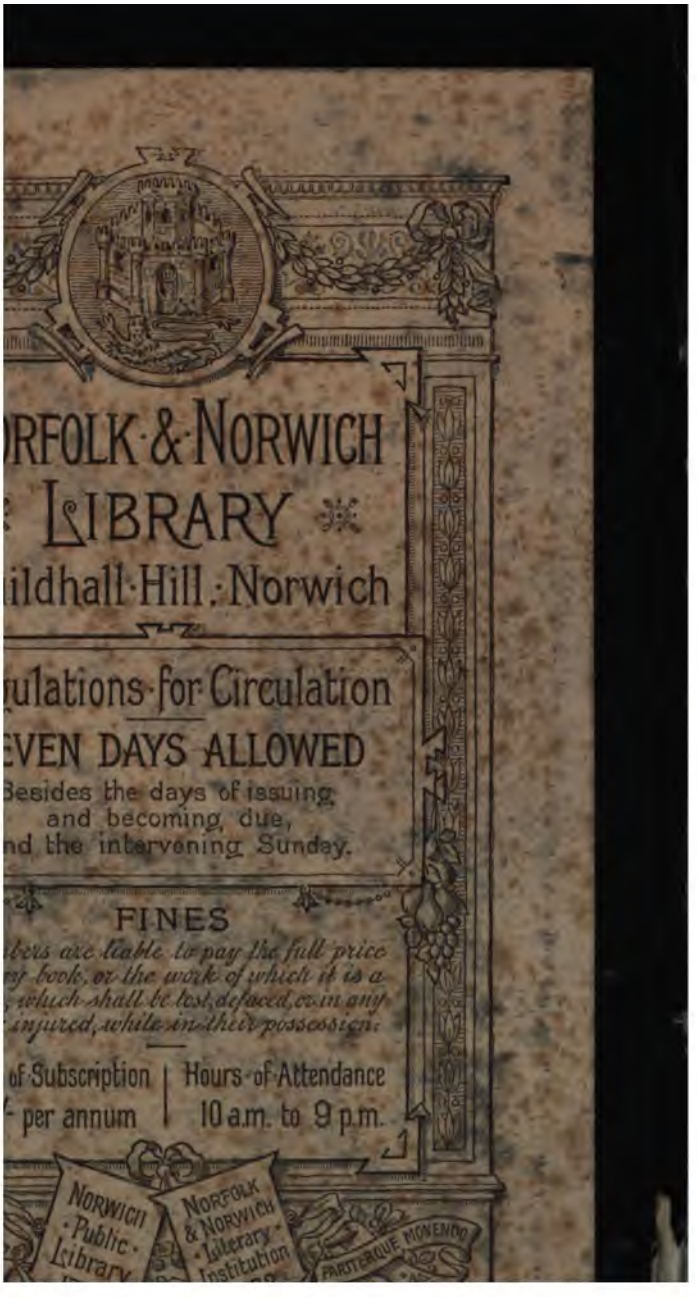
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


NORFOLK & NORWICH LIBRARY
Guildhall Hill
Norwich


ORFOLK & NORWICH
LIBRARY
ildhall Hill : Norwich
gulations for Circulation
EVEN DAYS ALLOWED
Besides the days of issuing
and becoming due,
nd the intervening Sunday.
FINES
bers are liable to pay the full price
of book, or the work of which it is a
which shall be lost, defaced, or in any
injured, while in their possession.
of Subscription
per annum
Hours of Attendance
10 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Norwich Public Library
Norfolk & Norwich Library Institution
PARITERQUE MONENDO

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR!

W. R. Kennedy

All Rights reserved

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR!

FIFTY YEARS IN THE ROYAL NAVY

BY

VICE-ADMIRAL

SIR WILLIAM KENNEDY, K.C.B.

AUTHOR OF

'SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE IN NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE WEST INDIES'

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND IMPRESSION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCC

All Rights reserved

INTRODUCTION.

SEVERAL years ago I wrote a series of articles for the 'Boy's Own Paper,' relating some of my adventures in the Navy, and my assortment of yarns was very favourably received by the juvenile public for whom it was written. I am consequently encouraged to expand these, bringing the story up to date, and illustrating the principal events, in the hope that they will make an interesting volume, and give some grown-up boys an idea of a sailor's life and experiences during nearly fifty years in her Majesty's service.

The sporting pictures in the volume have been drawn from my rough sketches at the Studio of Design under the supervision of Mr Harry Furniss. I do not pretend to draw figures and animals sufficiently well for reproduction. Otherwise, the illustrations are my own, and most of them are original. That of Fatshan Creek is slightly altered from Mr Brierley's picture; while the "Calcutta in a Gale" and the "Attack on the Taku Forts" are from (but a

long way after) Mr Bedwell's spirited drawings. The "Last of the Three Deckers," the old "Victoria," is reproduced from a painting of mine which was exhibited in the Naval Exhibition of 1892. The pictures of Landverk, our home in Sweden, and of the fish, are from photographs by Miss Mabel Stopford. I take this opportunity of tendering my grateful thanks to my old friend Chevalier De Martino, who very kindly looked over my black-and-white drawings of ships, junks, &c., and pointed out certain errors in perspective which I have rectified. The drawings are still far from perfect, but I hope that they will fulfil their purpose of indicating the scenes they are intended to illustrate.

W. R. K.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE NAVY AS IT WAS.

PAGE

A fox-hunt on the Rodney—The biter bit—With the Channel Squadron 1

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTS LEADING UP TO THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Overboard at the opera—The massacre of Sinope—Flogging in the navy—Steering for the Crimea 8

CHAPTER III.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

The gallant Rodney—In a gale at Balaklava—In the trenches—With the Naval Brigade—The Redan—The Black Sea and Sebastopol—A letter from Sir Edmund Lyons . . 17

CHAPTER IV.

THE CALCUTTA.

On the way to the China station—Sea-bathing in the China Seas 33

CHAPTER V.

WAR WITH CHINA.

The Coromandel fires the first shot—Three months in an open boat—The bombardment of Canton—Chinese fire-junks—The action of November 6—Bombardment of the Bogue Forts . 38

CHAPTER VI.

OPERATIONS IN THE CANTON RIVER.

Chinese rockets — A fire in the Factories — "Give 'em some 'spiritual case,' sir"—Sport in the river—A dare-devil dash —Touch-and-go—Death of young Pearn 53

CHAPTER VII.

EVACUATION OF CANTON.

Chinese rank—Lin-Tsih-Sen's vainglory—Return to Hong-Kong —Snipe-shooting in the paddy-fields—Between the devil and the deep sea—Another fight imminent 69

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK.

The opposed forces—Keppel leads straight for the junks—Battle of Fatshan Creek—Sir Henry Keppel's account of the action —Back at Hong-Kong—A false alarm—Hunting the pirates— A pirate lorcha burned—The Algerine engages the pirates—A munificent reward ! 84

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF THE PEIHO FORTS.

An ultimatum delivered—The attack—A curious casualty—The bluejacket as connoisseur — A long spell in the river— Napoleon's grave 104

CHAPTER X.

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AND WASP.

Six weeks in England in nine years—The Wasp—Various adventures—On the rocks—Sport in Robben Island—On the look-out for slavers—Ashore on a coral reef—Our troubles continue—A loyal coxswain—The track of the cutter—Zanzibar at last—The Iskundah Shah—The opium comes in handy—Back in the Wasp—An abominable traffic 116

CHAPTER XI.

VARIED EXPERIENCES.

The ascent of the "Peter Botte"—Bermuda—Simon's Bay—A villainous Portuguese—The man who was not—A close shave—A sporting expedition—Sport in Albania—The Melita goes to pieces 148

CHAPTER XII.

THE REINDEER.

A race for Rio—A revolution in Peru—The murder of the President—An anxious time—A night alarm—To the coast of Mexico—"The Tiger of Tepic"—A successful ruse . . 169

CHAPTER XIII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF SAN SALVADOR BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

San Salvador destroyed by earthquake—After the earthquake—Sport in Vancouver—The soft answer—The Irishman and the Yankee—A neat retort—A torpedo accident—The burning of the Anita—Off Cape Horn—Home again 187

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRUID.

The Newfoundland fisheries—A phantom ship—A fight between stags—Icebergs—The sailor as J.P.—The hand of Providence—Monarch of all he surveys—Jamaica niggers in a regatta . 208

CHAPTER XV.

BRITISH HONDURAS AND HAYTI.

Havana—Captain overboard!—British Honduras—Vaudouism—President Salamon 224

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LORD WARDEN.

Ignorance about the navy—The coastguard—Mr B. on his defence—Shooting caribou—Bill Smith 234

CHAPTER XVII.

RUBY, 1887-1889.

The Recife at Pernambuco—Trinidad in the South Atlantic—The south-east station of South America—Their Lordships' binoculars—San Blas—Sport at San Blas—The Welsh settlement of Chupat—Sport in Patagonia—The Patagonian Indian—Cracker Bay—The Falklands. 244

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEAGLE CHANNEL.

Bishop Stirling—"Down East"—The South American mission—A hospitable estancia—Mr Walter Ross-Raleigh . . 266

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOADICEA.

Rodriguez—The gale of March 1895—The *chasses* in Mauritius—Sport in Mauritius—Deer-stalking—Father O'Flinagen . 277

CHAPTER XX.

BOURBON, OR RÉUNION, AND MADAGASCAR.

Réunion and Madagascar—Farquhar Island . . . 292

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEYCHELLES.

Their strategic importance—Land-tortoises—"Wiping the Admiral's eye" 297

CHAPTER XXII.

CEYLON.

Native petitions—Bombay—Carnation carp—The Andamans—Sport at Colimere Point 305

CHAPTER XXIII.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.

Indian shikar—The wisdom of the elephant—A kill—A handsome pair 316

CHAPTER XXIV.

RIFLE AND GUN IN N.W. PROVINCES.

A mixed bag—Stalking chincara 325

CHAPTER XXV.

A VOYAGE UP THE PERSIAN GULF TO BAGDAD.

Muscat—The Garden of Eden—The old palace of Darius—Bagdad 331

CHAPTER XXVI.

KARACHI.

Duck-shooting—A ball on board the Boadicea—Sweden . . 341

INDEX 349

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL KENNEDY . . . *Frontispiece*

BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL . . . . *To face p.* 18

BARRACOUTA AND CALCUTTA'S PINNACE ENGAGING MANDARIN JUNKS AND FRENCH FOLLY FORT IN CANTON RIVER " 48

BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK . . . . " 87

FIGHT WITH PIRATICAL JUNKS IN MIRS BAY . . " 101

H.M.S. CALCUTTA IN A GALE IN THE GULF OF PICHILI . " 104

H.M.S. WASP, OUTWARD BOUND—"MAN OVERBOARD!" . " 121

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS . " 151

TOTAL LOSS OF THE CUTTER-YACHT MELITA ON THE COAST OF ALBANIA . . . . . " 167

H.M.S. VICTORIA—THE LAST OF THE THREE-DECKERS . " 168

CHARGE OF THE BLACK BULL . . . . " 180

CATHEDRAL OF SAN SALVADOR AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE " 189

H.M.S. LIFFEY AND BURNING SHIP . . . " 203

FIGHT BETWEEN CARIBOU STAGS IN NEWFOUNDLAND . " 213

DRUID AMONGST ICEBERGS IN THE STRAITS OF BELLEISLE " 216

DRUID—"CAPTAIN OVERBOARD!" . . . " 227

H.M.S. BOADICEA LEAVING MAURITIUS . . . " 291

MRS PEN-CURZON AND MISS MORDAUNT IN NAUTICAL COSTUME " 301

ADMIRALTY HOUSE, TRINCOMALEE . . . " 305

HAULING THE SEINE AT BARRACKPORE . . . " 311

THE HIMALAYAS FROM DARJEELING . . . " 312

THE TIGER'S CHARGE . . . . . " 323

THE GOLDEN MOSQUE OF KADHIMAIN, BAGDAD . . " 339

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

	PAGE
PLAN OF ACTION OF NOV. 6, 1856	47
PLAN OF BOAT ACTION, JAN. 4, 1857	64
PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK, JUNE 1, 1857	89
DESTRUCTION OF PIRATICAL LORCHA BY CALCUTTA'S PINNACE	99
ATTACK ON THE PEIHO FORTS	107
WASP ASHORE ON A CORAL-REEF IN THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL	129
CHART OF THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA	137
TAILPIECE	147
A GLACIER IN SMYTH'S CHANNEL	172
DRUID IN BONAVISTA BAY	215
THE SKIPPER PAINTING THE RUBY'S STERN WINDOWS	223
FERNANDO DO NORONHA	246
RUBY LEAVING FERNANDO DO NORONHA	247
TRINIDAD—GENERAL VIEW	248
THE MONUMENT ROCK, TRINIDAD	249
RUBY IN A PAMPERO	254
JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE	256
USHUWAIA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION	270
THE CORPS DE GARDE, MAURITIUS	281
VIEW FROM MR BATY'S GARDEN, MAHÉ, SEYCHELLES	298
MEASURING THE LADIES FOR DRESSES	300
MUSCAT, FROM THE ANCHORAGE	332
LANDVERK, OUR HOME IN SWEDEN	347
AN EVENING'S CATCH OF TROUT	347

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE NAVY AS IT WAS.

THERE is an old service yarn told of a kind-hearted captain, addressing a youngster who had just joined the navy, by way of encouragement, "Well, my boy, I suppose it's the old story—'The fool of the family sent to sea.'" "Oh no, sir," replied the lad, "things have changed since *your* time!" and so they have, and much for the better. Everything has changed —officers, men, ships, and guns.

Fifty years ago any schoolboy of moderate acquirements could pass the requisite examination for the navy; now I don't suppose many admirals or captains could pass the test. The medical examination alone is responsible for many fine lads being rejected, principally on account of eyesight; and I have known several cases of otherwise healthy lads being turned back on this score: not but what it is necessary that a boy should know the difference between green and red; but to reject him because he cannot read print

across a room, or because he has lost a tooth or two, seems to me over-scrupulous.

Anyhow, there were no such service tests when I joined the service on the 10th December 1851, and was entered on the books of the Victory, to be presently transferred to the Rodney, a fine 90-gun, sailing line-of-battle ship, then lying in Portsmouth harbour waiting for her crew. This operation often took six months at that time, instead of as many hours as at present. The crews were picked up anyhow—long-shore loafers, jail-birds, and suchlike, with a sprinkling of good seamen amongst them—and it took the first year of the commission to knock them into shape.

Captain Graham was an officer of the old school and a fine seaman, and the commander, George Randolph, one of the smartest officers of the day, and a strict disciplinarian. It was for that reason, I suppose, that we had sent to us, in the shape of old midshipmen, some of the choicest specimens of humanity it has ever been my lot to be shipmates with. Most of them were notorious characters, who, having failed to pass their examinations, had been kicked out of one ship after another, and were sent to the Rodney on probation, to be finally disposed of according to their merits. There were nine of us naval cadets on first entry, the total being made up with clerks, master's assistants, and assistant-surgeons, bringing up our complement to thirty in the gunroom. During our long stay at Portsmouth some of the above, having their leave stopped for various offences, had abundant leisure to bully us unfortunate youngsters. An account of their amusements will scarcely be credited at the present day.

There were four in the gang, whose names it is unnecessary to mention. They were all drunkards, and were turned out of the service before the ship went to sea. The fun (?) used to begin in the evening, when most of the respectable members had gone ashore. We were sent down to put on our tail-coats and swords, and then, after being paraded, were made to sit across chairs and attack each other. At the order "Draw swords!" at it we went, cutting and slashing, four on each side, the odd one, there being nine of us, being kept in reserve, and pitched bodily into the *mêlée* when the combat was most lively. The next part in the programme was a fox-hunt! This was the signal for us to off coats and swords. One of the youngsters, appropriately named Fox, had a curved crumb-brush tied on to him. Chairs and other obstacles were placed round the tables, and off we went in full chase, one of the party standing on the table and slashing into us, without "partiality, favour, or affection," while the rest of the "crew" looked on admiringly over stiff tumblers of grog.

The proceedings were usually brought to a conclusion by prayer! Divested of our coats and shoes, we were made to kneel on the lockers round the stern-ports, which were closed at that time, and at a given signal—a blow on the back with a hammer—we all commenced praying in a loud voice, our prayers being brought to an abrupt conclusion by a blow on the feet from the hammer. These prayers were all directed to the same end—viz., that our persecutors might pass their examinations with credit, and rise to the highest ranks in the service! But as our petitions were not expressed in the same

form, the babel of tongues can be more easily imagined than described: nor were they very successful, as having on one occasion prayed for the best part of the evening for two of this precious gang, who were going up for their examinations on the following day, and were both, unfortunately for us, rejected, the result was we were flogged all round. It is quite likely that the fact of our having some foul medicines (prescribed for one of the senior members) forced into our mouths was not conducive to devotion!

These playful "amusements" were of daily and nightly occurrence, and glad were we when the familiar signal, a fork stuck into a beam overhead, gave notice that it was time for us youngsters to retire: the rest of the evening was devoted to orgies by the old hands. In fact, the intemperate character of these creatures was to us the greatest blessing, since it was only when they were helplessly drunk that we could hope for any peace.

I remember a night when one of them, who went by the name of Jack, came tumbling down the hatchway in a beastly state of intoxication, closely followed by another of the gang. The pair were then lashed up in their hammocks by the middle, and triced up to the beams, the head and foot clews being let go, and there they hung like the Golden Fleece till cut down. Soon after this Jack had an epileptic fit, and was nearly drowned in his bath, and had to be invalided out of the service. Two others were dismissed for drunkenness, and only one remained. This fellow had the credit of being the ugliest man in the service, and the claim was not likely to be disputed. He was seen one day

admiring himself in the glass, exclaiming, "Well, you are an ugly brute!" and so he was, and a coward as well as a bully. However, his turn was now come; he couldn't tackle us single-handed, and we felt ourselves strong enough to turn the tables on him, so we held a council of war in the main-top, and we decided to "bell the cat" on the first opportunity. Having conveyed our intention to the individual, and been answered with ridicule and threats, we armed ourselves with pieces of rope to bind our victim, and other pieces, knotted at the end, to punish him when bound, and quietly bided our time. The opportunity soon arrived. There were only five of us conspirators out of the nine, the remaining four having declined to take part in the operations; so one day, when he had thrashed one of us for no cause, we sprang on the wretch as he was leaving the gunroom, knocked him down, and lashed him "spread-eagle" fashion to iron bolts in the deck, and gave him such a thrashing that he was on the sick-list for a fortnight. After every dozen rounds, administered with a rope's-end or a sword-scabbard, we asked him if he would leave us alone in future; but being answered with oaths and execrations, the punishment was continued till he had received thirteen dozen, when he fainted and was cast off. This quieted the scoundrel for a bit, but he had to have another dose. This time he armed himself with the office-ruler, with which he felled one of our party like an ox; but we were on to him like tiger-cats, and gave him such a dressing that he was *hors de combat* for many a day. This matter came to the commander's ears, and we were reprimanded for taking the law into our own hands;

but I fancy he winked at it, knowing how the case stood. Soon afterwards this worthy was dismissed from the service for drunkenness.

Having thus disposed of the whole gang, I will dismiss them from my story; but let it not be supposed that the above-mentioned crowd is a fair specimen of the gunroom officer of that day, for we had some fine fellows, who have since risen to the highest posts, and are still living, a credit and an ornament to the service. There were also others who, though not so fortunate in that respect, were at least harmless, and often amusing, messmates. One had been on a brig on the West Coast of Africa slave-hunting, and he used to relate how he had written to his old father, a parson in the Midlands, telling him of his terrible experience in the brig—how they had been "running for three days under close-reefed capstan, with the poop triced up," and how his father had offered up thanks for his merciful deliverance, and sent him a £5 note, with which he went on the spree!

Being desirous of acquiring the rudiments of our profession, we youngsters spent a good deal of time with the boatswain, a fine old salt, who used to entertain us with long yarns of his experiences. One day, by way of consolation, he thus addressed one of the youngsters who had left home and was looking rather miserable: "Well, my boy, did your father cry when you left 'ome?" "No," said the boy. "'Ard-'arted old scoundrel! Did your mother cry?" "Yes." "Pore, soft-'earted old gal! Did your sisters cry?" "Yes." "Pore, tender-'earted little fools."[1] A few days before we sailed the boatswain gave a tea-

[1] This story was illustrated in 'Punch' not long ago.

party in his cabin in the fore-cockpit; his wife and his wife's sister were of the party, and the cabin-boy was giving the last finishing touches, when the bo's'n, by way of showing off his eloquence, thus expressed himself: "Here, boy, we'll hexpense with your services, you disgustable young blackguard!"

At last the time arrived for the Rodney to put to sea, so we were sent for a cruise in the chops of the Channel to look for a gale of wind, and we were not long in finding one.

Anything more miserable I cannot imagine than an old line-of-battle ship rolling and pitching in the trough of the sea, the gunroom ports all barred in, and nothing but "salt horse" to eat, for in those days we were not allowed to take any live stock to sea. After this cruise the Rodney was attached to the Channel Squadron. Whilst cruising with this squadron we came very near being wrecked on Lisbon bar. We were being towed out by a steamer in a dead calm, but there was a terrific sea on the bar, the hawsers parted, and we were left rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, and drifting towards a most dangerous reef. The tiller broke off short in the rudder, the rudder-head sprang, and it seemed all over with us, when a light breeze came up from seaward, all sail was made, and we managed to get back into port. From Lisbon we returned to England, and soon afterwards sailed for the Mediterranean.

Feb. 1852.—We left Spithead in a snowstorm, and being discovered snowballing on the poop, the commander ordered me and another youngster to remain there for the rest of the day and sweep the poop clean of snow.

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTS LEADING UP TO THE CRIMEAN WAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the Rodney was a dull sailer, we made a capital passage, and running before a favouring gale, we passed the Straits of Gibraltar six days after leaving England; and had it not been for an accident which befell us when half-way between Gibraltar and Malta, we should have made a record passage for a sailing-ship. She was running before a heavy westerly gale at the rate of 12 knots an hour, when about midnight the hawse-plugs (blocks of wood to plug up the hawse-pipes where the cable passes through) were washed in, and an immense body of water rushed in and flooded the lower deck. The pace of the ship through the water made it impossible to go forward to plug the pipes, and the sea poured down the hatchways into the cockpit and holds, and she became nearly water-logged, and in danger of foundering with all hands.

On deck the uproar was awful: rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind roaring, so that it was impossible to hear the orders of the officers. The ship was running under close-reefed main top-sail and reefed fore-sail. All hands were piped to "save ship"—one watch to shorten sail, and the

watch below to man the pumps. It was decided to bring the ship to the wind, to stop her way through the water, always a dangerous operation in a gale of wind, and, to make matters worse, we were known to be in the vicinity of the much-dreaded Sorelli rocks, where H.M.S. Avenger was lost with all hands. However, it had to be done. The captain, commander, and master were among the best seamen in the service; the ship was brought-to, when bang went the main top-sail, blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and disappearing in the pitchy darkness to leeward. Meantime the decks were scuttled in several places, to let the water into the hold; the chain pumps clanked merrily round, and the ship was saved.

We reached Malta a few days later, eleven days from England, and joined the squadron there assembled under Vice-Admiral Sir James Dundas. Here we remained four months, enjoying ourselves as midshipmen are so well able to do — riding, boating, and a turn at the opera when our funds admitted it.

An absurd adventure happened to two of our men at this opera. They were in the gallery, and were both considerably the worse for liquor, when one of them fell over the railing into the pit. His chum, under the impression that he had fallen overboard, took off his coat and went after him. Wonderful to relate, neither of them was killed. One broke his leg; the other was unhurt.

We were not sorry when the time came to leave Malta, and shaping our course to the eastward, anchored in Besika Bay, at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Here we were joined by the French

fleet, and together we remained for several months, idling our time, so it seemed to us, and varying the monotony by fraternising with our French friends. Our captain always took a great interest in his youngsters, and amongst other things made us keep an account of our expenditure, which he said would be useful to us in after-life. We used to assemble in his cabin every month with our books, which were carefully balanced to the last farthing—mostly cooked up with fictitious items.

But one day he sent for us without any warning, —whether he had a touch of gout or not I don't know, but this is what he said: "I've sent for you youngsters to tell you that your accounts are a d——d set of lies from beginning to end," and turning to Captain Randolph, he added, "Mast-head the young blackguards!" and up we went, two to each mast-head, the rest on the bitts, till night. The captain then manned his galley and went aboard the French flagship to point us out.

After a long spell at Besika, we got orders to pass the Dardanelles and proceed to Constantinople. The ship had to be towed up, as the current runs strong; but Captain Graham in the Rodney and Symonds of the Arethusa frigate tried to beat up, an impossible feat, so both ships got ashore, and had to be towed off again. However, in due course we reached our destination, and anchored in Beikos Bay, opposite Therapia, where the combined fleets made a goodly show.

It was here that we got news of the destruction of a Turkish and Egyptian squadron of seven frigates in Sinope Bay, on the south side of the Black Sea, by a Russian fleet of six ships of the

line. This action, commonly known as the massacre of Sinope, took place on 30th November 1853, and is justly considered the most disgraceful episode in the history of the Crimean War. For ten days before the battle it was known that the Russian ships had put to sea from Sebastopol, and were blockading the Turkish squadron in the Bay of Sinope, although war had not been declared between them. The Turkish commander had sent despatches overland to Constantinople asking for assistance; but nothing was done, and on the day mentioned Admiral Nachimoff demanded the surrender of the squadron, which was indignantly refused, when a terrible battle ensued. The Turks and Egyptians, although greatly overmatched, fought their ships till they sank or blew up. It was said that in some instances the captains blew up their ships, preferring death to dishonour; others went down with their colours flying; but even if they struck their colours, it made no difference to the Russian admiral, who continued the slaughter till the whole squadron was destroyed with the exception of one steamer, the Taif, which made her escape and brought tidings of the disaster to Constantinople. It is said that 4000 Turks and Egyptians were killed on this occasion, and that the few who survived were wounded.

Whilst these events were happening a powerful fleet of English and French ships was lying idle in the Bosphorus. On receipt of the news we proceeded with the squadron to Sinope, for what purpose is not very clear, seeing that the mischief had been done, and the Russian ships had returned to Sebastopol; and even if we had intercepted

them, we could have done nothing, as we were not at war.

At Sinope we found abundant traces of the conflict: quantities of wreckage and dead bodies strewed the shore, and guns and anchors were blown far inland by the force of the explosions. After a short stay we returned to the Bosphorus, and on the 28th March 1854 war was declared with Russia, and the combined fleets sailed for Odessa.

On arrival off Odessa the steamers of the combined fleets were detailed to shell the place, the line-of-battle ships remaining at anchor in the offing, as the forts were not considered of sufficient importance to require their attention. The Arethusa, a beautiful 50-gun frigate, also took part in the bombardment, manœuvring in front of the batteries in the most graceful way.

The bombardment over, the fleet put to sea, and after cruising for some days off Sebastopol to try and tempt the Russians to come out, bore up for Varna and anchored in Balchic Bay, which became our headquarters for some months, whilst preparations were made for the invasion of the Crimea.

Our life at this place was somewhat monotonous, varied occasionally with some midshipmen's pranks, which were not always creditable. One day a couple of us landed to practise with a revolver, and we had the misfortune to shoot a horse: the poor animal kicked up his heels and rolled over dead. Some Turks, hearing the shot, at once gave chase; but we were too nimble for them, and escaped to the beach and so on board, where we remained for a week in fear and trembling, but

we heard no more about it. Another time we were attacked in a village by three savage dogs, one of which I killed, while I wounded another; but we had to fly for our lives, and took refuge in a barn, from which we with difficulty escaped. None of these escapades came to the ears of our commander, or we should not have been allowed ashore again. In those days discipline was maintained with much more severity than it is at present. Men were flogged for offences which are now met with stoppage of grog and leave. I have seen half a launch's crew receive forty-eight lashes for drunkenness, and the gunroom steward who supplied them with grog was served in the same way. No doubt in war-time it is necessary to be more severe, and in those days the men were not so perfectly disciplined as they are now, nor so well educated or respectable; nevertheless, it is a good thing for the service and the country that flogging is abolished in the army and navy, for there is no doubt the liberty to use it was often grossly abused. Some captains have been known to have flogged every man in the ship. Men used to be flogged for not coming down smartly enough from aloft, and suchlike trivial offences, by brutal officers. My opinion is that an officer who cannot maintain discipline without flogging is unfit for command. I have heard of some amusing cases where the tables have been turned on some of these tyrants.

A small craft was paid off at Devonport many years ago, on her return from the West Coast of Africa. Nearly all the ship's company had been flogged during the commission. The captain was taking a walk up one of the streets of Devonport

when an old woman came up to him and said, "Be you Captain ——?"

"Yes, my good woman; what can I do for you?"

"Take that! for flogging my son," said she, at the same time whipping out a hake-fish and "letting him have it" across the face.

There is an old service yarn of a frigate captain, a notorious bully, who, not content with using the foulest language all round, abused his officers in the same manner. One day the second lieutenant went up to him, and touching his cap in the most deferential manner, called the captain all the names he could think of. The skipper, exasperated beyond measure, shouted out to several officers who were on deck to come round, and called upon the officer to repeat his language, when he altered his tune, and began some long rigmarole on matters of quite a different tenor: as there were no witnesses, the captain could do nothing.

This same skipper was also served a neat trick by his clerk, who had long suffered from his abuse. The captain was a small man, the clerk a big, powerful fellow; so one day he went into the captain's cabin, knocked him down, and gave him a good thrashing. The skipper yelled for help, and the sentry rushed in; but the clerk threw himself on the deck, and dragged the captain on the top of him, at the same time shouting for assistance. The only evidence was the sentry's, and he said that all he saw was the captain on the top of the clerk, apparently striking him. This was vouched for to me by an officer who was in the ship at the time, and I give it as it was told me.

No one would object to flogging when properly

applied for brutal and cowardly assaults on women and suchlike, any more than they would to birching in schools when deserved. I speak feelingly, having been twice well flogged—once for a most innocent remark: when our master's wife presented her husband with a son, I asked if the babe had a stiff leg like his father! The other occasion was perhaps well deserved, for some of us threw a pail of water over the master's daughter in bed. She had changed rooms that night with her brother, for whom the douche was intended.

To go back to my story.

Whilst lying in Balchic Bay the fleet was visited by a most terrible attack of cholera, which decimated the crews of some of the ships, especially the three-deckers, which were more crowded: some ships lost over 100 men, and the whole fleet, English and French, put to sea to get clear of it. In the mean time transports full of troops were collecting at Varna, and by the end of August we were nearly ready for a start. The Turkish squadron now joined us, making altogether a grand fleet of thirty line-of-battle ships, besides frigates and steamers, which with the transports made up the large total of some 300 vessels assembled in the bay. On the evening of September 6 the French and Turkish fleets put to sea, and were joined by the English the next day, the combined fleet steering for the Crimea, the sailing-ships in tow of steamers, making altogether a magnificent display.

We had fine weather across the Black Sea, and arrived without accident at Kalamita Bay on the 14th September. For the next three days we were hard at work from 3 A.M. till 9 P.M. disembarking

troops, guns, and stores. Five hundred marines were also sent to take possession of Eupatoria.

On the 19th September we all shifted berth and anchored off the Alma, when we observed the Russian army on the heights. I do not propose to touch on the subsequent operations on land, except so far as they concerned the navy. This is a matter of history, and has been often well described. The battle of the Alma was fought on 20th September; we had a view of it from the mast-heads of the ships. The same evening the Russians retreated into Sebastopol, leaving the Allies in possession of the heights. For several days following we were busy embarking the wounded on board the transports, after which we shifted berth and anchored off the river Katcha, the steamers exchanging shots with the batteries of Sebastopol. The Agamemnon, Sir Edmund Lyons' flagship, proceeded to Balaklava, each ship sending 100 marines to form the garrison. The London, a fine 90-gun ship, also went there and landed some of her guns, each ship sending six from her upper-deck battery. A naval brigade, consisting of three captains, two commanders, several lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen, with a proportionate number of men, was also landed, and we heard no more of them until our commander, Randolph, and one of our mates returned to the ship with cholera.

The steamers of the fleet now engaged the batteries daily with the object of obliging the Russians to keep them manned.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

On the 14th of October we heard, to our great delight, that the ships were to participate in the bombardment. All was now excitement on board, clearing for action; top hamper was sent down, splinter-nettings got up overhead and between the guns, spare shot got up from below, and all lumber cleared away.

Early on the morning of the 17th October 1854 we were woke up by a most awful din, the roar of hundreds of guns. The fleet was ready, and only waited the signal to weigh. Each sailing-ship had a steamer told off to tow her into action.

The Spiteful, a paddle-wheel steamer of six guns, was lashed alongside the Rodney, and by noon we were all under weigh, and a beautiful sight it was to see the fleet standing in for the forts in line of battle. As I had never been under fire before—which is not surprising, seeing that I was but sixteen — I watched the proceedings with the most intense interest, and having the good fortune to be the commander's A.D.C., I had a fine view from the poop. It was arranged that the French ships were to engage the south forts, the English the northern.

The Frenchmen having slightly the start of us, got into action before us. As we approached the forts, we beat to quarters and manned the starboard guns, as it was on that side we were to engage, the Spiteful being on the port side. Our upper deck was almost clear, most of the guns and the men belonging to them being on shore with the Naval Brigade.

The officers on the poop were the captain, the commander (who, being too ill to stand, was carried up in a chair), the master, David Craigie, a fine old Scotsman, the captain's clerk, and myself and signalman. The boatswain was on the forecastle with a few of his men. We had not been long under weigh when a round-shot cut away part of the main rigging, and a plunging shot crashed through the poop between the clerk and myself, covering us with splinters, but doing us no harm. Captain Randolph asked us if we were hurt. Another shot lodged in the poop netting, just alongside of us, and a shell burst in the dingey, which was stowed on the booms, blowing her to pieces. All this time we could make no reply, as the forts from their elevated position could reach us before we got into range; besides which it was calm, and the smoke hung so that we could not make them out. However, we got into a good position at last, and opened fire from our starboard broadside. The roar of the guns was awful, and it was impossible to hear any orders; but my duty as A.D.C. kept me continually on the move carrying messages to all parts of the ship. We had been at it some time when a boat came from the Agamemnon to say she was in need of support and being much knocked about, so we at once weighed and went to her assistance, anchoring

BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

H.M.S. Rodney aground under Fort Constantine.

close under her bows, so that our jib-booms crossed. By this means we took some of the fire from the Agamemnon on to ourselves, and enabled her to haul off for repairs. At 4.30 P.M., our stern cable being shot away, the Rodney swung stern on to the shore and grounded, in which position we were raked by the forts, and could only reply with our stern guns. The Spiteful, being unable to move us, was now cut adrift and sent ahead to tow, but failed, as the hawsers parted, and she herself was exposed to a heavy fire while so doing. Our position was now most critical. Darkness was coming on, and the rest of the fleet had returned to the anchorage, leaving us the sole mark for the enemy's fire, of which they were not slow to take advantage. Shot and shell raked us fore and aft; some of the former, being red-hot, set fire to the ship in several places, but the fire was promptly extinguished by the well-disciplined crew. Fortunately most of the shot flew high, striking the upper deck, where there were few men, or crippling the masts and yards. One shell burst in the foremast, making such a hole that it was wonderful the mast did not go over the side. The Spiteful had her maintop-mast shot away, and received much damage in her hull. All this time the men worked splendidly, and the orders of the officers were promptly obeyed; but this availed nothing, and the destruction of the ship seemed certain. Our signals of distress could not be seen by the Admiral owing to darkness, and we must have abandoned the good old ship, when to our joy we saw the Lynx, a smart little gun-vessel, coming to our assistance. She came under our bows in beautiful style, engaging the forts with her big Lancaster

gun, and took our last remaining hawser. (Captain Luce of the Lynx was promoted for this gallant action.) The Spiteful was now again lashed alongside, both vessels went full speed ahead, and at 7.30, it being then pitch dark, the Rodney floated and was saved. Our damages, though serious, were nothing to what might have been expected under the circumstances. The hull was a good deal cut up, and two lower-deck ports were knocked into one, and the masts in a tottering state; but our casualties were small, owing to the elevation of the Russian guns. The Spiteful suffered severely during the time she was not protected by the Rodney's hull. Some of the other ships lost heavily and were much damaged, especially the Albion, Arethusa, Sans-pareil, and Agamemnon, the two former being ordered to Constantinople for repairs.

For the next fortnight we were busy repairing damages and refitting; but it seemed a pity we did not have another rub in at the forts, which were a good deal knocked about and many of the guns dismantled.

On the 14th November it blew a terrific gale from the south-west, accompanied by a very heavy sea, and as the Katcha, where we anchored, was an open anchorage, we were on a lee shore. Many fine transports were lost along the coast. At Balaklava almost every ship was driven ashore or went down at her anchors, and at the Katcha thirteen ships parted their cables and were driven on shore: only one of them, the Lord Raglan, was ever got off again. This vessel was lying near us, and was saved by a fine piece of seamanship: as she had parted one cable, her captain cut away his main and mizzen masts, the

result being that when his remaining cable parted, the wind, catching the fore-mast, canted her round, and she flew before the gale, with a man at the wheel, and steering for a sandy beach, ran up high and dry, instead of drifting broadside on as the others had done. This ship was got off after a month's hard work, when she was uninjured. It was a sad sight to see so many fine ships drifting ashore with no possibility of helping them. The moment they struck the masts went over the side, and the sea made a clean breach over them. We expected our turn to come every moment, and preparations were made to cut away the masts should it be necessary. A mountainous sea was running, line-of-battle ships pitching bows under, with their rudders clean out of water, and straining at their cables, which tautened out fathoms ahead. We shipped one sea over the bows which swept aft and flooded the captain's cabin. Close by us on the starboard side was a large transport crowded with women and children, whose cries for help could plainly be heard, but no help could be given them. This ship, however, rode out the gale. The Sampson, a paddle-wheel frigate, was steaming ahead at her anchors, when two merchant-ships drifted down on her, totally dismasting her; but she held on, and the two went ashore, leaving the Sampson a wreck. The Terrible, another fine paddle steamer of great power, steamed out to sea in the teeth of the gale. It was a curious thing that not a single man-of-war went ashore at this anchorage, though some of them parted their cables.

During the height of the gale a Turkish line-of-battle ship, which was anchored right ahead of us, cut away her masts, as the ship was dragging her

anchors: the wreckage drifted down across our bows, and the rigging got foul of our cables, which caused us to drag, so we let go two more anchors, which brought us up. We could hear the Turks singing out to Allah to help them: luckily for us, she drifted no farther.

It was fortunate that this gale did not happen a week or so earlier, before we had time to repair our damaged spars, as some of us must have been dismasted. As soon as the gale abated we devoted our attention to the ships on shore, each ship sending one or more boats to their assistance. It was not much that we could do beyond saving the crews; but the proceedings were enlivened by the Cossacks, who amused themselves by firing on us from the cliffs overhead until some shells from the inshore squadron dispersed them.

Whilst employed on this duty, Purvis[1] and I had a narrow escape of being blown up. We were on board the Ganges transport saving what we could out of her, when we discovered her to be on fire. The first intimation we had of it was seeing the flames rushing up the fore-hatch. As the cargo consisted of gunpowder and spirits, we lost no time in getting our men into the boat. Some of the men had broached the cargo and were drunk, and we had some difficulty in finding them. At last we got them all but one, when we were obliged to shove off from the ship, as the flames were bursting through her sides, and it was too hot to remain alongside. Still no sign of the missing man, when at last he appeared through the smoke, fairly sober, so we hailed him to jump overboard, and we fished him up and gave way as hard as

[1] Now Admiral J. C. Purvis.

we could. We had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when the ship blew up with a terrific explosion, her spars and burning timber falling into the water around us.

For a month after this we were employed on board the Lord Raglan, which we got afloat, and some years afterwards I again met this ship at Hong-Kong.

About this time we heard of the death of one of our midshipmen, Karslake, whose head was carried off by a round-shot in the trenches. He was a gallant young fellow, and universally popular. Our worthy old captain, Charley Graham, now invalided, and returned home, his place being taken by Captain King of the Leander. We were sorry to lose our kind-hearted old skipper, who looked after us youngsters like a father. He was rather eccentric, and his language was not always parliamentary, but that was the fashion in those days.

The winter had now set in with great severity: all the sailing-ships were ordered home except the Rodney and Vengeance, which were shifted into a creek and moored head and stern. During this time we had several opportunities of seeing our shipmates who were serving in the trenches, as they were able to run down and come on board, where they were sure of a hearty welcome, a dry bed, and such fare as the poor state of our commissariat could provide. We were also able to pay them a visit and see how they were getting on. The weather was now bitterly cold, the ground covered with snow many feet deep, and the poor fellows endured great hardships. From this time till the beginning of April our work was most monotonous—clearing transports, towing dead

bullocks out to sea, and taking despatches out to the Admiral, who was lying off Sebastopol. All this had to be done in sailing-boats, often in very heavy weather.

On 11th April a contingent of one lieutenant, two midshipmen, and 200 bluejackets was ordered to the front to reinforce the Naval Brigade. I had the good fortune to be of the party, and on the 12th we started for the camp, escorted by the band playing lively airs. We were lodged in the Rodney's hut *pro tem.* until we could get tents. The hut being the property of the wardroom officers, there was no room for mids. The next day I had my first taste of the trenches: my turn for duty came on at 6 P.M., and I remained there till 9 P.M. on the following day—twenty-seven hours of the most miserable time I ever experienced. Sleep was out of the question, for I was running messages all through the night, and the shot, shell, and rifle-bullets flying about kept things lively. At daybreak the firing increased, and continued till sundown. One soon got used to it, but at first it was rather trying, and I expected to be killed any moment. The excitement, however, kept one going, and one soon ceased to trouble about it, though reminded now and then by some poor fellow being struck down by one's side.

In camp we had plenty to do: there were four of us mids, about sixteen years of age; we had two tents between us, so we paired off. We were never at home together, one being in battery whilst the other busied himself about the tent. First we had to dig it out, which gave us much more room; then we dug a trench round outside to carry off the water. We made lockers and stow-away places, with powder-

cases for water, and to keep our little comforts. Beds we had none, so we lay on the ground wrapped in our blankets for the first six weeks, after which we got stretchers, which we raised from the ground, and so by degrees we shook down. It was a stirring life, and no fear of being monotonous; and as to being killed, I don't think we ever gave it a thought after the first day or two. By degrees we added a few luxuries to our stock, and then we each bought a pony and rode into Balaklava for provisions, &c. We built a capital stable with sandbags, a kitchen, and a place for fowls. The weather changed for the better: it became rather too hot, and in the batteries terribly so, and dusty, but our tents were tolerably cool.

Occasionally we would ride out to the Tchernaya and get a bathe in the river, riding our ponies bare-backed into the limpid water. One day we made up a picnic party and rode over to the Monastery of St George. I was galloping downhill at a break-neck pace, when I came into collision with a Frenchman mounted on a great, heavy cart-horse. The result was disastrous. My pony and I were capsized, and rolled over each other down the hill; I was picked up insensible, and when I came to, found myself in a tent with a broken nose and my head being bathed by some kind soldiers.

Hitherto I had been detailed for duty in what was called the "right attack"; but in May I was shifted to the left attack, or what was then called the Greenhill battery, where I remained for the rest of my time in the Naval Brigade.

On 17th June I was in battery all night as usual, and at daylight we opened a heavy fire on

the Russians, as it was intended to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo by an assault on the Redan and Malakoff. The Russians replied with shot for shot, and the storm of shell and whizzing of rockets was most awful, and the roar deafening. After two hours of this work we ceased firing, the signal was given for the storming-party to advance, and the rattle of musketry commenced. The valley between us and the enemy was enveloped in thick fog, so we could see nothing, but presently the firing slackened and ceased: we could not tell what had happened, but hoped our fellows had been successful, so we gave them some hearty cheers by way of encouragement. By degrees the fog lifted, when, to our intense sorrow, we discovered that our people had been repulsed. There was the Redan looking as grim as ever, its slopes dotted with many a redcoat, with here and there a bluejacket beside him, the sailors having been told off to carry the scaling-ladders. Outside the Malakoff, the Frenchmen, conspicuous by their red trousers, lay even thicker. It was a sickening sight. At 8 A.M. we returned to camp to learn the melancholy news. About ten officers and sixty of our bluejackets were killed and wounded. I saw the last of a fine young fellow, Lieutenant Kidd: he was shot through the lungs, and lived for an hour after we carried him to his tent. The Rodney had suffered severely, several of our best men being killed with the scaling-ladders, and also in the trenches. One of our guns burst in the battery, killing every man at the gun. The captain of the gun lay dead at his post, and round about were the mangled and blackened corpses of his crew.

There was a mortar battery close by ours, and I strolled over to see the artillerymen firing their mortar, when a shell burst just over the parapet, taking off one man's head as clean as though it had been done with an axe, and disembowelling another, whose screams were awful to hear. I crept back to my station without delay. During all this time we lived on ship's rations and no extras; ship's pork, which we had to cook ourselves; ship's biscuits, and a glass of rum every twenty-four hours. I was sitting under the lee of the parapet munching my grub one day; alongside me was a fine young blue-jacket, when a shell burst over our heads. A piece hit him on the thigh; he was carried to the rear, and was dead before night. Even a slight wound generally mortified owing to hospital gangrene, due to overcrowding, and possibly deficient medical resources.

The day after the failure of the Redan, I was sent to the hospital to collect limbs which were being amputated: it was a ghastly sight to see the doctors, with sleeves rolled up, cutting off legs and arms, and throwing them away, to be taken off and buried in quicklime; but such sights as these soon make one callous, even when young.

About the end of June I had to return to the ship with an attack of cholera, which carried off so many; but I soon recovered, and as there was not much for me to do on board the Rodney, Admiral Sir E. Lyons transferred me to the Sphinx, a paddle steam sloop, mounting six guns, so that I should see more active service. We soon afterwards sailed for Eupatoria, and from thence to Perekop, when we returned to Sebastopol, and remained there till the place fell

on the 8th September. From the anchorage we had a splendid view of the whole thing—the burning of the south side, the retreat of the Russians to the north, followed by the blowing up of the southern forts—a glorious sight.

Soon after the fall of Sebastopol the Sphinx was ordered to Constantinople with despatches. We made a fine run down, and after colliding with a ship and knocking her bowsprit out of her, anchored in the Golden Horn.

The entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black Sea is very deceptive, and in thick weather it is difficult to distinguish between the real entrance and a false one lying a little to the northward. By this mistake two Egyptian frigates were lost with all hands. It was blowing a gale at the time, and they only discovered their error when too late. After a short spell at Constantinople we were ordered to rejoin the fleet with all despatch, so, taking a collier in tow, we picked them up at anchor off Odessa. All the ships were cleared for action with springs on their cables. On October 14 the combined fleet weighed, and anchored the same evening off Kinburn.

The defences of Kinburn consisted of three forts, the largest mounting fifty guns, the others about twenty guns each. Standing on a low spit of land, they would have been formidable against a small force, but stood no chance against the enormous fleet opposed to them. On the night of the 14th the gunboats of the squadron ran through a passage and took up a position inside the spit in rear of the forts. Next morning one of them came out again to rejoin the fleet, and was fired upon by the nearest fort, so

we weighed in the Sphinx and stood in to draw the fire off the gunboat and exchanged shots with the fort. We were then recalled by signal and returned to our anchorage. The following morning our captain, Eardley-Wilmot, who was eager for the fray, asked permission to "shift berth," and on the signal being affirmed, got under weigh, beat to quarters, and commenced firing on the forts without orders. After the exchange of several shots we were recalled. The 16th it blew a gale of wind, so nothing was done; but on the 17th, the anniversary of the bombardment of Sebastopol, the welcome signal was made to prepare for action, and at noon we weighed and stood in for the batteries in majestic style.

The Russians, though quite overmatched, opened a spirited fire as we advanced, to which the ships vouchsafed no reply till they had anchored in line parallel with the shore, when they discharged their broadsides with a deafening roar. In an hour's time the forts were completely silenced, being crushed from the first by the overwhelming fire. When the signal was made to cease firing, and the smoke had cleared away, all that was to be seen was a heap of ruins. A boat was sent in with a flag of truce, and soon returned with the news that the place had surrendered.

With the fall of Kinburn the operations in the Black Sea were concluded. We remained a few days to embark wounded Russians, and then returned to Sebastopol. Whilst there I had the opportunity of visiting the camp and the south side of the city, with the ruins of the forts and docks. One could understand how it was the Redan and Malakoff held out so long; for the immense strength

of the structure was apparent when one was inside, the parapets being of enormous thickness and height compared with ours, besides which, the Russians had bomb-proof shelters, where they retired whenever our fire was too warm to be pleasant.

In November 1855, the war being over, I was delighted when the Admiral transferred me to the Algiers, in which ship I returned to England after an absence of four years.

It has often occurred to me that the part played by the Rodney during the bombardment of Sebastopol was never properly acknowledged. Since writing these reminiscences, I have been much pleased to see in Captain Eardley-Wilmot's interesting 'Life of Lord Lyons,' that he, at all events, did fully appreciate her share in the day's work, as the following quotations will show.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot writes: "Captain Graham in the Rodney gallantly brought his ship as close as possible to the Agamemnon and anchored on her starboard bow—in fact, the two ships were in contact, and the Agamemnon had to haul astern to clear. At a quarter-past five the Agamemnon slipped her cable and backed astern, the Rodney being aground just ahead of her. That ship got off, however, shortly afterwards."

But the following letter from Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons to Captain Graham, written two days after the action, is conclusive. Quoting again from the 'Life of Lord Lyons,' I find:—

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—The more I think of the noble bearing of the Rodney when she came down to succour the

Agamemnon and the Sanspareil, the evening before last, the more I admire it, and the more I feel obliged to you and the fine fellows under your command, and I am very anxious you should do yourself, and them, justice in the letter you write to report that the ship touched the ground. That you will give a plain statement of facts, and that that statement of facts will reflect honour upon all of you, are two things quite certain; but you must take care that you do not write as if you were defending yourself against a presumed mistake or error of judgment, when in truth all was honourable to your professional knowledge and pluck.

Lookers-on generally see things in the *ensemble* better than those actually engaged, and what appears to me to have been the case was simply as follows: You came down to the succour of the Agamemnon and Sanspareil, which ships were sorely pressed by the four batteries with which they had been engaged for more than three hours. You gallantly steered so as to be between them both, and take the fire from them; but at the critical moment the Sanspareil forged ahead, and you, in order not to get on board her, and at the same time determined not to swerve from your resolution of supporting us by getting as near to the large battery as possible, backed astern, and ranged past, outside of the Agamemnon obliquely, and when the Rodney's bow was parallel with the Agamemnon's bow, you very judiciously, both as to time and place, let go your anchor; but as the ship swung with her stern a few yards nearer the forts than the Agamemnon, she tailed on the ground.

The Agamemnon, quite unaware of your being aground, but finding you close athwart her hawse, the jib-guys touching, and hampered with the steamer alongside of you, a steamer—the Spiteful, I believe—that seemed to be doing her work admirably, apprehending the two ships might fall on board of each other, and get on shore together (for the Agamemnon had only two feet of water under her keel all day), slipped her bower and steamed astern out of your way. It was getting dusk, and I made a sweep to get another lick at the two batteries that had been cutting me up all day. I saw no

more than a signal from you that you wanted a steamer, which I repeated to two or three close to me.

But though I did not *see* what occurred on board the Rodney after I hauled astern of her, I know that nothing could be more honourable and creditable to all on board than the measures taken to extricate her from the perilous position in which she was. Nothing could be finer than the way in which the men at the after-quarters kept up a strong fire upon the large battery within 800 yards of you, whilst those at the foremost quarters weighed the anchor, and all this under a tremendous fire from three or four forts.

These things should be known, for they reflect honour, not only on those immediately concerned, but upon our glorious profession generally. And it is my fear that your modesty may stand in the way of their being known that induces me to write my views of the matter.—Yours sincerely,

EDMUND LYONS.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot goes on to say: "This letter explains why the Agamemnon moved away from the Rodney, upon which action of the former, Kinglake, who in 1873 endeavoured without success to get access to Sir Edmund's papers through the second Lord Lyons, in his History makes some ill-natured remarks. The Agamemnon was obliged to haul out, because the Rodney lay over her anchor, and she had to shift her position to prevent being pushed on to the shoal."

It is marvellous that the Rodney escaped with only two men wounded; but it was due to her being so close, for the Russians could not depress their guns sufficiently to hull her frequently.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CALCUTTA.

On arriving in England, I applied for the place of, and was appointed, midshipman to H.M.S. Calcutta, then fitting out at Portsmouth as flagship of Sir Michael Seymour, Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and China station.

The Calcutta was a fine 84-gun sailing line-of-battle ship, built of teak, and, like most of her class, a good sailer. She carried long 32-pounders on her main and lower decks, and 32-pounder carronades on the forecastle. A gunboat with one long gun would be more than a match for her at the present day.

Sir Michael Seymour had gone out to Hong-Kong overland some time previously, and we had orders to follow as fast as we could, so on 7th May 1856 we sailed from Plymouth Sound, and were soon bowling down Channel at eleven knots an hour.

Nothing of importance occurred during our passage to the Cape. We passed Madeira seven days out, and the Cape de Verdes a few days later; had a spell of calms in the "doldrums," and picked up the south-east trades a few degrees north of the equator. The usual ceremonies observed on crossing the line were dispensed with by the captain's order, which was

lucky for such of us as were crossing for the first time. Whilst becalmed, we had some sport with sharks, which are always to be met with in those latitudes: one monster was hooked and hauled up on to the poop to his intense disgust, which he showed by lashing about with his tail till deprived of that appendage. We hooked another out of the gunroom port and hauled him aboard. The brute lashed out in all directions, sending chairs and tables flying all over the place. Every one armed himself with a weapon, and while one belaboured him with a handspike, others attacked him with swords and dirks, and a kettle of boiling water played on his nose. In the midst of this uproar the captain, W. King-Hall, and Commander W. R. Rolland, appeared on the scene and watched the proceedings with much interest, the commander observing that we might clear up the mess in the gunroom ourselves, which we did. Having cut off the shark's tail, we cut him up and cooked him for supper. The flavour of shark-steaks is not particularly choice, but when a midshipman has been on salt horse for several weeks he will eat anything. We carried the south-east trade wind to lat. 35° S., when we lost it, and had to contend with light and contrary winds to the Cape.

On the 25th June a man fell overboard, and as the ship was running fast it was some time before he was picked up and taken below to have the water pumped out of him. As soon as the doctors had done with him the parson approached, and, after alluding to his merciful preservation, asked him if he knew to whom he owed his providential escape. The parson's disgust may be imagined when the man simply replied, "Well, sir, I don't exactly know what his name is,

but it was that officer who wears the Crimean ribbon on his breast!" (Lieutenant Hallowes, who was in the boat).

We remained only three days at the Cape to replenish water and provisions, and soon were scudding before a strong north-west gale, passing many homeward-bound vessels lying to under their close-reefed top-sails. With favouring breezes we ran on for several days without meeting a sail, till on the 21st August we sighted Java Head, and next morning bore up and ran through the Straits of Sunda, dividing the islands of Java and Sumatra. The scenery of these coasts is most beautiful, and we enjoyed the refreshing sight of the well-wooded hills luxuriant with tropical vegetation.

Everything looked so fresh and green, the sea so smooth and blue, the coral-reefs plainly distinguishable beneath the clear waters. The air also was loaded with scent from the spice which abounds on these lovely islands. We could see monkeys skipping from tree to tree, and many parrots and cockatoos flew about, making the air resound with their discordant cries. The same evening we anchored off Anger Point; the ship was immediately surrounded by canoes bringing off cocoa-nuts, bananas, cockatoos, and Java sparrows, &c.

Next morning we weighed anchor, and for several days threaded our way through intricate channels, passing lovely islands, till we anchored in Singapore Roads on 28th August. The bum-boats were soon alongside with fruit, vegetables, poultry, and parrots. The boatmen were fine muscular fellows, nearly black; their bodies smeared over with cocoa-nut oil, giving them a very sleek appearance; the water

ran off them as from the back of a duck. Here we met with Chinese junks for the first time—great, clumsy-looking craft, painted all the colours of the rainbow, with an eye in the bows; for, as the Chinamen say, "Suppose no got eye how can see?" These trading junks are only able to sail before the wind, running down from Hong-Kong before the north-east monsoon, and returning with the south-west, thus making two voyages in the year. The mandarin junks, or men-of-war, were built on fine lines, sailed remarkably well, and carried a number of guns: we were destined to become better acquainted with them soon. After leaving Singapore we picked up the south-west monsoon, and reached Hong-Kong on the 8th September, after a passage of 120 days from England. This may seem an absurdly long time to the present generation, when fast steamers do the same *viâ* the Suez Canal in less than six weeks, but for a sailing-ship going round the Cape of Good Hope it was nothing unusual.

We found the usual amount of shipping at Hong-Kong, including men-of-war of various nationalities, and a fleet of opium-clippers. These beautiful little vessels were mostly top-sail schooners, or brigs, of about 300 tons, built for speed, and heavily armed to protect themselves against pirates. They, and also tea-clippers, have been quite superseded by fast steamers *viâ* the Suez Canal—the romance of sailing is over.

Whilst running up the China Seas I practised a form of sea-bathing which I have never heard of being done before or since, nor do I recommend its adoption, and that is going overboard whilst the

ship is under weigh, and being towed by a rope alongside. Every morning, until I was stopped by the officer of the watch, I went down the side and slipped into the water with a rope from the lower studdingsail-boom and had a bath. One would suppose that a person would be towed under, but such was not the case, and I tried it successfully with the ship going nine and ten knots: a short scope of rope is necessary, for with a long rope one would be dragged under.

CHAPTER V.

WAR WITH CHINA.

We were not destined to remain long inactive, for hardly had we refitted after our long sea cruise when troubles arose at Canton. The British flag had been insulted by the Chinese, and as no apology was forthcoming, and our ultimatum received with ridicule and contempt, war was declared with China in October 1856.

Meanwhile the Winchester 50-gun frigate arrived from the northward, having on board our gallant Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, whose flag was shifted to the Calcutta. The small paddle-steamer Coromandel was commissioned as tender to the flagship and manned from her. A few hours after receipt of the Governor's despatch announcing that negotiations had failed, the Calcutta sailed from Hong-Kong, steering for the Canton River and towing the boats of the Winchester, manned and armed, astern.

The Canton river is at its mouth so broad that for miles one cannot distinguish the banks on either side; but after thirty miles it narrows rapidly, until the Bogue Forts are reached. At this place, seventy miles from Hong-Kong and thirty from Canton, it is

about a mile wide, and soon afterwards not more than a quarter.

The wind falling light, we were taken in tow by the Barracouta till night, when we anchored, and in the morning again proceeded to another anchorage a few miles above the Bogue Forts, which was as far as the depth of the water would allow us to go. The Barracouta then went on up the river, towing the boats of the Winchester, Comus, and Bittern.

The Calcutta's boats were now manned and armed, and at 3 A.M., October 23, we left the ship and proceeded in tow of the Sampson up the river. The flotilla consisted of the launch, two pinnaces, and cutter, under the orders of Commander Rolland of the Calcutta, who took me in the launch. We made good progress during the day, and at dark the Sampson anchored: at daylight we pushed on till we reached the bar, where she grounded and we left her. The Coromandel, with the Admiral and Staff on board, had meanwhile gone up another branch of the river, which branch joins the main stream at Canton, fifteen miles farther up.

The Coromandel and Barracouta took possession of the Barrier Forts with slight opposition, the first shot in the war being fired from the Coromandel. After leaving the Sampson we pulled up the river in the direction of Canton, when about four miles from the city we were joined by Captain Bate of the Actæon, whose knowledge of the people and locality was most useful. Acting upon his advice it was arranged to attack the Macao Fort.

This formidable fort was built on an island in the middle of the river, commanding the passage on both sides. Ninety guns of large calibre were mounted

within its walls, which were of immense thickness, and the fort was fully manned.

The importance of capturing this fortress was evident, but the force at our disposal was absurdly inadequate for the undertaking, consisting of three boats of the Calcutta, armed with a small brass howitzer apiece, and Captain Bate's whale-boat—about eighty men all told. Nevertheless, it was decided to make the attempt.

The Chinamen were watching our movements with unconcern, doubtless never dreaming that we should have the audacity to molest them with such an insignificant force. Great must have been their surprise when with three hearty cheers we made a dash at the fort, and before they had time to fire a shot we were alongside and into it. A well-directed broadside would have blown us out of the water, but not a shot was fired on either side. We turned out the garrison bag and baggage and took possession, whilst Captain Bate went on to report proceedings to the Admiral.

Simultaneously with the capture of Macao Fort, the "Bird's-nest Fort," mounting thirty-five guns, and another small fort opposite the English quarter of the city, were captured without opposition; also the Shamean Forts at the head of the Macao passage, all the guns being destroyed.

In Macao Fort we found many beautiful brass guns, some of them 14 inches in the bore, or twice as large as anything on board the Calcutta.

Leaving a pinnace in charge of the fort, and another a mile or so above it, we went on in the launch to Canton, where we found the Encounter screw corvette moored off the city.

The river was alive with every kind of craft, from the little sampan, propelled by a single oar in the stern, to the heavy trading junk with her single iron-wood mast and mat sails. Numerous flower-boats belonging to wealthy mandarins were moored off the town, conspicuous by their gaudy paint, and crowded with laughing girls, who kept up an incessant chatter as they peeped out at the foreign devils!

We were now ordered to drop down the river and rejoin our pinnace, so we anchored near her and made ourselves snug for the night. This was not so easy, as we had brought no blankets and the nights were cold. Moreover, being given to understand that I should be away only for a day or two, I had nothing but what I stood up in. As a matter of fact, I was away from the ship three months, living in the open boat, faring like my boat's crew on ship's pork, biscuit, dirty water, and a ration of rum. We got some clothes later on from the ship, and having my gun with me, I was able to supplement our diet with an occasional duck or snipe, and now and then a few fowls, which we looted from the villages near the banks of the river. About midnight we were alarmed by firing down the river, so we up anchor and pulled to the spot. We found the pinnace engaging something, but what it was we could not make out, as it was as dark as pitch. We could distinguish some figures running to and fro, returning the pinnace's fire with a few scattering shots; so we pulled in to close quarters and fired our 24-pounder howitzer into the mass, when all was silent, and we anchored till daylight, when we discovered five large junks moored alongside each other, close to the bank. They had no masts, and not a living

soul could be seen, all their ports being closed; so we pulled alongside and boarded, when we found them to be peaceable trading junks. The poor fellows had mistaken our pinnace for a pirate coming to attack them, and had opened fire upon her. They had paid dearly for their mistake, for we found one man dead and two severely wounded by our fire. We sent the latter on board the Barracouta for surgical treatment and returned to Canton. On the 24th October a detachment of marines was landed to protect the Factories (the English quarter of the city), reinforced subsequently by another party and some bluejackets. Advanced posts and field-guns were stationed at the most important points, and barricades thrown across the streets to guard against surprise. On the 25th an attack was made upon the pickets by a body of Chinese soldiers, but they were repulsed by the marines with a loss to the Chinese of fourteen killed and wounded.

The marines and bluejackets were housed in the library and boathouse; the Admiral and Staff took up their quarters in Mr Dent's house. The portion of the city occupied by the English, called the "Factories," included the merchants' houses, library, church, billiard-room, and boathouse, all of which were garrisoned by our people. On the 25th October the Dutch-folly Fort, mounting fifty guns, was taken possession of and garrisoned by 150 men of the Calcutta. The Dutch-folly, like the Macao Fort, was built upon an island abreast of the town, and commanded both approaches up the river: its position rendered it impregnable in the hands of any other people than the Chinese, and it is extraordinary that they made no effort to defend it. In the

middle of the fort was a joss-house enveloped in trees, the whole enclosed in a strong granite wall. Guns and mortars were mounted in this fort, so as to play upon the city walls at a distance of 400 yards. Governor Yeh having refused to redress the insult committed by his officials in having on October 8 forcibly seized twelve of the crew of the British lorcha Arrow and hauled down her flag, the Admiral decided to bombard the city. On the 27th Sir Michael sent an ultimatum to Yeh, warning him that should he refuse reparation he would open fire on the town at 1 P.M. that day. As no notice was taken of this, the Encounter fired the first gun punctually to time, and kept up the fire at regular intervals till sunset. The firing was principally directed against Governor Yeh's palace. The Barracouta also shelled some troops assembled on the hills at the back of the town, from a position she had taken in Sulphur Creek. The bombardment was continued on the 28th, by which time a breach was made in the city walls abreast of the Duch-folly Fort, and preparations were made for storming.

On the 29th the marines and bluejackets, and part of the 59th Regiment, detailed for the storming-party, were embarked in boats. The space between the landing-place and the breach was not more than 300 yards: it had at one time been occupied by houses, but was now a heap of ruins.

Firing a few shots to clear the way, we landed the storming-party, who quickly covered the space to the breach, where they were received by a sharp fire of gingalls (an antiquated kind of musket) and other weapons, killing three and wounding several more of our men; but the party, gallantly led by

Captain Bate, pushed on, and were soon in possession of the walls. This was all that was required, and indeed as much as could be done for the time, as our small force was not sufficient to hold the place; they were therefore re-embarked, and returned to the Factories. Our loss was small, but the Chinese suffered heavily. At daylight next morning we found that the enemy had filled up the breach, so we scattered them with a few shells.

The bombardment was now continued every day from October 30 to November 5 by H.M. ships Encounter and Sampson, and from the Dutch-folly, the fire being directed against the Government buildings in the Tartar city and the fortifications in rear of it.

As we had reason to believe the Chinese would set fire to the houses in the vicinity of the Factories, with the intention of burning us out, a party of bluejackets was employed for three days pulling them down, so as to leave a space clear around. On the night of the 4th November an attempt was made to blow us up by exploding a boat full of powder under the Club House. Fortunately the explosion did little damage, but after this performance all Chinese boats were cleared out of the river.

To guard against fire-rafts and torpedoes we made a boom across the river with spars and chains, connecting it with the shore on both sides. Some old junks were moored in mid-stream above and below the shipping; these junks were also connected with the shore, leaving a passage for a friendly vessel; this space was also closed by chains, which could be removed at pleasure. On board each junk a

guard was placed, and a 32-pounder gun mounted, and as an additional precaution our boats rowed guard outside the boom all through the night. These measures were most necessary, as the Chinese were very cunning in the use of torpedoes and infernal machines, for which the Canton river was well adapted. Almost every night we received some kind attention in the shape of a junk loaded with combustibles, floated down with the stream, and set on fire when close to us. Another clever apparatus consisted of one or more iron tanks filled with powder, sunk to the level of the water. On the outside were wire springs connected with a trigger, so as to explode on touching a ship's side. These were more dangerous than the junks or fire-ships, being so low in the water as to require the utmost vigilance to detect them. Our business was to sink or explode them before they got near enough to do us any harm, but it was not always possible: at times we managed to destroy some, others drifted wide of the mark, but they very nearly succeeded on one occasion. On November 8, at 4 A.M., four fire-junks came down with the tide on the top of the Barracouta anchored outside the boom, and had she not promptly slipped her cable she must have been set on fire or blown up.

On the 13th a most audacious attempt was made to blow up the Niger steam-sloop. In broad daylight two sampans, with one man in each, came under the bows of the ship; the men jumped overboard and escaped, and the sampans blew up without doing any damage, but covering the ship, masts, and rigging with filth. This was apparently intended more as an insult than anything else, and the Nigers got consid-

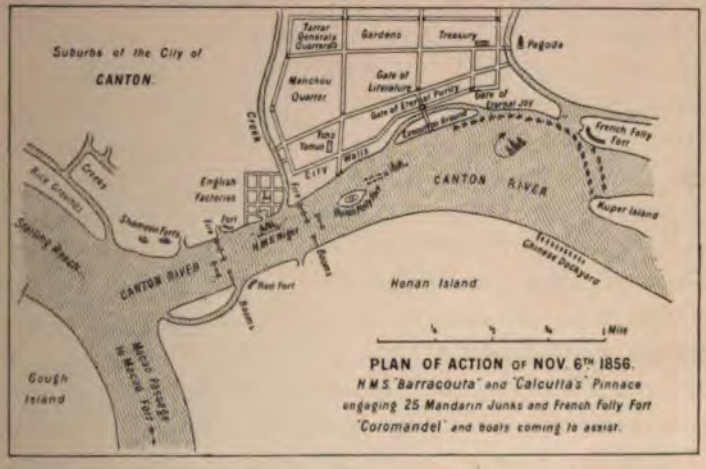
erably chaffed about it. At this time I was in charge of the Calcutta's pinnace, the launch having been sent back to the ship. Our life under the circumstances above mentioned was anything but monotonous; indeed we had a lively time of it—hard work all day, with a good chance of being blown up during the night.

On the evening of the 5th November I received orders to accompany the Barracouta on a secret expedition at daylight the following morning. Lieutenant H. Beamish, gunnery lieutenant of the Calcutta, came in my boat and took charge, as I was only a midshipman. The object of the expedition was known only to Captain Fortescue of the Barracouta, but it mattered little to us what the job was. Daylight of the 6th saw us alongside the Barracouta, which immediately weighed and stood down the river towards the French-folly Fort. This fort was built on an island about a mile distant from the Dutch-folly, and mounted twenty-six heavy guns. It was, moreover, backed by twenty-five mandarin junks, heavily armed and moored under the guns of the fort. These junks had been collected with a view to attack our ships, and our object was to destroy them. (See plan and sketch.)

The Barracouta was ordered to engage the junks, and our business was to lay out her stern anchor and enable her to bring her broadside to bear. We soon sighted the junks, and very formidable they looked in the morning sun with all their banners flying. They were moored in a crescent, with the horns towards us, supported by the fort in a very strong position. The Barracouta mounted only six guns, and the pinnace a 12-pounder howitzer, an absurdly

small force for the work; but we had learned to despise our enemy, and laughed at any odds.

The Chinamen were fully prepared for us: the junks lay broadside on, with their guns run out on one side, springs on their cables to keep their broadside bearing, and "stink-pots" at the mast-heads. These offensive weapons are deserving of description. The stink-pot is an earthenware vessel filled with powder, sulphur, &c. Each junk had cages at the mast-head, which in action were occupied by one or



more men, whose duty it was to throw these stink-pots on to the decks of the enemy, or into boats attempting to board; and woe betide any unlucky boat that received one of these missiles: the crew would certainly have to jump overboard or be stifled.

As soon as we hove in sight the junks beat to quarters, and kept up a hideous din with gongs and tom-toms; their crews, stripped to the waist, stood to their guns, matches in hand, but waiting, according to their usual tactics, for the first shot.

The Barracouta steamed slowly towards them, her guns cleared for action, every man at his post. Our little gun was loaded with grape, and trained on the nearest junk. It was an exciting moment, as we advanced till we were within 300 yards of the centre junk, and the horns of the crescent overlapped us. The Barracouta now anchored, and simultaneously fired her bow gun loaded with shell into the midst of the junks. At the same instant the junks opened fire with a deafening roar, and were enveloped in fire and smoke. Round-shot, grape, canister, and scrap iron hurtled through the air, and the water was ploughed up around us. The Barracouta's men worked well, directing their fire towards the thickest of the smoke; but owing to the ship being bows-on, only one gun on the forecastle could bear on the enemy. Shots were flying in all directions, knocking about spars and cutting away ropes; but fortunately their aim was too high, as we were so close. Loud above the din could be heard the yells of the Chinamen and the clanging of their gongs. Captain Fortescue now ordered us to lay out his stern anchor, as his ship was being raked and her forecastle swept by the storm of missiles.

Having got the anchor in our boat, we proceeded to lay it out, being exposed meantime to a murderous fire of grape. A shot struck one of my boat's crew in the head, killing him instantly, and spattering us with his blood; but we dropped the anchor in the right place, and enabled the Barracouta to bring her broadside to bear on the junks, thus bringing three more heavy guns into action: our little brass gun also did some execution on the crowded decks of the enemy.

BARRACOUTA AND CALCUTTA'S PINNACE ENGAGING MANDARIN JUNKS AND FRENCH FOLLY FORT IN CANTON RIVER.

Having deposited the body of our shipmate on board the Barracouta, we continued the action: meantime the heavy metal of that ship began to tell, and some of the junks blew up with all their crew as their magazines ignited. Several more were in flames, and the fire of the others began to slacken. It was evident they had had enough of it, and soon we had the satisfaction of seeing all the junks on fire and their crews making for the shore. The Coromandel, with the Admiral on board, towing the boats of the squadron, now made her appearance, coming to our support; but the action was over. The boats formed line and pulled for the shore; the fort fired a few shots as we approached, but was speedily abandoned, and so ended the capture of the French-folly Fort and the destruction of twenty-five of the finest mandarin junks in the imperial navy.

The rest of the day we were busy spiking the guns and levelling the parapets, after which we returned to Canton.

On November 11 we all embarked on board the Coromandel and proceeded down the river to the flagship, anchored above the Bogue Forts. We heard that we were to bombard the forts the following day, unless the mandarin in charge was prepared to hand them over without fighting. Happily there was no chance of that; for, according to the custom of the country, he would certainly have been beheaded or disembowelled if he gave up the forts without resistance. Any doubts on the subject were removed the next morning by the gallant old fellow sending off a message to the Admiral to say he was quite ready for us whenever we chose. And he had reason too on his side, seeing the enormous strength of the

forts, four of which mounted 410 guns between them, while three others were equally well armed in proportion to their size.

The Admiral's reply to the polite invitation of the governor was not made public; if any, it was probably concise and to the point. Our subsequent proceedings were sufficient. I give herewith the names of the forts and number of guns mounted, so far as we knew, also the force opposed to them :—

North Anunghoy South Anunghoy	mounting between them 210 guns.
North Wantung South Wantung	200 guns.
Chuenpee Fort Ty-Cock-Tow Fort Tiger Island	number of guns not known.

All the above were comprised under the term Bogue Forts.

The ships opposed to them were—

H.M.S.	Calcutta (flagship)	84 guns.
	Nankin (frigate)	50
	Encounter (corvette)	14
	Hornet (sloop)	17
	Barracouta (sloop)	6
	Coromandel (tender)	4 howitzers.
	Total	175 guns.

But this must be divided by two, as a ship cannot fight her guns on both sides when engaging shore batteries.

At daylight, November 12, the ships cleared for action, and took up their appointed station, the Calcutta having the post of honour, abreast of and within a few hundred yards of the South Wantung, mounting 100 guns. Our position was so well

chosen that only a few guns could bear upon the ship. The Chinamen, with incomprehensible stupidity or indifference, allowed the ships to take up their positions and moor head and stern right under their guns without firing a shot, nor was it till we had carefully laid our guns and delivered a concentrated broadside that they condescended to reply.

The result of these tactics was that we had it all our own way. The Nankin and the small craft having taken a position to engage the other forts, at a signal from the Calcutta the action commenced.

As anticipated, after an hour-and-a-half's firing the batteries were silenced, having been crushed from the beginning by the terrible fire from the ships. Orders were now given to prepare to storm the forts; the ships ceased firing, and we pulled for the shore. But little resistance was offered: we had a scramble up a very steep hill to reach the wall, and while taking breath preparatory to climbing in through an embrasure, a Chinese soldier threw a stink-pot, which exploded at our feet, doing no harm. We then rushed in, followed by the men as they came up. The Chinamen stood for a moment, and then bolted to the opposite side of the fort, where boats awaited them. Orders were given to cease firing and let the poor fellows go; but such was the panic that many of them, unable to find room in the boats, took to the water and endeavoured to swim, in attempting which numbers were drowned.

The next day we bombarded the Anunghoy Forts: these, unlike the Wantung, which were built upon islands in the river, stood upon the mainland; the whole commanded the passage of the river, and should have been impregnable in other hands. We

found many beautiful brass guns in the forts of enormous calibre and fine workmanship.

For several days following we were employed blowing up the parapets, bursting the guns, and generally demolishing the forts—an arduous duty under a burning sun when all excitement is over.

On the 15th I was ordered up the river again to Canton, and started in tow of the Barracouta. There were three boats towing astern—the Calcutta's pinnace (my boat), the cutter, and the Nankin's pinnace. All went well until we were within a few miles of Canton, the Barracouta making ten knots through the water: my boat was towing from the starboard sponson, the Nankin's from the port. For better security whilst towing we had sent most of the crews in-board, and dismounted the boats' guns, so as to bring their bows out of the water.

Suddenly the Nankin's coxswain left the helm; in an instant the boat sheered into the wake of the wheels, and went down bows foremost, appearing some way astern bottom up. We at once slipped our painter and went to her assistance, in time to pick up two of the crew and some gear that was floating about; but the gun and all the heavy things were lost, and two men sank to rise no more. Proceeding on our way, we reached Canton without further adventure.

CHAPTER VI.

OPERATIONS IN THE CANTON RIVER.

A FEW days after our return to Canton I was ordered down the river in tow of the Coromandel to destroy some mandarin junks which were building at a kind of dockyard on the river's bank. We soon found them: thirty-five junks were on the stocks, some only in frame, others ready for launching. We burnt the lot. It seemed a pity to destroy them, as they were fine handsome craft and worth a lot of money, but they made a grand blaze.

For the next few weeks we were busy making and repairing fire-booms, and at night guarding them against the enemy's fire-rafts. The work was hard, and there were only four boats to do it—two of the Calcutta's and two Nankin's. It must be remembered also that in those days we had no steam-launches or torpedo-boats, so everything had to be done by rowing-boats—even sails were useless for that work.

Life in an open boat for months together would have been wearisome but for the constant excitement. There was not much room to move about, and only a plank to lie on at night. Pork, biscuit, and river-water constituted our daily fare, no extras.

My kit consisted of a blanket, two flannel shirts—one on and one off—tooth-brush, comb, towel, and soap. For society I had my coxswain and boat's crew, working under a broiling sun by day, with a chance of being blown up at night, or having one's head taken off by a round-shot next morning. But there is a charm in having a command of one's own, be it ever so humble, at eighteen years of age. My coxswain, Jim Parnell, captain of the foretop of the Calcutta, was as fine a seaman as ever I came across: being thrown together so much, I got to know his value, and he backed me up on several occasions when I was in a tight place.

We were not only shipmates, but messmates; for our stock of crockery—never very great—had been sadly diminished by a shot which smashed the greater part; and we had but one basin to eat our pea-soup out of, and this was afterwards rinsed out for our grog. Our evenings used to be spent according to fancy—some sleeping, others smoking or joining in a song, whilst I generally played cribbage with the coxswain or the gunner's mate, until the time came for us to take up our station for the night.

I often think that it is on detached service of this sort that bluejackets show to advantage—always cheerful and contented and respectful at a time when it is not easy to enforce the discipline of a man-of-war. No matter whether the pork was rancid or the water stank, I never heard a murmur of discontent: they knew that what did for them did for me. One day our coppers—the only cooking apparatus we had—was lost overboard, and it could not be replaced for some days, so we had to eat our

pork raw, but we all shared alike. I had no medicines in the boat—we couldn't afford to be sick—but I told the men that if any of them were really ill they should have an extra glass of rum from our limited store, and some of us would go without it. I never had a single application, nor did I have a case of sickness in the boat, although we drank the river-water, about the same colour and consistency as that of the Thames at London Bridge; and at this very time the Calcutta's men were dying in the hospitals at Hong-Kong from dysentery, caused by drinking impure water. The Calcutta, being a sailing-ship, had no condenser on board. During this time the Chinamen had not been idle: they repaired the French-folly Fort and mounted some guns, making it as strong as it was before; so it became necessary to give them another lesson. On 4th December the Encounter and Coromandel, towing the boats of the squadron, steamed down and opened fire on the fort; the boats lay on the off side of the ships so as to be protected by their hulls until the fort was silenced, when our turn came, and we pulled in to the assault under a scattered but ill-directed fire from gingalls and rockets. Having driven out the garrison, a party remained to dismount the guns and destroy the fort.

Our casualties were slight: a marine was killed by a rocket, and a few were wounded. As a rule, these Chinese rockets did little harm, and as often as not they doubled back from whence they came. Whilst we were in the pinnace, lying quietly at anchor off the fort after the business was over, a sneaking rascal fired a rocket at us from amongst the ruins. The rocket came over one side of the boat, set fire to

some bread-bags in the bottom, and popped over the other side without hurting us. I always kept a loaded rifle handy, but before I could get it to my shoulder the villain was gone.

Our cutter was also struck by a rocket, which burnt a hole in her. This boat was under my orders as well as the pinnace; she was in charge of a young master's assistant named Pearn, and as he was seventeen years old and I eighteen, and a midshipman, I was the senior officer! We were great chums. A report reached us that the Chinese intended to burn the English quarter in return for the injuries we had inflicted on them. We had always expected something of the kind, and prepared for it by placing sentries about. The merchants had removed their property to Hong-Kong, so that beyond the fact of its being useful to us as our headquarters, its destruction mattered little. However, the sentries were doubled, and we kept a sharp look-out every night; but notwithstanding all our precautions, the Chinamen were too sharp for us.

One night, about the middle of December, there was an alarm of fire in the Factories. The boats were at this time moored in the camber, close at hand, so we were quickly on the spot. It was to no purpose: the Chinese soldiers, reckless of life, ran from house to house with lighted torches in their hands, and as fast as we shot them down others would take their places. All that night the fire raged, and the next day it was still burning. We made desperate efforts to save the Consulate, by blowing down the adjacent walls with gunpowder, but without avail. Every one, from the Admiral downwards, worked with a will; and it

was amusing to see captains, lieutenants, mids, bluejackets, and soldiers passing the water along in every conceivable conveyance. Pearn and I were pointing a hose till we could hold it no longer on account of the heat, and every stitch we had on was wet through. During the night I was working in a house trying to get the fire under, when some one shouted out that the roof was falling, and that if there was any one inside to come out directly. The room I was in was filled with boxes of prime Manilla cigars, so taking a box under each arm, I bolted from the house just as the walls caved in with a crash. Trifles such as these cigars were very acceptable, and after the fire we managed to pick up a few things which were of use to us, living as we were on the meanest fare. But these expeditions were rather risky, as the Chinese authorities offered 500 dollars for the head of any Englishman dead or alive, and already some poor fellows had been captured, their heads at the time adorning the walls of the city: in fact, it was dangerous to wander only a few hundred yards from our boats, as the following adventure will show.

One day, in company with Pearn, we took advantage of a spare hour when the men were at dinner to ramble amongst the ruins of the Factories. We were exploring the inside of a house the walls of which, with the staircase, remained standing. We had not been long upstairs when we heard a noise in the street, and on looking out we perceived, to our horror, a mob of Chinese soldiers round the only entrance to the house, with the evident intention of capturing us alive or dead.

We were caught in a trap: there was but one stair, and our retreat was completely cut off.

There was no time for reflection. Fortunately we had our revolvers with us, and knew how to use them, so without a moment's delay further than a grasp of each other's hands, we rushed down the stairs into the street. Our sudden appearance took the Chinamen by surprise. Pearn fired his revolver in the first man's face, the man staggered but did not fall, and to this day I cannot think what happened, as he couldn't have missed. In front of me stood a big brawny fellow armed with a pike; I shot him through the body, and he doubled up and fell on his face. Pearn fired again, and the whole lot bolted—from two boys, for we were nothing more; and we were saved. I raked another as he ran, and saw the blood spurt from his neck. We then cut the tail off my man and made tracks for the boats. We never made mention of this adventure, as we had no business there, and we should have been forbidden to leave our boats in future.

It may seem rather cold-blooded, waiting to cut the man's pig-tail off, but we were not in the humour to discuss that question. Had we been captured we should have been first tortured, then beheaded. Shortly after this occurrence the Admiral decided to burn down part of the suburbs of the city as a reprisal for burning the Factories, and we were ordered to prepare fire-balls for the purpose.

The necessary arrangements being complete, we were attached as before to the Barracouta, and proceeded with her to a spot about a mile from

our quarters. Another party went in the opposite direction, so as to fire the city simultaneously in several places. The Barracouta having anchored, we pulled up a creek in the pinnace and threaded our way through the streets (which are really waterways, the houses in the suburbs being built on piles), keeping a sharp look out for ambuscades.

Having advanced as far as we could, we landed, and set to work, firing the houses right and left. This accomplished, Captain Fortescue, who had accompanied us so far in his galley, returned on board to breakfast, leaving me in the pinnace with orders to shoot down any one who attempted to interfere with us.

Presently a mob of Chinamen appeared on the scene, and would have made short work of us, but a few rounds from the howitzer dispersed them. The creek we were in was blocked with a barricade of piles, so we lashed the boat's bow to the piles, pointing the gun through them, and whenever any soldiers appeared "we let them have it."

The gunner's mate was in the stern, passing the ammunition forward to me in the bows, and exclaiming in his excitement, "Give 'em some 'spiritual case,' sir," meaning "spherical case" (canister containing musket-balls, a very effective missile at close quarters). The creek was only a few yards broad, with houses down to the water on both sides, affording shelter for a hidden enemy. Whilst our attention was directed to those in front, a soldier stepped out from behind a door on our right and took a deliberate pot-shot at me from only a few yards off. It was a shocking bad shot,

as he missed, and stepped back behind the door, probably to load. I snatched up a rifle and fired slap through the door, and then thought no more about it. When the time came for us to retire I went ashore and out of curiosity looked behind the door, when, lo! my friend was lying there dead.

We then returned to the Barracouta to report proceedings and have dinner. Christmas came round in due time, and we determined to keep it in good old-fashioned style, and enjoy a good dinner if it could be got; so we cleared away the billiard-room, the only building left standing, and had our dinner there, and a very good dinner it was, considering the circumstances. I had shot some ducks a short time before, which came in handy, and we had looted a few bottles of wine from the ruins of the houses, so the toasts went merrily round, "absent friends" not being forgotten. At midnight I left to row guard as usual. I had to keep watch ahead of the Hornet, which was at anchor outside the boom.

On returning to my boat, I found that my boat's crew had also been keeping Christmas, having probably cleared the consul's cellar for the purpose: they were all helplessly drunk, excepting the coxswain and one other. What was to be done? I dared not report them unfit for duty, as I should have been punished for not looking after them; so, making the two sober ones take an oar and taking the helm myself, I pushed off into the stream, having first refreshed the rest of the crew by a few buckets of water thrown over them.

We managed to reach a position ahead of the Hornet, when, seeing the impossibility of rowing

guard with only two oars against a strong current, I dropped anchor, and making the two sober men take a couple of oars each and keep dipping them in the water, I kept a good look out till daylight, when we returned to the camber.

Fortunately the Chinamen did not attempt to molest us that night, or the consequences might have been disastrous. The best of the joke was, the captain of the Hornet, Commander Forsyth, sent for me and complimented me upon the admirable way we had kept guard during the night.

Whilst in the river I used frequently to be sent away with despatches to various parts, and I always took advantage of these occasions to replenish our larder. Having delivered the despatches, I devoted the return journey to sport, shooting along the banks whilst the boat was being tracked against the current like a canal-boat, this being less labour for the boat's crew than pulling. One day, whilst engaged in this way, we saw two fat ducks on the bank, which were bagged. The bowman, who retrieved them, said there was a whole flock of them in the paddy-fields, so I landed and blazed into the crowd till all the ammunition was expended, when we gathered up the slain, amounting to 180—sufficient to supply the squadron. It is almost needless to say they were tame ducks. Sometimes we raided a village for fowls, keeping the boat handy, so as to cover our retreat in case of accidents! I got an invitation once to visit a village in this way, but I took care to have a previous engagement. Sometime afterwards Lieutenant Bedford Pim, the commander of the Banterer, was chased, with some of his boat's crew, and cut off from his boat: they had

to fight their way down, losing several men, Pim himself being severely wounded.

New Year's Day had come and gone, and this brings me to a very sorrowful part of my story. I have already mentioned my young shipmate, Pearn, a charming fellow and a great favourite. We had been up-river together from the first, and I entertained a great affection for him, coupled with admiration for his coolness and gallantry.

On Sunday, January 4 (1857), our worthy captain, W. King-Hall, read service, and preached a sermon in the little English church attached to the Factories, which had escaped from the general destruction. As we had not had the opportunity of attending church since we left the ship, nearly three months before, Pearn and I agreed to go; so to church we went, and heard a very good discourse from our kind skipper, on readiness to die, and such like.

Coming out of church we met Captain Rolland, our commander, who told me I was wanted to go down the river with despatches for Macao Fort, which was now garrisoned by a party from H.M.S. Sybille, under Lieutenant Alston of that ship. Nothing pleased me better; so as soon as my men had finished dinner I started in the pinnace, calling alongside the Coromandel to pick up another young midshipman, Mather Byles, who was a particular friend of mine, and who agreed to accompany me on the trip. It was as well he did.

We had got about a mile from Canton when we met with a boat coming up from Macao Fort with all speed: she was in charge of a midshipman named Eden, who reported that a large fleet of mandarin junks had come out of Fatshan creek

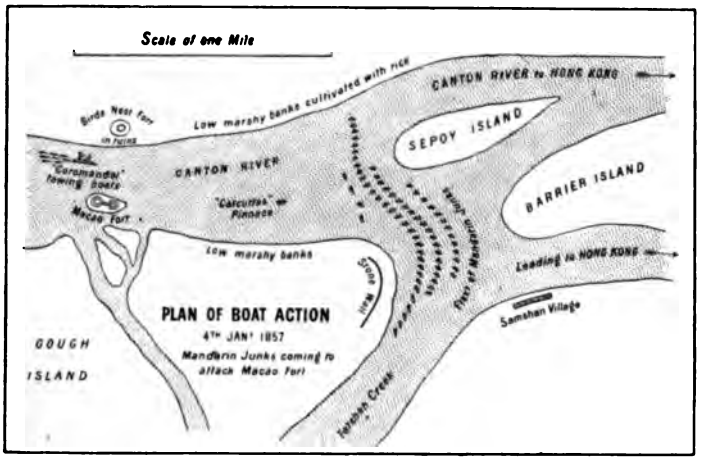
with the evident intention of attacking the fort, and Alston had sent this boat to inform the Admiral and ask for immediate assistance. Having told us this much, the boat proceeded on her way. Byles and I immediately held a council of war, and having taken the coxswain into our confidence, we decided to attack the junks. My duty was clearly to deliver my despatches and place myself under the orders of Lieutenant Alston, especially as the fleet of junks, which we could now plainly see drawn up in order of battle, was beyond the fort. But such a chance was not to be thrown away, and we thought there could be no harm in having a brush with the junks before the boats of the squadron could arrive. Having thus decided, we swept rapidly down the river with the current. On passing Macao Fort we were hailed by Lieutenant Alston to know where we were going; for answer I pointed to the junks ahead. Some orders were shouted out, but we pretended not to hear, and paid no attention.

I am not prepared to justify this foolish proceeding, which was not only contrary to orders, but altogether preposterous, seeing that the junks, numbering at least eighty (the same fleet which we subsequently destroyed at Fatshan on the 1st June), were armed with 32-pounders and crowded with men, whilst we were in an open boat, armed with a 12-pounder howitzer, and a crew of fourteen all told, besides ourselves, two mids! But at eighteen midshipmen are not always gifted with discretion.

On getting within range we opened fire with our little gun, pitching shot after shot well into the

brown of them. The junks were at anchor, swung to the current, with their heads up-river; they were formed in a crescent right across the river, one horn extending up the Fatshan creek (see plan).

At first the Chinamen took no notice of us, apparently disdaining so insignificant a foe; but as we drew closer and our shots began to tell, they suddenly with one accord opened fire on us right along the line. Some of the junks, hauling in the springs on their cables, slewed broadside to us; and others,



manning their sweeps, advanced to meet us. We now saw, when too late, that we had gone too far. The current, which we had not allowed for, was sweeping us down on to the junks, and retreat was impossible. There was nothing for it but to do our best, so, putting a bold face on it, we blazed away, keeping the boat's bow to the enemy, the men backing with their oars against the stream.

I was forward in the bows working the gun; Byles was at the helm, and Jim Parnell passed the powder

forward, when one of those panics occurred which sometimes take place even with the best men. One fellow threw his oar overboard and lay down in the bottom of the boat, and, to their shame be it said, nine others followed his example, only leaving their oars in the boat. In vain I ordered, entreated, and even threatened them with my revolver. Byles gallantly supported me, using the boat's tiller on their heads with good effect, and so did the coxswain and three brave fellows who were helping me with the gun. The boat meanwhile was drifting helplessly to destruction, and we could hear the yells of the Chinamen as their prey seemed within their reach. In Macao Fort they had no large guns to help us, but we could hear the cheers of the garrison as they manned the parapets to encourage us.

At last the boat's crew became alive to the danger and returned to their duty. Manning the oars, and facing forwards, they backed against the stream. To turn tail would have been fatal, as some of the junks, called fast-boats, pulled one hundred oars apiece, and would have caught us in no time, so we steadfastly faced the enemy still and kept the gun going. But this unequal contest could not last long; shots were dropping round us, wetting us with spray, or whizzing over our heads. They dropped among the oars, plunged under the bows, shook the ensign staff—in fact, did everything but hit us. It was, however, only a question of time; for sooner or later a shot must strike the boat, and then it would have been all over with us, and I should not be alive to tell the tale. The junks were slowly but surely advancing, when, looking backwards, we saw, to our joy and relief, the Coromandel coming down the river with

the Admiral's flag flying, and towing the boats of the squadron.

It was none too soon, for we were nearly done. The little brass gun had served us well, and was so hot I could hardly bear to touch it, and kicked so, that at the fifty-sixth round the breeching broke and the gun came over backwards, nearly on the top of me. At this critical moment the Coromandel got within range and opened fire; but by this time we were so mixed up with the junks that the shots from our people fell dangerously close to us. The Chinamen now turned their attention to the Coromandel, and in the confusion we managed to escape.

But it was still a most unequal fight, for the little Coromandel with her 24-pounder pop-guns was no match for a whole fleet of heavily armed junks, carrying twenty broadside guns apiece and a 32-pounder in the bows. As soon as the vessel stopped we slipped alongside and put Byles on board. The Admiral sent for me on the bridge, just to tell me I had no business to be where I had been; but it was no time for explanation, the Chinamen had got our range, and shot were flying thick about us. Just as I stepped back into my boat I met Pearn, who was in the cutter. "Why don't they let us go at the beggars?" said he. Poor fellow, they were his last words, for at that moment a round-shot came skipping along the water and struck him in the chest.

The Admiral now ordered all the boats to land to protect Macao Fort, and the Coromandel backed astern, as there was no room for her to turn in that part of the river. We landed at the back of the fort, and manning the parapets, kept up a brisk fire on the junks from our rifles. The Chinamen approached to

within 300 yards, and hammered away at their own fort, sending the stones flying, but doing us no harm. Finding they were getting well peppered themselves, they retreated leisurely to their old quarters in the Fatshan creek. We discovered that their object in coming out was to sink some junks loaded with stones on the bar, and thus block the river and cut us off from Hong-Kong.

The Encounter had been ordered to come down to our assistance; but she managed to get ashore, and was of no use whatever,—a most unfortunate mishap, to say the least of it, as she might have given a good account of a number of the junks. As soon as the action was over, I went aboard the Coromandel to see the last of my poor shipmate, whose body had been sent to that vessel. I found him lying in a cot, his countenance quite composed, and he looked as if he were asleep. The shot appeared to have grazed his chest, and a piece of iron had pierced his lungs. I cut off a lock of his hair and kissed the cold forehead, and having reverently covered the remains with the union-jack, returned sadly in my boat to Canton. The next day the body was sent down to Hong-Kong to be laid alongside others of his shipmates in "Happy Valley."

The morning after poor young Pearn's death I was busy cleaning out my boat in the camber, when the Admiral and Captain Hall came by: they wished me good morning, and asked particularly after the action of the previous day, and especially as to the behaviour of my boat's crew. I suppose they must have had an inkling of the affair, though not from me. I was obliged to tell them

the whole story: how the coxswain and those who worked the gun with me had nobly supported me, and how the others had disgraced themselves. The captain was so indignant that he seized one man —the one who threw his oar overboard—by the throat, and declared he would hang him at the Calcutta's yard-arm. To make a short story of it, they were disrated on the spot and the others promoted, and I was sent down the river to the Calcutta to choose another crew and return as soon as possible.

The ship was lying at the Bogue Forts, so thither we went, and I was not long in picking up a new crew, as the whole ship's company volunteered. In forty-eight hours I was back again, tracking the boat along the bank and shooting in the paddy-fields abreast of her. An amusing thing occurred on this trip: two of the boat's crew could not agree, and as they kept on squabbling, I landed them in a paddy-field to fight it out. A ring was formed, and my coxswain and the gunner's mate attended to see fair play. After a few rounds, one of the combatants measured his length in the mud: they then shook hands, and were the best of friends ever afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.

EVACUATION OF CANTON.

On January 8, 1857, the Calcutta returned to Hong-Kong, and Captain Hall went down to take charge of her. It was also decided to evacuate our position before Canton, as we had no force to maintain it, nor object in doing so, especially as several gunboats were on their way out from England, and on their arrival we could resume operations. Accordingly, we cleared out of the Factories and the Dutch-folly Fort, and established ourselves in the Bird's-nest Fort; but as this fort was unprotected from the rear, and we should be exposed to attacks from that quarter, we fell back on the Macao Fort, where we remained till the 23rd, when we all returned to Hong-Kong. I was not sorry to get back to the ship after being in my boat for ninety days.

Soon after our return the captain sent for me, and after some complimentary remarks, which it is not necessary to repeat, he told me that there was a rumour that a night attack was intended on Hong-Kong by a fleet of mandarin junks, and that it was considered advisable to have a guard during the night, and that he should give me the com-

mand of a small paddle-wheel steamer called the Eaglet to cruise about the harbour. The Eaglet, temporarily commissioned for this purpose, was an old craft mounting nine guns—viz., one long 18-pounder on a swivel on the forecastle, and two 9-pounders, four 6-pounders, and two 3-pounders on her broadside; the total weight of her broadside being 42 lb., the swivel firing on either side. Her speed was about 5 knots. However, as a midshipman eighteen years of age, I was as proud of my first command as though she were a frigate! I had a boat's crew and a cutter from the flagship with me. My orders were to weigh every evening at sunset, cruise about the harbour all night, and return to the Calcutta to report myself at daylight. I was to prevent any junks from entering the harbour during the night, and an exciting time we had — boarding junks which hung about the entrance in the early morning waiting for the sea-breeze to come into harbour. These craft usually turned out to be trading vessels, bringing fowls, fruit, and vegetables for the Hong-Kong market, but we could never tell for certain till we got alongside.

One suspicious craft we boarded had two 32 pounder carronades mounted on board, marked with the broad-arrow, proving they were English, of which they could give no satisfactory account: they had undoubtedly been stolen, and she was probably a pirate, so we gave them the benefit of the doubt! Having hitched all the crew by their tails to the rigging, hoisted out the carronades, which I sold for the benefit of my crew, I sent the craft adrift!

One morning we really thought we were in for

a fight. Just as day was breaking we made out a large fleet of junks bearing down to the harbour by the western passage. They loomed large in the morning mist, and we made sure they were mandarin junks; so we cleared for action and stood towards them, when, to our disgust, they proved to be peaceable traders.

I spent a very pleasant six weeks on board the Eaglet, and, absurd as it may seem, the projected attack on Hong-Kong was abandoned on account of the "fire-ship" which kept guard during the night. This we gathered from some despatches which fell into our hands, together with some most amusing and vainglorious instructions for destroying our ships, issued by one of the mandarins, Lin-Tsih-Sen, Governor-General of Two-Kwang, the translation of which I give presently; but before doing so it may be as well to mention the marks distinguishing the different degrees of rank belonging to the order of mandarin in the Chinese service.

There are altogether nine grades, their rank being distinguished by different-coloured buttons worn on the cap. The highest rank is a red button, only worn by nobles; second grade, red flowered gem; third grade, light-blue stone; fourth, dark-blue stone; fifth, light crystal; sixth, opaque, white; seventh, eighth, and ninth, gold buttons. A peacock's feather is sometimes worn in the cap, an honour similar to a decoration. The feather is inserted in a hollow tube of green jade-stone.

But to return. The proclamation is entitled, "Seven General Rules for the Extermination of the Barbarian Forces."

1. Although the barbarian war-vessels are so many tens of feet long, you must not look at their length; although they have so many guns, you must not be afraid of the number or size of these. For as the barbarian guns are all in the sides of their vessels, our forces have only to attack them at the prow and stern. Suppose the ship stands with its prow to the south, if the wind is north, attack the stern; if the wind is south, attack the prow. If the prow stands east, and the wind is east, attack the prow; but if the wind is west, attack the stern (!).

Taking advantage of the wind and avoiding the fire from the guns, the character of the tide must also be considered; proceeding with the tide, victory is certain.

The largest of the barbarian ships draw upwards of 20 feet of water, the smallest draw above 10; but our ships only draw a few feet, so that taking a wide circuit, they can always secure the wind in their favour. In attacking the prow, the figurehead must be first fired at; in attacking the stern, the cabin must be first aimed at. The stern cabin has glass windows, it being occupied by the highest officer on board; the powder magazine and appendages are also in the same part of the ship, and a continuous cannonade is sure to effect an opening, when the powder will explode. Although the rudder is cased with copper, yet it is cast copper, and may be broken with cannon-balls.

When the figurehead is broken off and the rudder broken, there is no means of controlling the ship; and while there are an extraordinary number of hands engaged with the sails fore and aft, a few rounds from our guns will send them dropping into the sea, when, the ship being short of men, it will not be able to move, and the large guns will thus fall into our possession.

2. In approaching the prow or stern of a barbarian ship, our vessels must divide into two squadrons right and left, and advance in the form of the wings of a goose, in an oblique direction, closing up in front and opening out behind: in this manner a great many ships may be assembled without the risk of firing into our own fleet. Suppose the

prow of a barbarian ship stands east, our ships, taking advantage of a west wind, will attack it aft; on nearing the starboard side, our ships must stand towards the south-east; on nearing the larboard side, our ships must stand towards the north-east. Thus, all taking an oblique position, the fire from our guns will unavoidably strike the barbarian ship and will not touch our own vessels. The same principle may be applied to other positions. This all depends on the efficiency of the helmsman in handling the rudder. Let those who are expert and active be rewarded several fold; and when money, watches, cloth, or other articles are captured on board the barbarian ships, let a double portion be given to the helmsman. But if at the given time they mistake their business, omitting to advance when they ought to advance, or neglecting to turn when they ought to turn, then let the helmsmen be decapitated as a warning to the fleet.

3. On getting within cannot-shot reach, begin to open fire with the cannons; coming within musket-reach, commence the attack with muskets, approaching till rockets and stink-pots are available. These may be used without restriction, the more the better; but care must be taken that they reach the barbarian ships, it being most important that they should not fall amongst our own. The following is the method for casting stink-pots from the mast-head:—

Let two men be selected wearing bamboo helmets, with a small rattan shield on the breast, tied on with a cord at the back, having a double sword at the waist and the matches also attached. One man ascends the foremast, and one the mizzen-mast, all going to the very top and remaining on the highest yard. Two men stand at the foot of each mast and haul up the baskets containing the stink-pots by means of a pulley. Each basket contains ten or more stink-pots, and every pot has 4-pounder rolls enclosed in cotton cases. These being drawn up briskly, the men at the mast-head then apply the matches, when they are instantaneously discharged. When one basket is emptied, another is hauled up, so as to keep up an uninterrupted delivery on board the barbarian ship. The attack being thus unremitting, the barbarian ship

will to a certainty be set on fire, if it is not reduced to ashes; yet when the fire is raging the barbarians will assuredly seek to move off, and our men can embrace the opportunity to board them.

Having boarded the ship, our stink-pots and rockets may cease, as they will then be of no use.

4. When our men board a ship, they must immediately put to the sword every barbarian they meet, and leave their heads to be counted afterwards, for there ought not to be an urgency in presenting the heads to the neglect of more important business. Having decapitated the barbarians the next matter of greatest importance respects the wheel and rudder bands, the stays, ropes, and lines: let all these be cut, and the ship is ours—there need be no anxiety with respect to the money or goods on board. When a barbarian ship is captured, those who board it must make an equitable distribution of the money and goods, awarding the additional prize-money where due; but those who first enter the ship are by no means allowed to begin plundering, and so neglect the more important work of slaying the thieves. Those who disobey will be visited with the rigour of military law.

5. Our vessels advancing obliquely to attack the barbarian ships at the stem and stern, let gun-vessels be placed opposite the four corners, at most not more than four to each corner —if large ones, three will be sufficient—and let there be a simultaneous attack at the four corners.

As there will be only twelve or fifteen vessels thus engaged in the attack on one barbarian ship, and as there will be many more vessels at disposal, they may separate and attack other ships; they must not crowd up in one place, giving rise to disorder and confusion. If occasion requires a conjoint attack by a great number of vessels, attention must be paid to the orders of the officer in command. When the drum beats a heavy roll, and the red flag is hoisted as a summons, the vessels must assemble for a combined attack. If it happens that the foremost company of vessels are long engaged in the oblique attack

without apparent success, they should rest for a little and let the hinder company close up obliquely; but these changes must be always in obedience to the orders of the commanding officer: let none act on their own responsibility. Decapitation is the penalty of disobedience.

6. Let thirty small boats be obtained, on which place a quantity of hay, rosin, and coarse hemp soaked in oil, with from a tenth to a fifth part of the same amount of gunpowder, all bound together with straw ropes and covered with a rush mat. Let one or two small chains about 5 feet long be placed at the stem and stern ends of the boat, one end fastened by an iron ring and a large iron nail 7 or 8 inches long fixed to the other end with a very sharp point. Let two iron hammers be placed on the boat, and let three or four expert swimmers, with half their bodies under water and half leaning against the sides of the boat, act as oars in propelling it: the deeper they are in the water the better, that so the barbarian guns may not reach them.

Having drawn close up to the barbarian vessel, either in the stem, stern, or sides, they can drive in the nail securely, fasten the fire-boat to the barbarian ship, set fire to the combustibles, and then diving under water make their escape.

The very largest barbarian ship, with ten or more of such fire-boats nailed to and burning round it, will infallibly be consumed. Now, if there is a discharge of stink-pots and rockets amongst the rigging above, and our gallant braves ascend the masts and board the ship midway, while the fire is raging below, the barbarians will find they have three tiers of adversaries, and while attempting to defend themselves against one tier, they will be constrained to neglect the other, and thus deliver their heads over to us.

7. Valour and courage are the qualities most in esteem for the defeat of the enemy; for when valour is great and courage unbending, victory is certain.

On the present occasion, whoever kills a white barbarian will be rewarded with a hundred dollars, and half the

amount will be given for a black barbarian; for taking one alive, extraordinary rewards will be conferred, according to the rank of the individual. Thus for killing ten barbarians a thousand dollars may be obtained; for killing a hundred barbarians ten thousand dollars; for a greater number an official appointment will be granted besides. What a happy prospect! Any one who falls in the contest will receive a reward of two hundred dollars, that so all who show their bravery at the risk of their lives may establish their merit and be duly recompensed. Should any withdraw during the contest, their heads will be instantly taken off and suspended on poles as a warning to all!

So ends this precious document. It would appear from it that a good many Chinamen's heads ought to have been "suspended on poles," as, from our experience, their invariable practice was to "withdraw during the contest" at the earliest opportunity. Not but what the Chinaman is a brave man if properly led, which he never was, the mandarins having invariably a pressing engagement elsewhere when the fight was at its height; so the poor soldiers followed their example, and I believe that those of any other nation would do the same if their officers were the first to fly.

In February two fine brigs, the Elk and Camilla, arrived from England: the latter was subsequently lost with all hands in a typhoon, and not a trace of her was ever found.

On 16th February information was received of the whereabouts of some notorious pirates who had committed various outrages along the coast, so H.M.S. Niger and the East India Company's steamer Auckland were sent after them, and two of our boats—my old pinnace being one—were attached to the

expedition. We found the vagabonds easily enough, a regular nest of them; but they bolted at our approach, leaving some fine junks in our possession. We shot a few of the pirates as they clambered up the hills, but the majority escaped; so, taking the junks in tow, we returned to Hong-Kong.

Soon after this, news reached us of the capture of a passenger steamer called the Queen, and the brutal massacre of her passengers and crew. The Queen was on a voyage from Hong-Kong to Macao. Some Chinese soldiers, disguised as ordinary passengers, had gone on board, and while the saloon passengers were down below at luncheon, these rascals seized the arms, which had most foolishly been left on deck, and fired down the skylight, killing every soul but one, a gallant fellow named Cleverley, who, though badly wounded, managed to defend himself against the gang, two of whom he shot, and then escaped by jumping out of the stern-port. He was afterwards picked up by a lorcha and lived to tell the tale, otherwise we should never have had the details of this unfortunate affair.

The Chinese, having massacred the crew, ran the vessel ashore and gutted her, taking out the engines and boilers. The latter were converted into "infernal machines," filled with powder, and used against us.

After our exciting times up the river, existence at Hong-Kong was very monotonous: the weather was hot, and the season unhealthy, and many of our poor fellows died of dysentery from drinking bad water. For a long time I had to go to the hospital ship, regularly at 4 P.M., to take any men who had died in the night and bury them in the

English cemetery at "Happy Valley," the portico of which bore the cheerful inscription, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi" (To-day my turn, to-morrow thine). This duty, as may be supposed, was not a pleasant or a very healthy one, and I can't say I hankered after it. One afternoon I had just shoved off from the hospital ship with my ghastly cargo, the boat piled up with coffins, on the top of which I sat smoking a big cheroot (a very necessary precaution), when the doctor hailed me to say that one of the men was a Roman Catholic, but he did not say which; so, taking a piece of chalk, I marked the coffin on which I was sitting with a cross. Arriving at Happy Valley, we were met by the two parsons—one Church of England, the other Roman Catholic. The man marked with an X was buried in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and I apprehended it did not make much difference to the poor fellow mostly concerned.

Apropos of this scene, I accompanied the Roman Catholic coffin to the burial-ground with the bluejackets carrying the remains. The last rites were being observed with due reverence, and all went well till the priest sprinkled the coffin with holy water, when I heard one bluejacket say to another, "What's that, Bill?" "Why," said the other, "samshu, of course!" (samshu being a fiery spirit made from rice). This was too much for me, and I collapsed, much to my shame and regret; but I really could not help it—it was too comical. I sincerely hope the good priest did not notice it, but that if he did he attributed my emotion to a different cause, and not from any want of respect to his office or the solemn occasion.

Besides the cemetery, Happy Valley contained a racecourse, which, from its beautiful situation, was a favourable place for picnics, and many a jovial party assembled there.

We also got a little shooting on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, a place called Kowloon, where barracks and storehouses and docks are now established. But in those days there was nothing but rice-grounds, with a village some miles inland, inhabited by a gang of most treacherous scoundrels.

These rice-grounds—or paddy-fields, as they are called—used to be my favourite resort, and I have reason to remember them, for on two occasions I had a narrow escape there. The first time was when I was snipe-shooting alone. I got bogged, and sank to my arm-pits, and there remained quite helpless. Whilst in this position, a water-buffalo spotted me and charged. I had my arms free, and gave the brute a charge of snipe-shot in the face at five yards: this slewed him round, and the second barrel, under the tail, quickened his movements. After a time I got out.

The second adventure was more serious. As I had never been molested, I had grown careless, and having wandered far inland, found myself near to the village. The day being hot, I sat down on the top of a hill to smoke and enjoy the breeze, but keeping my eyes open, when something flashing in the sun attracted my attention. I soon made this out to be a spear-head moving below me; this was followed by another, and then the bearers of them came in sight. There were seven of them, all armed. It struck me at once that they were stalking me, and were working round so

as to cut off my retreat from the boat, which I had left four miles off with orders to await my return in the evening. Taking in the situation, I drew the shot from the barrels of my gun and substituted ball, and then sloped quietly down the hill. The Chinamen, seeing my tactics, immediately gave chase. My head was worth 500 dollars to them, and much more to me: no doubt this fact did not retard me. Moreover, I was young and in splendid condition. I noticed that one at least of the party carried firearms, so tightening up my belt, I flew along with the seven scoundrels in full cry astern.

Looking over my shoulder, I soon found that I had the heels of them, except one fellow who kept about the same distance, and he carried an enormously long matchlock, or gingall, as it is called in China. These weapons are usually loaded with a handful of slugs, and scatter over a large area at 100 yards. I made up my mind to shoot this fellow if he gained on me; but I could not afford to lose time, unless he came dangerously close, as I should have been unable to load my muzzle-loader. He stopped twice to draw a bead on me, but did not fire, and I gained some yards. Presently I came to a river, which took me up to my arm-pits and lost me some time, enabling my pursuers to gain somewhat; but once on the other bank, I bounded along as fresh as ever. On topping a hill, I saw my boat, but at anchor a long way from the shore. Yelling out at the top of my voice, I was rejoiced to see that Amoy, our faithful Chinese boatman, had observed me, and began weighing his anchor; but, to my dismay, he pulled

in for the shore in my direction. Had he continued his course I must have been captured, as they would have been down on the beach before the boat reached it, so I waved to Amoy to pull to a point of land farther off. At this moment my pursuers were in full sight streaming down the hill. I was between the devil and the deep sea.

Amoy, now understanding the situation, altered his course, so that we should reach a given spot together. I got there a little before the boat, plunged into the water, and was hauled on board just as the Chinamen reached the beach. They shouted out something to Amoy. "What do they say?" I inquired. "They say, 'Suppose I bring you ashore they give me 500 dollars,'" and he added, "Suppose I bring you ashore they cut off your head, and mine too." In reply I fired both barrels over their heads, and hoisting our sail, we soon put a safe distance between us.

I have often wondered since why I did not shoot a couple of the scoundrels, as I could easily have done; but I was thankful for my escape, and could afford to be generous. I kept this adventure quiet, as we should have certainly been barred from landing again on that side, and it was our best snipe-ground; but I told one of my messmates about it, Lieutenant the Hon. J. B. Vivian, and we arranged to pay that village a visit. So one day, having armed ourselves with revolvers, we went there, and by way of commencement we shot several of their tame ducks. The villagers turned out and surrounded us, and things began to look ugly. One of the men laid hands on J. B., who

let him have it across the mouth with a bunch of ducks, knocking him down. We then drew our revolvers and threatened to shoot any who approached: we kept them off, but had to retreat, leaving the ducks.

About this time reinforcements began to arrive from England—the Inflexible paddle-wheel sloop, with the Starling gunboat in tow, the pioneer of a whole fleet of these useful little vessels, which have done such good service since in China. Some of these gunboats were commanded by officers who have since risen to the highest rank in the service, and who, happily, still adorn it. Others are no more. There was one, a most amusing character, who commanded a small 40-horse-power gunboat. This individual stood six feet in his stockings, and could not stand upright in his cabin, so he used to perform his toilet partly on deck and partly below, his body being in the cabin, and his head through the skylight, with a shaving-pot and looking-glass on deck. He used to say that, having no doctor on board, he mixed the medicines provided in a chest into two bottles, and whenever any of his crew happened to be sick, he drew an imaginary line across the man's stomach, and according as the pain was above or below that line, he gave him a dose out of number one or number two! He claimed that no man ever came to him twice, which was very likely.

One Sunday morning in April, a French steamer, the Catinat, brought news of the total loss of H.M.S. Raleigh, a fine 50-gun frigate, commanded by Commodore Harry Keppel, now Admiral of the Fleet Sir H. Keppel. As the gallant Admiral

has given us an account of his adventures, it is unnecessary for me to allude further to this disaster. The Raleigh was beached in Macao Roads, and became a total wreck; but her guns, spars, &c., were saved, and her officers and crew were distributed amongst the squadron, and did good service in the subsequent operations. Sir Michael Seymour's command having been further augmented by the Fury paddle-wheel steam sloop, the Highflyer corvette, and the Tribune frigate, we looked forward to the prospect of another brush with the Chinamen in the Canton river; and towards the end of May it was decided to attack the fleet of mandarin junks assembled in Fatshan Creek.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK.

THE boat action of Fatshan Creek is justly considered the most desperate cutting-out affair of the China war, and it is reckoned that more Englishmen were killed and wounded in this fight than fell before the walls of Acre.

It must be remembered that up to this date all the operations in China had been carried out by open boats propelled by oars, but now we were reinforced by a fleet of smart little gunboats, commanded by most capable officers, eager for any service.

On the evening of May 28, 1857, I was ordered on board the Haughty gunboat, Lieutenant Vesey Hamilton in command, with my pinnace and my old crew, and away we went up the river, buoyant with the prospect of paying off old scores with the rascals who had defied us so long and given us a dressing on 4th January. Next day we reached the rendezvous, where we found several small craft already assembled. Some of the boats had had a sharp brush with a batch of mandarin junks a day or two previously in Escape Creek, and captured several of them. Fine rakish-looking craft, armed with a long 32-pounder gun in the bows and several smaller ones on the broadside,

they drew but three feet of water, and were thus well adapted to navigate in shallow waters.

On 31st May our force was all complete. Sir Michael Seymour's flag was flying on board the Coromandel, tender to the flagship; a party of marines who were told off to carry a fort at the entrance of the creek were also on board this vessel. Besides the Coromandel, we had the Haughty and Plover gunboats, the hired steamers Hong-Kong and Sir Charles Forbes, and all the available boats of the squadron.

The enemy's force consisted of one hundred heavily armed junks, the pride of the imperial navy. Eighty of these were moored some three miles from the mouth of the creek, commanding an almost impregnable position, their broadsides bearing on the only direction from which they could be attacked; the remaining twenty were moored about four miles farther up the creek, with their guns concentrated on a narrow passage and a bar, which the boats would have to cross to get at them. The junks presented a picturesque and formidable appearance, with banners and streamers flying, guns run out on one side, and boarding nettings triced up ready to drop on us when we got alongside, so as to spear us when entangled in the meshes. All had stink-pots at the mast-heads, and it was evident that they were prepared to give us a warm reception, and were confident of success. And well they might be; for, owing to the shoalness of the water, not one of the gunboats could get to close quarters, so that the brunt of the action would fall as usual upon the row-boats. In fact, as it turned out, the junks were lying on the mud at low water, but this we had no means of ascertaining at the time.

On the night of the 31st May all our preparations were complete, and we lay down to get a few hours' rest, so as to be ready for action at daylight.

An old messmate of mine in the Rodney, a midshipman named Harry Barker, had just arrived on the station in the Tribune, and was now about to be initiated to Chinese warfare for the first time. We yarned about old times till near midnight, when I wished him good night. I never saw him again. A few hours later he was on his way to Hong-Kong with a grape-shot through his lungs, from which he died.

My orders were to lie alongside the Plover for the night, as she was to tow us into action in the morning. At 3 A.M. we roused out and had a basin of ship's cocoa and a biscuit, and by daylight we were ready. The morning of the glorious 1st June—happy anniversary of Lord Howe's action, and also of that of the Shannon and the Chesapeake—broke fine and warm, the sun shining in a cloudless sky. The Coromandel, with the Admiral on board, was already under weigh, leading into action, towing the boats with the marines who formed the storming-party: she took the passage between Hyacinth Island and the mainland.

The Admiral's last orders were, that no one was to weigh anchor till the Coromandel was well up with the fort, so we waited till she was abreast of Hyacinth Island and already engaged with the fort.

The next to weigh was the Hong-Kong, flying the broad pendant of Commodore Keppel, closely followed by the Haughty and Plover, with the boats towing alongside.

Passing the Coromandel aground, the gunboats took

BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK.

the right-hand passage and stood towards the junks, which at once opened fire, the compliment being returned by the gunboats. Presently, to the disgust of the gallant commanders of those vessels, the gunboats, with the exception of the Haughty, grounded; so now came our turn. The boats shoved off, and with a rattling cheer made a dash for the junks under a terrific fire of round-shot, grape, canister, scrap-iron, and bags of nails. Fortunately for us, the space to be traversed was only a few hundred yards, otherwise not a soul could have lived through it. As it was, every boat was struck in several places, and many a poor fellow lost the number of his mess in those few minutes. The water was ploughed up by the storm of shot, and the air whistled with the hail of grape and canister. However, before the Chinamen could reload we were alongside. Without waiting to drop the netting and spear us like eels in the meshes, they jumped overboard on one side as we clambered up on the other, and the first lot of eighty junks was ours. Meanwhile the marines had done their work in gallant style, and captured the fort without any serious opposition.

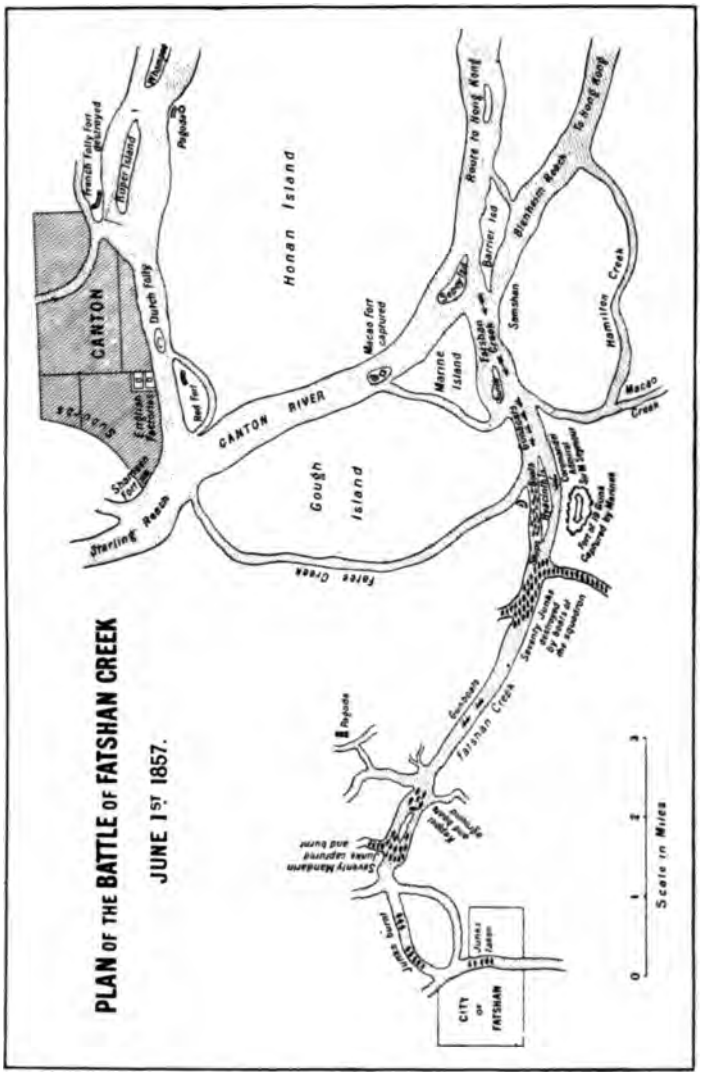
But our work was by no means accomplished: the remainder of the fleet, numbering twenty junks, were still to be accounted for, so having set fire to the first lot of junks, Keppel called out to the boats to follow him, and all who heard him responded to the call, the boats of the Calcutta being well to the fore.

Leading the way in his galley, the gallant commodore made straight for the junks, the heavy boom-boats following as fast as they were able. All went well for a while, as we rapidly swept towards the junks without a shot being fired on either side. It

looked as if we were going to have a walk over. We were soon to be undeceived.

When within about 400 yards of the junks the stream became forked, the low land between being an island. We took the right-hand branch, and had not gone up it many yards when the boats grounded. We were fairly caught, and the Chinamen were masters of the situation. The junks were all aground, and knowing that our boats would also ground on the bar, they laid their guns for the spot, and as soon as they saw us in difficulties, opened upon us a concentrated fire. The uproar was awful, and loud above the din could be heard the beating of gongs and the yells of the Chinamen.

Not a shot could we return, as the boats got broadside on, and the crews were employed in trying to shove them off the sandbank, whilst a perfect hail of shot poured upon us. The commodore's galley was cut in three pieces, and every boat was struck; men were falling fast; we could not stay where we were; to advance was impossible, there was nothing to do but retreat. Keppel gave the order and jumped into the Calcutta's barge, which with my pinnace was close at hand. The graphic picture of this event, painted by Mr Brierley from description, though correct in most details, is misleading, inasmuch as two boats are depicted close to the commodore's galley, one flying the white ensign, the other the blue, which would seem to imply that one boat was the Calcutta's, the other the Raleigh's. This mistake may be perhaps excused, seeing that Brierley was not present, and he would naturally wish to put one of the Raleigh's boats well to the fore, the picture being painted for Sir Henry Keppel; but as a matter of


PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FATSHAN CREEK
JUNE 1ST 1857.
CANTON
Suburbs
Honan Island
Gough Island
Marine Island
CANTON RIVER
Starling Reach
Fatee Creek
Fatshan Creek
Macao Creek
Hamilton Creek
Samshan
Blenheim Reach
Route to Hong Kong
To Hong Kong
Dutch Folly
Pagoda
Scale in Miles
CITY OF FATSHAN

fact, the two boats almost touching the commodore's galley at the moment were, as I have said, the Calcutta's barge, with Lieutenant Culme-Seymour, the Admiral's nephew (now Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour), in charge, and my pinnace, under Lieutenant Winnyat, I being forward working the gun. Having got the boats afloat, we reluctantly turned our backs to the enemy and retreated down the creek. My boat was badly hulled below the waterline; a round-shot passed through both sides, smashing the magazine, but fortunately not exploding it, and wounding the two stroke-oarsmen: however, we plugged the hole with a bluejacket's frock, and finding our launch in a sinking state, we ran alongside her and took out her crew and her gun. Our boat was now so deeply loaded we could scarcely keep her afloat. The Chinamen continued to pepper us as long as we were within range, one shot breaking all the oars on one side of the barge.

Having rested alongside of the gunboats till the tide rose, we again shoved off and resumed the attack. There was no hitch this time: we passed the bar all right, and with a cheer dashed at the junks. My old boat could hardly keep up, so deep was she in the water, and leaking like a basket; but we staggered on, firing our 12-pounder brass howitzer into the brown of them. The Chinamen knew now that the game was up, and firing their last broadside as we closed on them, they deserted the junks and escaped across the paddy-fields.

Taking possession of the junks, we pushed on to the city of Fatshan, where we piped to dinner; for although it was only 9 A.M., we had been hard at it since sunrise, and stood in need of refreshment. The

junks meanwhile had been set on fire, and made a fine spectacle: their shotted guns exploded now and then, and occasionally one would blow up, sending guns and masts into the air.

After a short spell at Fatshan—a dirty, unfortified town, which we did not molest—we returned to the gunboats to hear the news. Besides young Barker, there was a long list of killed and wounded, both officers and men; but really nothing like what might have been expected, considering the odds against us and the strong position we had to assail.

Had the Chinamen stuck to their guns till we were close alongside, and then carried out their intention of first netting and then spearing us in the meshes, the result might have been very different. However, the Admiral had every reason to be satisfied: the attack was well planned and gallantly executed, and was a complete success.

Our work in the Canton river was now concluded for the present. By this action we had utterly destroyed the mandarin fleet, and we returned to Hong-Kong, where my old boat was hoisted in for repairs.

Since writing the above I have read Sir Henry Keppel's account of the action, from which it would appear that the Raleigh's boats did all the work, and no mention is made of the Calcutta's, who had borne all the burden of the events in the Canton river long before Keppel and his crew appeared on the scene, and were well to the fore on this occasion. In making these remarks I have no wish to detract in any way from Keppel's gallant action—nothing could be finer than the way he led us to attack the second lot of junks; but, with many other followers of our gallant old chief Sir Michael Seymour, we do not like

to see him practically ignored, and all the honour and glory of the action reflected on Keppel and the Raleighs, whereas the whole plan of the action had been carefully prepared beforehand by the Admiral, and carried out by him in person.

On June 27 Lord Elgin arrived in H. M. S. Shannon and landed under the usual salutes. As Special Commissioner his Excellency was armed with extraordinary powers to deal with the high Chinese authorities. Baron Gros, representing French diplomacy, took up his quarters on board the French frigate Capricieuse. America was represented by Mr Reid on board the Minnesota, and Russia by Count Putiatine.

From this time till the close of the year negotiations were said to be proceeding between the foreign diplomats and the Chinese authorities, but nothing came of them, and in the month of December it was decided to bombard the city of Canton. In the mean time several more vessels had arrived from England, including the Amethyst frigate of twenty-six guns, and several gunboats.

Having passed my examination for lieutenant, in the early part of the year I had the good fortune to be promoted at the age of nineteen and retained in the flagship as acting lieutenant. The operations, concluding with the bombardment and capture of Canton, being a matter of history, I will pass over quickly.

On 14th December Sir Michael Seymour with his Staff proceeded up the river in the Coromandel, and on the 19th the island of Hassan was taken possession of by the marines and small-arm men of the squadron. This was a most important posi-

tion directly facing the city. Several 13-inch mortars, which had arrived from England, were mounted on the Dutch-folly Fort, and on the 28th December and following day that city was bombarded, and Fort Gough was stormed, on which occasion the gallant Captain Bate was killed.

On January 5, 1858, the city walls were stormed, and Commissioner Yeh and the Tartar general taken prisoners. Yeh was without doubt one of the most cruel tyrants that ever lived. He claimed that during the previous two years he had beheaded 70,000 of his countrymen, and it is computed that during his time of office over 100,000 men, women, and children had been slaughtered by this monster. Yeh was sent as a prisoner on board the Inflexible, and in her conveyed to Calcutta, where he soon afterwards died.

By the middle of January, arrangements having been made for the ransom of the city, the troops were withdrawn and returned to Hong-Kong, and in February the blockade of the Canton river was raised, and the muddy stream was once more thronged with junks, sampans, and flower-boats, plying their usual avocations.

Things had settled down to their normal condition at Hong-Kong when we heard of some murders and robbery having been committed by pirates in the neighbourhood of the island, so an expedition was at once organised for their pursuit The Forester gunboat was detailed for this service and I was ordered to accompany her with the pinnace and cutter of the flagship, also two midshipmen, and an assistant-surgeon, named Murphy, under my orders.

After leaving Hong-Kong we steered for Lintin Island, where we hoped to find the piratical vessels; but before reaching that place we observed a junk under the land, to which we gave chase. The crew of the junk, finding escape impossible, ran their craft ashore and deserted her. Leaving a party on board the junk, we again shaped our course for Lintin, keeping a sharp look out, but seeing no junks, till having rounded the island we were about to give up the search and return, when we spied a white pole rising as it were out of the ground. A closer inspection proved it to be the mast-head of a large junk or lorcha, moored in a snug little harbour, the entrance of which we could not at once perceive. Manning the boats, we pulled in and made out the entrance, which was so narrow that we had to toss oars to get through. The passage opened into a lovely little harbour with a village at the head of it. This was the pirates' stronghold, and a more perfect retreat could not be found. Off the village lay a fine lorcha with her broadside commanding the entrance. We fully expected a desperate resistance, and were prepared for it. With a cheer we dashed at the vessel and boarded, when to our surprise we found both the lorcha and village deserted. The pirates had no doubt observed us from the shore, and finding their retreat discovered, had cleared out. This was a great disappointment; however, we had secured a fine prize, so taking the lorcha in tow, we brought her off to the gunboat, which had been waiting for us outside, and made her fast astern. We found her to be an English vessel which the pirates had captured.

She had a valuable cargo on board, besides a quantity of beer, wine, and spirits, but no signs of the crew could we discover. They had all been murdered by the pirates.

Having placed a corporal's guard on board to keep sentry over the liquor, we returned to the Forester and prepared to make all snug for the night. And now a most ridiculous thing happened. We had not long retired to rest, and were rolled up in our blankets on deck, when about midnight we were roused up by frightful yells from the lorcha. We could make out, "Help! the pirates are on us!"

To seize our swords and revolvers and jump into the cutter alongside was the work of a few moments, and hauling the boat astern by the hawser, we were soon alongside and swarmed up the side, expecting to be confronted by some of the pirate crew, when, to our astonishment, not a pirate could we see. The corporal and the sentry were both sprawling on the deck, calling loudly for assistance, and declaring that the pirates had knocked them down. A glance showed the true state of affairs. The gallant marines had broached the cargo, and had lost the use of their legs, both being gloriously drunk. The vessel was rolling considerably with the swell, and the lorcha's main-boom had got adrift and was swinging to and fro, and had knocked them both down several times. In their drunken stupidity they imagined that the pirates had attacked them, and so raised the alarm. Having relieved this precious guard we turned in again, and were undisturbed for the rest of the night. The next morning we returned to Hong-Kong with our prize in tow.

On February 22, 1858, a few days after the expedition with the Forester, I was ordered to repair to the Algerine gunboat, with two of the Calcutta's boats, the pinnace and cutter, as before, and the same officers, all under the orders of Lieutenant Forbes, commanding the Algerine. Our orders were to search in the neighbourhood of Mirs Bay for some notorious pirates who had for a long time committed a series of atrocities in those waters, plundering and murdering inoffensive fishermen or any defenceless trading vessels they might happen to come across. We took with us two fishermen as informers to direct us to the pirates' haunt.

Running through the Lymoon passage, we met with a very heavy sea, which caused the gunboat to knock about to such an extent that her 68-pounder gun broke adrift and gave us some trouble to secure. On approaching Mirs Bay the water became smoother, and we steamed through a group of islands, disturbing large flocks of wildfowl, but seeing nothing of the game we were after.

By sundown we had pretty well explored the greater part of the bay without success, and we began to fear that the informers were romancing; but they seemed so positive, pointing to certain likely spots on the chart where they said we should be sure to meet some of the rascals, that we decided to continue the search the following day, and the Algerine anchored for the night. Next morning at daylight we weighed anchor and stood farther in to the bay to the northward, threading our way through a perfect labyrinth of islands in which the pirates could easily hide and carry on their games with impunity. We were

approaching a place called Grass Island, behind which we were assured by the informers we should certainly find some of the scoundrels, so we arranged a plan whereby to cut off their retreat should they attempt to bolt, the Algerine going round to the north of the island, whilst I with the boats went round the south. We had not gone far before we fell in with a small junk which had evidently been sent out as a decoy to lead us in the wrong direction. Having captured her and left a guard on board, we now gave chase to a large lorcha which we observed standing out to sea, endeavouring to escape. This she would have had no difficulty in doing, as there was a strong breeze blowing, and these craft sail well, and we should have had no chance with her but for the fact that we were so placed as to be able to head her off. As we approached her we noticed that she carried several guns on her broadside, and that her decks were crowded with men, whilst we had but our 12-pounder brass howitzer and crew of fourteen men. If we ever entertained any doubts as to her character, we were soon enlightened by a shower of grape with which they favoured us, the shots fortunately going over our heads. The compliment was promptly returned, whereupon the cowardly crew altered course and steered straight for the shore, with the evident intention of running the craft aground. It was a bold manœuvre, and a risky one, as a heavy surf was breaking on the rocks; but they managed the vessel beautifully. When close to the breakers they let go two anchors; the lorcha swung round, with her bows to seaward and her stern touching the rocks. The crew then

escaped over the stern and scrambled up the hills, their movements being assisted, or at all events hastened, by the shots we sent after them. Some may have been drowned in the surf; but of this I could not be sure, as we had to look to the safety of the boats, which were now on a lee shore with half a gale blowing.

Being desirous of getting on board the lorcha, I went in as close as we dared in the pinnace, and then got into the cutter, a handier boat in a surf. Having dropped her anchor, we veered in till I was able to jump aboard with the coxswain and two bluejackets. The cutter was nearly swamped in this evolution, and shipped a sea which filled her to the thwarts, so she hauled off to bale whilst we proceeded to search the vessel.

We found her to be a beautiful model, mounting seven guns on each side, and a 32-pounder in the bows, sufficient to have sunk us with a broadside if they had stuck to their guns. She was fully equipped with swords, pikes, gongs, josses, &c., all of which we collected with a view of saving. One of the crew who had not had the courage to jump overboard we made prisoner.

Down in the hold we found an old man chained by the arms, legs, and neck to the bottom of the vessel: he had been captured by the pirates, and had already been tortured several times. Having released the poor fellow, we brought him on deck, and prepared to leave the vessel. With that object I hailed the cutter and then set fire to the ship. The cutter now veered in as before, when a heavy sea broke right over her, half filling her, and she had to haul off to bale.

Meanwhile the wind and sea were steadily increasing, and the flames, fed by the high wind, had spread, so that the whole of the after-part of the vessel was burning, and we were driven forward into the bows. At this moment two small Chinese fishing-boats hove in sight, and seeing our critical position, the men most gallantly came in to take us off; but the sea tossed their frail craft against the sharp bows of the

Destruction of piratical lorcha by Calcutta's pinnace.

lorcha, dashing them to pieces, and to our dismay the two poor fellows in them were drowned in the surf without our being able to afford them the least assistance. The cutter's crew now veered breakers[1] astern by lines, hoping they might drift down to us, but the wind and sea took them wide of the mark. Dr Murphy, who was in the cutter, now took off his

[1] Small casks for holding water.

coat, and with a line round his body was preparing to jump overboard, to swim to our assistance; but no swimmer could live in that sea, so I hailed him to stay where he was.

By this time the flames had spread with great rapidity, and the whole midship part of the vessel was in a blaze; the fire was working steadily forward to where we were standing, and the heat was intense. Moreover, the craft showed signs of breaking up, and the rocks were already through her bottom. Every moment I expected the magazine to explode, and it seemed to be a choice of being blown up or drowned.

We were now huddled together in the bows of the lorcha, the bluejackets and myself, the prisoner, and the poor old man who was too feeble and helpless to save himself. The boat was plunging at her anchor only a few yards away, so I told the bluejackets to throw away their rifles and save themselves if they thought they could reach her. Two of them did so, and jumping overboard, were hauled into the boat by lines which were thrown to them. There now remained the coxswain and myself and the prisoner, whom we did not like to desert: he was so weak from starvation he could scarcely stand. They now made a supreme effort in the cutter to help us, and she came so close under the bows we were able to pitch the old man into her, and jumping overboard ourselves, we were dragged into the boat; the oars were manned, the cable hauled in, and we were soon clear of the breakers and safe. We had not got more than fifty yards from the lorcha when she blew up, sending her guns and spars flying over our heads into the sea, and covering us with splinters and burning pieces of wood.

FIGHT WITH PIRATICAL JUNKS IN MIRS BAY.

We now pushed on to join the Algerine as arranged; but seeing a junk escaping up a creek, we gave chase and captured her, the crew deserting on our approach. This was an old craft, and had evidently been a trader until captured and turned into a pirate. She had only two guns mounted. Leaving our prisoner and a couple of hands aboard, we now gave way to join the Algerine, whose guns we could plainly hear. On rounding a point we came upon her engaging two large piratical junks, which were moored head and stern off a village, their broadside commanding the approach. Our arrival was most opportune, as we found one man badly wounded on board the gun-boat, and as she had no doctor, Murphy's services were needed.

It seems that these junks opened fire on the Algerine directly she came in sight round the point. Her gallant commander, Forbes, was in his glory, working the pivot gun with his coat and hat off, and giving the Chinamen a severe dressing at close range, in which we were delighted to join. The junks were returning a scattered but ill-directed fire from about twenty or thirty guns of all sizes, when a well-directed shell from the Algerine blew up the largest of them, sending her masts, guns, and crew into the air—a magnificent sight, which we greeted with three cheers.

Nothing daunted by the fate of their comrades, the crew of the remaining junk replied with yells of defiance and continued the action; but presently her fore-magazine exploded, blowing out her bow and killing several of the crew: the remainder jumped overboard and made for the shore. We now manned the boats and pulled in for the village, which we

destroyed, and examined what was left of the junks. One was burnt to the water's edge; the other was partially destroyed, her stern with about ten guns being still above water. By this time we had had a hard and exciting day's work, and being a bit tired and hungry, we returned to the Algerine and piped to dinner.

Whilst enjoying our well-earned repast, we noticed numbers of the pirates come down from the hills and go on board the junk, whose stern was still above water, probably to save some of their effects. Not wishing to molest them further, as they had received a pretty severe lesson, we sat watching them, smoking our cigars, when suddenly the after-magazine of the remaining junk blew up, sending the greater part of them into the air. We then pulled in again to try and recover some of the guns; but they had mostly sunk in deep water, so having picked up a few which were in shoal water, we re-embarked, and shortly after got under weigh for Hong-Kong.

As the Algerine steamed away we saw several of the pirates watching us from the hills, showing that they were not all exterminated; but we had destroyed their stronghold and their ships, and a great many of their people, which must have had a discouraging effect on the survivors. They had fought well, with a halter round their necks it is true, and one might have been sorry for them if it were not for their horrible brutality to those unfortunates who fell into their hands.

We towed back the two small junks we had captured, which were of no value, and reached Hong-Kong the same night. Had we been able to save the lorcha and the two large junks, we should have

made a handsome sum in prize-money, as their spars and guns were of considerable value. As it was, we got nothing beyond the warm approval of our Commander-in-Chief, the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty, and subsequently a liberal Parliament voted us the munificent sum of £180, to be divided amongst the officers and ship's companies engaged in the undertaking!

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF THE PEIHO FORTS.

As there was nothing more to be done in these waters, the Admiral decided to leave for the northern part of the station, and on March 25, 1858, the Calcutta sailed from Hong-Kong, bound for the Gulf of Pichili. Lord Elgin had already sailed for that place, taking with him H.M.S. Pique, Furious, Nimrod, Cormorant, and Slaney. The north-east monsoon was blowing strong, and it took the old ship fifteen days to thrash up as far as the Rugged Islands, at the mouth of the Yangtze. The Admiral paid a short visit to Shanghae, and on his return we again put to sea, and after a tedious passage of ten days, during which we carried away our mainyard (see sketch), we anchored off the Peiho river. The water in the gulf is so shallow that we had to anchor nine miles from land, which was scarcely visible from the deck. We found a large number of ships assembled here. Besides our own ships, there was a French squadron, several Americans, and a Russian. Lord Elgin was on board the Furious, and the French Admiral's flag was flying on the Audacieuse. The small craft, including gunboats, the Coromandel, the Nimrod, and Cormorant, despatch-vessels, were anchored inside the bar, from

H.M.S. CALCUTTA IN A GALE IN THE GULF OF PICHILI.

which anchorage a fine view of the forts guarding the entrance to the river was obtained. These presented a formidable appearance, provided with heavy guns, and evidently well manned. Banners of many colours floated from the parapets, and it looked as if the Chinamen were well prepared to receive us.

From this time to the middle of May negotiations were carried on between the diplomats and the mandarins with a view to come to some conclusion satisfactory to both parties, but without success, and on the 19th it was known that we should have a fight.

The time had not been wasted on our side; the men had been regularly drilled, and landing-parties organised. On the evening of the 19th May the Admiral's arrangements were complete, and our boats with the landing-parties crossed the bar and went on board the Slaney gunboat. I had the good fortune to be in charge of the left wing of the storming-party. Another of our lieutenants was in command of the right wing, and Lieutenant Cator, our first lieutenant, was in charge of the boats.

The night before the battle we had a jovial party on board the Slaney to wish success to the undertaking. At daylight of the 20th all the gunboats were ready with steam up, and cleared for action. The Chinamen were also ready, and, it was reported, had sent a message off to say that if we were afraid they were not, and that if we did not begin they would. I can hardly credit it, because it was not our experience of their usual tactics. However, at nine o'clock Captain King-Hall landed in his galley with an interpreter, to give a final ultimatum to the head mandarin in command: if no answer was returned by ten o'clock we would open fire. What the ultimatum

was about was no concern of ours—we didn't know and we didn't care; but we passed an anxious hour, fearing they might give in at the last moment. Ten o'clock came, however, without any sign, so our Admiral made the signal to begin.

Sir Michael Seymour and the French Commander-in-Chief hoisted their flags together on board the Slaney, and the boats with the landing-parties were sent to another gunboat, the Firm, which vessel towed us into action.

The Chinamen had stretched a boom across the mouth of the river to keep hostile vessels from entering. This boom was composed of spars, chains, and hawsers, and was sufficiently strong to keep out boats or junks, but not a steam vessel going at high speed. The Cormorant, Commander Saumarez, led the way in gallant style, snapping the chains like thread. The forts opened fire on her as she passed the barrier; but not a shot was fired in reply till the Admiral made the signal to "engage," when each vessel hoisted a yellow flag at the mast-head, and the action commenced.

The Cormorant was followed by a French gunboat, then by one of ours, then another Frenchman, and so on alternately. As each vessel passed the narrows where the boom had been she received a heavy fire, as the Chinamen had concentrated their guns on that spot, and did not seem to be able to fire in any other direction. From our position in the boats, towing astern, we had a good view of the proceedings. Although exposed to the enemy's fire, we could not return it, and had only to look on till our turn came. It was a lovely sight, the little gunboats making excellent practice, bursting their shells over the parapets

and in the embrasures. The Chinamen stuck to their guns well, and returned the fire with spirit, hulling each vessel repeatedly as she entered the river; but once inside, they turned their attention to the next.

The Firm got her share as she passed, and so did we in the boats; indeed it looked as though every vessel must be sunk, having to run the gantlet of heavy earth-batteries firing at her from both sides of the river at close range. And so they would have been if the Chinamen had kept their guns trained on

Attack on the Peiho Forts.

the ships; but they seem to have had no notion of being attacked in flank and rear, and were only prepared for an enemy in front, probably under the belief that no ship could pass the boom at the river's mouth.

After a while the fire from the forts slackened, as well it might under the terrible hail which was poured upon them, and in an hour and fifty minutes they were completely silenced. The boats were then ordered to land the storming-parties. We were put

ashore in a paddy-field, where we sank up to our knees in mud, and having formed our men in as good order as we could, we rushed for the forts. Fortunately for us, the Chinamen no sooner saw us coming than they bolted, the mandarins leading the way on horseback. The head mandarin was struck by a bullet and fell off his horse, and before we could come up to him to take him prisoner he drew his sword and cut his throat from ear to ear, and fell back dead in the mud. In a very few minutes from the time of landing the forts were in our possession, and the English and French flags were floating from the parapets.

The wisdom of Sir Michael Seymour's plan of attacking the forts at low water was most apparent, for in the event of any ship getting ashore, she might float off with the rising tide, whereas to get ashore at the top of high water in the face of an enemy and a falling tide would most certainly lead to disaster. Our work was by no means concluded with the capture of the forts—in fact, it had only commenced. We had to set to work dismounting guns and levelling the parapets, with the thermometer 100° in the shade. Amongst the guns were some of very beautiful design and large calibre. Some of them had inscriptions, such as "Barbarian destroyer" and other facetious mottoes: these, we were told, had been sent down from Pekin for our especial benefit.

We had not been long at work when a terrific explosion took place in the fort next to ours: the magazine had been blown up, killing and wounding some thirty-four Frenchmen. Whether this was caused by accident or, more likely, by a train having

been laid and a fuse left burning by the Chinese, can never be known. These explosions are of frequent occurrence in Chinese warfare, owing to the careless way they leave powder lying about. In consequence of this, I was ordered to flood the magazine in our fort. Having entered the place, I found several large chatties more or less full of powder. We filled these to the brim with water, and having thus destroyed the powder as far as we could, I was leaving the magazine with my men when we met the carpenter of the Fury coming along and swinging a large hammer. He entered the magazine, and immediately there was a fearful explosion, wrecking the building and blowing the man to pieces. It is probable that the poor fellow struck one of the chatties with his hammer, thus causing a spark, and that the water had not had time to soak through the powder; but it may have been caused by a train laid by the Chinese.

I lost one of my men in a very curious way whilst storming the fort. We were running across the mud-flats from the boats in somewhat irregular fashion, and one was a good way ahead of the party, when, happening to see a Chinese tent, he went in, and finding a dead Chinaman inside, the silly fellow put on the dead man's hat and cloak, and coming out of the tent continued his course, when a sergeant of marines, seeing what he took to be a Chinese soldier running away, shot him dead. Finding it to be one of my men, I sent his body down to the boat. The boat-keeper was away, having joined in the attack with his shipmates. On his return one of the boat's crew called his attention to a bundle in the bottom of the boat covered over with

an old bread-bag. "What's that, Bill?" says he. "Why," said the other, lifting up the corner of the bag and exposing the face of the corpse, "blowed if it ain't my poor cousin!"

After a very hard day's work dismantling the forts and spiking the guns we were glad of a rest. The men were billeted in the Chinamen's tents, which were left standing complete with cooking utensils and plenty of rice. The head mandarin's house made an excellent officers' quarters. Sentries were posted, and we made all snug for the night.

The next two days were devoted to embarking the guns preparatory to sending them to England: many of them were of brass, and of great value. The forts were then blown up, and I was sent up the river to Tientzin with the Calcutta's launch and pinnace, leaving a party to complete the destruction of the forts and shipment of the guns. The Peiho river is a dirty, muddy stream, very tortuous, and the current runs strong. We were towed up by the Coromandel; but owing to the current and the sharp bends our progress was slow, added to which the river was blocked with junks, so we had to cut their cables and send them adrift. Several gunboats, both English and French, followed in our wake; but as the latter kept constantly getting ashore, I was sent in the launch to their assistance. No sooner was one afloat than another got ashore, and we had to lay out their anchors and heave them off; so it is not surprising that it took us several days to reach Tientzin, a distance of sixty miles.

Arrived at Tientzin, I was ordered down again to help another French gunboat in distress. Having got her afloat, we had reached within a mile or so of the

city when we came across another Frenchman, the Avalanche, high and dry, with the French Admiral's flag flying on board her. We promptly went to her assistance, and at length hove her off, and proceeded with both vessels to Tientzin. The French Admiral most kindly asked me to dine with him, but as I had no clothes but what I stood up in, I declined; whereupon the gallant old Frenchman lowered down a basket of good things into the boat, including some wine for the men—a very acceptable change to our daily fare of salt pork, biscuit, and rum. I am afraid the bluejackets did not half appreciate the *vin ordinaire*, for I heard one of them remark, "What do you call this stuff, Bill?" "Why, they calls it *port*, I believe; but I'm d—d if I wouldn't sooner have starboard!"

The city of Tientzin, like the generality of Chinese towns, is a filthy place surrounded by a moat. The inhabitants were greatly astonished at the barbarian fire-ships, the first they had ever seen. The Coromandel, being the only paddle-wheel steamer, attracted much attention.

On our arrival the people sent to warn us off; but as no attention was paid to this request, they pretended to believe we had come to trade, and wished to know what description of goods we had aboard. It is reported that Sir Michael's reply was, "Hardware." At all events, as soon as it was known that we required provisions, they were ready to do business, and we were quickly supplied with bullocks, sheep, fowls, fruit, vegetables, and ice in abundance. They swam off to the boats and exchanged baskets of fruit for ship's biscuits.

We soon settled down to the quiet monotony of

boat life, to which we had so long been accustomed in the Canton river, but without the excitement, as there was no more fighting to be done. The sun was so hot during the day that it was dangerous to move about, and even sitting quietly in the boat under double awnings was almost unbearable. The thermometer stood at 110° Fahrenheit in the deck cabin of the Coromandel. Under these circumstances we seldom moved, unless there was work to be done, before 5 P.M., when we sometimes took a stroll with a gun to shoot pigeons, which abounded in the neighbourhood. The country was not very settled, and we were occasionally mobbed and once or twice stoned; but, as a rule, the people took no notice of us.

Lord Elgin and his Staff were established in a joss-house close to the landing-place.

One morning after my usual dip in the river I was sent to assist a French gunboat, the Dragonne, which we found high and dry. Having hauled her off, we proceeded up the river till night, when she anchored, as it was pitch-dark. At 11 P.M. the French captain asked me if I could pilot his ship up the river to Tientzin, and on my agreeing to do so, he got under weigh. The night was dark as pitch, but by climbing up the rigging I could just make out the windings of the river, and we arrived at our destination at 3 A.M. without accident. This sort of thing was of frequent occurrence, but we rather liked it, as it gave us some occupation. Fortunately I had for a messmate a charming companion, N. Bowden-Smith, so the time passed pleasantly. Smith was a mate at that time, and I was acting lieutenant, but by a turn of the wheel of fortune he has since gone ahead.

We had every variety of weather during our long

spell in the river. One night it rained heavily, wetting us to the skin; another time it blew a gale of wind, and we were half blinded and suffocated by dust: but we lived well, and had a plentiful supply of ducks and fowls. A pretty little bantam hen which I had looted out of a joss-house sat on her eggs in a cigar-box in the stern sheets of the launch, and there remained till she hatched out her family.

During the first part of our stay we were much annoyed by dogs, which kept up such a chorus that we could not sleep; but I had an air-gun, and used it with such beneficial effect that during the latter part we were not molested, and perfect silence reigned.

One day there was a disturbance ashore, and some Chinamen came off with broken heads to complain of my boat's crew. I believe they were guiltless on this occasion, but as there had evidently been some misunderstanding somewhere, I was sent back to the ship in the pinnace to change the crew. We had a very pleasant trip, shooting our way down, and reached the forts at the mouth—sixty miles in two days—without accident, beyond striking on a sunken rock, on which the boat hung; and as she would not come off, we all jumped overboard, when she floated: we then had another ten miles to reach the ship outside the bar. Having changed my crew, I returned to Tientzin.

On the 26th June Lord Elgin arranged to meet the Chinese Commissioners to sign a Treaty of Peace. Several officers came up from the fleet to be present on the occasion. Having donned our full uniforms, we joined the procession, his Excellency Lord Elgin leading the way in a sedan-chair, followed by the Admiral with his Staff and the rest of the officers.

The ship's band and marines accompanied us, and everything was done to make the ceremony as imposing as possible. On arriving at a joss-house, Lord Elgin was received with a guard of honour and a burst of Chinese music. We were shown into a room illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Three tables were arranged side by side. Lord Elgin took his seat in the centre, the Admiral and the highest mandarin on the right, the second highest mandarin on the left. These two officials were said to be the highest in the empire, and wore the pink opaque button, denoting their rank.

The ceremony occupied a very short time, after which tea and cakes were handed round; the band struck up "God save the Queen!" and the treaty of peace with China was concluded. How it was shamefully broken the following year, when our poor fellows were so roughly handled at the Peiho Forts, is a matter of history, and is no part of this narrative. We left Tientzin, re-embarked on board our respective ships, and sailed for Nagasaki, in Japan, where Lord Elgin presented the Tycoon with a beautiful steam yacht from her Majesty Queen Victoria.

After a most delightful stay at this beautiful place, we left for Hong-Kong; and soon afterwards the Calcutta sailed for England, where we arrived without further adventure after an absence of three years and nine months. Before leaving the station the English merchants presented Sir Michael Seymour with a magnificent service of gold plate in recognition of his eminent services—a compliment which was appreciated by all who had the honour of serving under his flag, for never was a commander-in-chief more respected and beloved than our gallant and courteous Admiral.

At Singapore we shipped a lot of parrots for passage home. Most of the birds died before we reached England, but one of the survivors, belonging to my servant, an old marine, contracted some very bad language. Old "Forty-eight," as the marine was called, being desirous of curing his bird of this bad habit, took him into the parson's cabin ("Forty-eight" was also the parson's servant). Next morning the parson saw the bird and said, "Good morning, pretty Polly!" "Go to the devil!" said the parrot. The parson sent for "Forty-eight," and asked him what he meant by bringing such a foul-mouthed bird into his cabin. "Why, to learn him some good discourse, to be sure," said "Forty-eight." The last I saw of poor old "Forty-eight" he was scudding along on the crest of the waves in his coffin! The poor old fellow died at sea, and being a great favourite on board, he was put into a coffin, instead of, as by usual custom, being sewn up in his hammock and committed to the deep. The coffin was well ballasted with shot, and holes were bored in it to let the water in; but notwithstanding these precautions it floated, and when last seen was making good weather of it; but I expect it struck soundings in time.

Whilst we were at St Helena, a party of us rode to Longwood to see Napoleon's grave. The body had lately been removed to France, but a guard of French soldiers remained. We shipped some of the poor fellows, who were suffering from dysentery, and a day or two afterwards one of them was reported to be dying. He asked if he might smoke his pipe in his hammock, a request that was readily granted. The band played the Marseillaise, the pipe was finished, and the gallant soldier lay back in his hammock, dead.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AND WASP.

DURING the passage home I had to consider the prospect of passing my examination in navigation and nautical astronomy on my arrival in England. This was a serious matter for me; for, being now an acting lieutenant of two years' standing, I should forfeit all that time if I failed, and never having had the benefit of a naval instructor, owing to being otherwise employed during the Crimean war and in China, my education had been sadly neglected in this respect. Moreover, now that I had time to work, our naval instructor, J. K. Laughton (now Professor Laughton), one of the best mathematicians in the service, was too ill to do much to help, so the only thing was to buckle to and work by myself. With this end I made a map of the starry heavens, took daily and nightly observations for latitude and longitude, besides double altitudes of the sun, moon, and stars for latitude; also practised the method of ascertaining the longitude at sunrise and sunset, which is useful when, as often happens, the sun is obscured during the day. It is not the fashion nowadays to trouble about lunar observations, though our forefathers had to trust to them entirely before the days of

chronometers, and I know of one Admiral who believes in them to this day. At anyrate, my work during the passage home served my purpose, and enabled me to work a college sheet without difficulty.

The Calcutta was paid off at Devonport after a commission of three years and nine months. Our kind captain, W. King-Hall, left us to go out to the North American station as flag-captain to Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, and I would gladly have followed him; but being acting lieutenant, I had to pass my examination in gunnery and navigation, and so had to remain, to my very great regret. Captain Hall had always been a good friend to me, and what I know of seamanship I owe to him. He was a thorough sailor of the old school, and though sometimes abrupt and plain-spoken, was one of the kindest of men. I was twice under arrest on the voyage home—once for "mutiny," as he called it, and also for breaking my leave at the Cape; but he never thought the worse of me, nor I of him, for that matter, and we parted the best of friends, and he gave me the best certificate I ever saw.

I had just a month to get through my examinations, and having done so with satisfaction to myself, I looked forward to a spell ashore, having been only six weeks in England in nine years, when, to my intense disgust, I was ordered to join the Trafalgar in the Channel Squadron without delay, and to report the day I joined her. It is such treatment as this that disgusts officers with the naval service, and drives many out of it. A soldier would have had at least a year's leave after serving such a time. Happily, things are better now, though there is still

room for improvement, and officers are granted a certain period of full-pay leave in proportion to the time they have been absent from home. The Trafalgar was commanded by Captain Edward Fanshawe (now Admiral Sir E. Fanshawe), one of the smartest and most popular officers in the navy.

Amongst the officers was one most amusing old fellow, generally distinguished for his slovenly appearance and bad language. He had served most of his time in brigs and small craft, and was not quite at home in a big ship. Some of his yarns are worth repeating. As midshipman of a brig on the West Coast, the gunroom officers were kept waiting for their pea-soup, and going forward to ascertain the cause, he found the black steward washing his feet in the soup-tureen, preparatory to "dishing up"!

The boatswain of the brig was challenged by the captain of a French ship for having insulted him, and a rendezvous was arranged on shore. The boatswain landed with a ship's pistol, and observing the Frenchman waiting with his second under a palm-tree, he at once opened fire on him, and advanced loading and firing till the Frenchman took to his heels.

The captain of the brig was much disliked by his officers, and being ill with yellow fever and likely to die, the first lieutenant used to drill the marines in the Burial Service on the deck over the captain's cabin, by way of cheering him up, the corporal giving his orders in a loud voice thus, "The corpse is now a-coming up the 'atchway—reverse harms!" The skipper ultimately recovered.

My eccentric shipmate at one time commanded a gunboat up the Baltic, and having had the

misfortune to run her ashore, with no leadsman in the chains, he was ordered to be tried by court-martial. The night before the trial he sent for a trusty old quartermaster into his cabin, when the following conversation took place:—

"What soundings did you get immediately before the ship struck?"

Quartermaster. "Me, sir! why, I wasn't in the chains!"

Captain. "Silence, sir! Remember you are on oath! What soundings did you get?"

Quartermaster. "Ten fathom, sir"!

Captain (handing him a stiff glass of grog). "You're prepared to swear to that?" And so he did next day, and the captain was acquitted.

After six months' Channel groping I had had enough of it, and having applied for foreign service, was appointed first lieutenant of the Wasp, a steam sloop of thirteen guns commissioned for service on the east coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. This appointment was a good one for my standing, as I was only twenty-two years of age, and had two and a half years' seniority as lieutenant; and so it might have been, but for the unfortunate circumstances attending the Wasp's short but disastrous commission, which I will now relate.

The Wasp has been a name of ill-omen in H.M. service of late years. Two vessels of that name have been totally lost—one on the west coast of Ireland, when a number of officers and men perished; and later the other, a gun-vessel, foundered in the China seas, and not a trace of her was ever heard of. The one I was appointed to was certainly not lost, but came very near being so, and she met

with so many mishaps during her short commission of twenty months that it is a wonder she ever reached England again, or that any of us lived to relate our adventures. She was an auxiliary steam-sloop of 1000 tons, mounting twelve guns of small calibre on the broadside and a pivot gun on the forecastle. She was well sparred, and sailed well, but her small steam-power (100 power nominal) only sufficed to propel her seven knots under favourable circumstances. She was, therefore, to all intents and purposes a sailing-vessel; and she carried 175 officers and men all told.

On June 9, 1860, we slipped our moorings at Sheerness and proceeded under sail to the Downs, where we were delayed by a heavy gale from the north-west; but the wind veering round enabled us to make a run for Spithead. Owing to a thick fog and a most incompetent navigator, we overshot the mark, and when the fog lifted we found ourselves off Portland, having narrowly escaped being wrecked at the back of the Isle of Wight—a bad beginning. We then had to beat back to Spithead. From there we proceeded to Plymouth, and whilst standing "off-and-on" near the breakwater, we very nearly went on the rocks at Penlee Point. Owing to these blunders we got rid of our incapable navigator and shipped another in lieu, and I am not sure that he was very much better. Having made this necessary change, and likewise discharged a drunken lieutenant, we took our final departure from the shores of Old England on June 16.

On the 22nd, whilst the ship was running under sail before a nice breeze, a man fell overboard about

H.M.S. WASP, OUTWARD BOUND—"MAN OVERBOARD!"

6 P.M. As occasionally happens in a newly commissioned ship, the life-buoy got foul and could not be let go, and the boat which was being lowered capsized at the davits, throwing all her crew into the water. By this time the man was a long way astern, and seeing that he could not swim, and must certainly be drowned, I went overboard after him, and was fortunate in reaching him before he sank. Meanwhile the life-buoy had been let go, but was a very long way off: the ship was therefore now hove-to, and the boat having been righted, the crew got into it again and pulled to our assistance. During these operations we had ample leisure to admire our little ship as she gracefully bowed to the sea with her main-topsail to the mast. To cut the story short, we were both rescued after being half an hour in the water, none the worse for our ducking, though the bluejacket was never of much account afterwards, and took the first opportunity of deserting.

The next day we picked up the north-east trade-wind, which carried us to Madeira, where we spent a few days very pleasantly. On leaving the island our usual bad luck (or some might call it bad seamanship) attended us. The captain, who had a decided objection to using steam, got under weigh in a flat calm; having made sail, we drifted helplessly about the bay till we fell foul of a Portuguese schooner at anchor, and smashed her up considerably. Her skipper, awoke from his slumbers, used some shocking language, which I am bound to say was excusable. Having got clear of this craft, we drifted foul of another, and remained grinding her down till two o'clock in the morning, when we separated and

drifted ignominiously out of the bay, leaving two vessels wrecked, and being much damaged ourselves. So much for economising coal, a ton or so of which would have saved all the troubles. The next few days was pleasant sailing. We passed in sight of Palmas, one of the Canary group, and crossed the equator on 16th July with the usual ceremonies.

One night, when running before a strong westerly gale in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, we were taken flat aback in a heavy squall. It was an awful night, as dark as pitch, with thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain; a heavy sea was running, and the ship was rolling 40° each way; sails splitting, spars crashing, shot and other raffle flying about. All hands were on deck shortening sail, but it was next to impossible to stand; and the men aloft had as much as they could do to hold on. In the midst of the confusion the wind shifted suddenly again, taking us aback, and it seemed as if we were about to founder or be dismasted. The sea at this time was fearful to behold, and looked as if it was coming aboard us every moment. We had run into the centre of a cyclone. Down below everything was thrown about in hopeless confusion, chests and boxes flying about all over the place. The doctor was lying under the wardroom-table, where he remained till morning, when we dragged him out more dead than alive.

When daylight broke the gale had subsided, and we were able to clear away the wreck of broken spars and make things ship-shape. Numbers of whales were spouting round the ship, and albatross and other sea-birds followed in our wake. On 17th August, being becalmed, I took a boat and left the ship to

shoot albatrosses, many of which were in sight. Sailors have a superstition against shooting these birds, fearing that some disaster will befall the ship in consequence, and in this case they were right. However, none of the birds we shot were wasted: their feet made excellent baccy-pouches, their down went to stuff pillows, and we made a pie of their bodies. One hears fabulous accounts of the size of an albatross, some averring they have known them to measure 16 feet across the wings. The ones we shot averaged 12 to 13 feet across the wings, and 4 feet from tip of beak to tail. The head and beak measured fully 18 inches. The latter is a formidable weapon, with a hook at the end. On the 24th August we were again becalmed within one hundred miles of the Cape, so we had another go at the albatross, whereon the old salts shook their heads. The same evening we met the mail-steamer from Cape Town, it having left that morning. After parting with her we got up steam for the first time since leaving England two months previously.

The morning of the 25th was ushered in with a dense fog, so that we could not see a ship's length ahead. According to custom, I had the morning watch, so I put leadsmen in the chains and lookout men on the forecastle, and kept a sharp look out. On the captain coming on deck at 7.30 I asked him if he did not intend to stop on account of the fog. He said he should do so at eight o'clock. As eight bells were reported, the cry came from forward, "Breakers ahead!" Instantly the engines were reversed and the helm put hard-a-port; but too late! and with an awful crash she was on the rocks, her frame quivering from stem to stern. For the next

few minutes it seemed as if it was all up with the ship: she bumped heavily, and presently large pieces of timber detached from her bottom came up alongside. Looking over the side, the rocks could be plainly observed, with kelp as thick as a man's leg attached to them, but no sign of land could we see though so close at hand.

The pinnace was now hoisted out and an anchor laid out astern—a matter of no small difficulty with the ship bumping and straining, the masts quivering, and the decks heaving as though she were breaking up. In the midst of all this excitement, the doctor's voice could be heard loud above the din, crying out, "Oh, she's going to the bottom! she's going to the bottom!" Turning to the master, who was alongside me on the bridge, I told him to go and calm the doctor. So, putting his head down the hatchway, he sang out, "Why, you old fool, she's *on* the bottom!" After this there was silence below.

The position of the ship at this time was most critical. There was a heavy swell setting in from seaward, lifting up the stern and bringing it down again with a crash that set all the bells ringing and the masts shaking as though they were going over the side. An iron ship must have broken up quickly, but being a stout oak-built little craft she stood a lot of bumping. During this time the anchor was laid out and the cable hove taut, the engine going full speed astern; but all to no purpose, the ship would not start, so the captain ordered me to heave the guns overboard, with the exception of two which were firing signals of distress. Whilst in the act of carrying out these orders the ship slipped off into deep water just

in time to save the guns. The fog now lifted, showing the cliffs towering high above our mast-heads, and the surf breaking heavily on the rocky coast. We had struck on a part of the coast midway between Simon's Bay and Table Bay, a spot at which no ship that had gone on shore ever came off again. We now let go our anchor and sounded the pumps, when we found her to be leaking badly. Meantime our guns had been heard at Simon's Bay, and the Sidon came out to our assistance and escorted us to the anchorage. An examination of the ship showed her to be very seriously damaged, the divers reporting that most of the main keel was gone; and as there was at that time no dock on the station, we were ordered to Mauritius to be docked. Our departure was, however, delayed for two months, to enable the ship to take part in the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the breakwater in Table Bay by the Duke of Edinburgh. During the festivities connected with the function I took the opportunity of visiting Robben Island for the purpose of shooting.

Robben Island was then, and I believe is still, used as a convict settlement, a lunatic asylum, and a leper hospital. The island swarmed with game, and I had a good time, returning to the ship with a heavy bag of francolin, rabbits, and quail. The doctor in charge was most kind, and put me up in the lunatic asylum. I dined at his table; his servants were all lepers, and his guests lunatics, so we were a very mixed party. The doctor also provided me with a guide to show me the whereabouts of the game. This individual, by name Dick, was a criminal lunatic, having murdered his father; but he was pronounced to be quite harmless, and he certainly was a most amusing companion:

still, I took care not to lend him my gun, as I had no wish to be served the same way as he had served his father.

On 2nd October 1860 we sailed for the Mauritius, and on the 21st arrived at Port Louis and docked in the Trou Fanfaron. The next two months were most pleasantly spent in this lovely island, during which time we made many friends, and enjoyed the hospitality for which all classes of the community are celebrated. The island of Mauritius is of volcanic origin, though no active volcano exists at the present time. The celebrated "Peter Botte" mountain is the highest, rising to about 4000 feet, and is of remarkable shape. It has been frequently ascended during recent years, but at the time of our visit only two parties had ever reached the summit. The captain and I determined to attempt it, and with this object we made a preliminary expedition. We reached the shoulder of the mountain without difficulty, but finding it impossible to proceed higher without ropes and other appliances, we deferred further proceedings till another occasion, an account of which I will relate by-and-by.

A day or two before the ship was ready for sea an amusing thing happened. Near by us was a merchant bark, and on one of her ropes was hanging a seaman's frock. Now this is a recognised signal, well understood by seamen all over the world, that on board that ship is a man who is desirous of joining a man-of-war, so we sent a boat aboard her and she brought back a fine-looking man named John Sutton. I asked him his reason for wishing to leave his ship. He modestly replied that it was owing to a little misunderstanding with the captain. I then sent the

boat back for further particulars. The captain informed me that Sutton had thrown him overboard! We shipped him at once, and he proved a valuable acquisition: he stood by me at a very critical time, and remained in the ship as long as I was in her; but I heard that afterwards he ran away, and probably returned to the merchant service, where the discipline is not so strict as on a man-of-war.

The Admiral, Sir Henry Keppel, arrived at Mauritius before we sailed, and a court of inquiry was held on the Wasp's grounding off the Cape, the result being that nobody was held to blame. As the Admiral had expressed his opinion that he wouldn't give a damn for any one who did not get his ship ashore, the verdict of the court was not unexpected.

On December 1st we sailed for the Seychelles, where we remained ten days to give the men a run ashore, when we left for the Mozambique in company with the Persian brig. We outsailed the brig, and arrived off Zanzibar twenty-four hours ahead of her; but instead of going into harbour, the captain, to our disgust, bore away for the Mozambique Channel. By this evolution we lost a most valuable prize, which had been detained by our consul to await the arrival of the first man-of-war. Arriving off the island of Monfia, I was sent away in the pinnace to look for slavers. My orders were to board any suspicious-looking dhows: if they had no papers they were to be seized as prizes and taken to the nearest port; but should they have papers, it was considered a still more suspicious circumstance, and they were to be taken possession of. Unfortunately we saw none; but I had a pleasant cruise, and rejoined the ship at a rendezvous a week afterwards. During this trip we

ascended the Lufigy river to look for slave-dhows. The river had never been explored, and it was necessary to take a pilot, as there was a dangerous bar across the mouth. I told the pilot that if we touched on the bar he would be thrown overboard. Sure enough we struck, and overboard went the pilot, who escaped to the shore. We then continued down the coast, visiting some of the Portuguese settlements, as far as Ibo, when we turned about and steered to the northward. The navigation of this part of the coast is particularly dangerous, being imperfectly surveyed, and abounding in coral-reefs extending far out from the mainland, and the currents are so strong that on one occasion we were set 120 miles to the southward in twenty-four hours. After coasting along for some distance, we crashed upon one of these coral-reefs at 6 P.M., where we remained for the night. The spot where we had piled up was in lat. 12° S. and long. 40° E., near to a small island called Congo,—a desolate, uninhabited place covered with low scrub and a few trees. The chart marked five fathoms at low water where the ship was aground; but this was not the case, and at low water the ship was high and dry. There was a rise and fall of 13 feet, so at top of high water she was afloat; but the first night she lay over on her beam-ends, and we walked round her, having first secured everything to prevent its fetching away.

The next morning, having laid out an anchor astern, we hove her off into deep water; and we might have got clear away without further damage, but unfortunately, in seeking for a passage through the reef, we managed to get ashore again, in a far worse position than we were before. This time we

failed to move her, notwithstanding all our efforts; and as the tide fell, she rested on a rock under her bilge, causing her to creak and groan as if her back was broken. The engines also were lifted from their bed, so we were deprived of their help. The ship was now heeling 17°, so we hove the guns overboard, and landed some provisions and water in case of her breaking up. The ship was straining much, several

Wasp ashore on a coral-reef in the Mozambique Channel.

of her beams broke, and the water poured into her as into a basket. Anchors were laid out ahead and astern, and preparations made for landing the crew, tents rigged, and tanks got up from below, as there was no water on the island. The sick men were landed with the assistant-surgeon and a guard of marines. For several days we worked hard at landing provisions and stores preparatory to leav-

ing the ship. During this time the men were exposed to a tropical sun, and the labour was most trying.

On the 3rd February the captain ordered me to get ready to proceed to Zanzibar in the cutter, a small open boat 25 feet long; and the same evening I started with a full boat's crew, an interpreter, and as much water and provisions as we could stow. The position of the ship at this time was such that it seemed extremely unlikely she would ever come off, or would float if she did. I felt sorry for the captain, and said good-bye to my shipmates, feeling doubtful if I should ever see them again, for indeed the chances were against it. The prospect before us was not very cheerful. Zanzibar was at least four hundred miles off and dead to windward, and the north-east monsoon blew right in our teeth, against which I should have to thrash in an open boat, with no sort of shelter from the weather; moreover, the boat was dangerously deep in the water. I wanted to leave some of the men behind, but the captain would not allow it, thinking it safer to take the whole boat's crew, in case of accidents, or trouble with the natives, who are notoriously hostile on that part of the coast. Our troubles soon began, for we were hardly out of sight of the ship when we were struck by a heavy squall, which threw the boat on her beam-ends, although we shortened all sail. The squall came down as black as night, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and blinding rain; the water poured over the gunwale, and we nearly foundered. I jammed the helm up, and ordered the men to throw the water-breakers overboard to lighten her. The boat righted as she got before the wind, and flew

before the gale till the squall passed, leaving us half drowned, with the loss of provisions and water, except one breaker. However, after baling out the boat, and serving out a glass of grog all round, we felt better, and hauled to the wind. After beating two days and nights we reached a place called Tongy Bay, where we landed to stretch our legs and dry our clothes. An Arab chief kindly gave us a sheep, which was very acceptable, as, owing to the heavy sea, we had not been able to cook anything, and had to eat our pork raw.

The next morning we again started, feeling much refreshed; but we met with so heavy a sea we had to bear up for Tongy, where we anchored for the night. The next day we succeeded in weathering Cape Delgado, and fetched in off the mouth of the Rovuma river. By this time I found that the coxswain, John Sutton, was the only man who could be trusted to steer, so he and I took turn and turn about night and day for the rest of the voyage. On the 9th February it came on to blow hard, with the usual accompaniments of thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, so I ran for shelter to Kiswara, a slaving port, where we remained for the night, and replenished our stock of water and got a few cocoa-nuts. For the next forty-eight hours we continued beating to windward, eating our food raw as before, as it was impossible to cook it. Getting an observation of the sun, I found we were in lat. 8° 57′ S., and being off the port of Quiloa, I ran in and anchored for the night. We found some old fortifications at this place, also barricades for slaves.

On the 12th we sailed at daylight, and after beating to windward all day, arrived at another port,

called Kivinge. Our appearance caused quite a sensation as we stood into the harbour with colours flying and ran the boat on the beach. It was rather risky, but we wanted food and water. We were immediately surrounded by a mob of blacks, who had probably never seen a white man before. They could easily have massacred the lot of us; but thinking it was wise to put on a bold face, I told the interpreter to inquire for the Arab chief, and we went up to the village together, taking no weapons. We found the old chief enjoying his pipe in front of his house, and at his wish I sat down beside him. He was a fine, benevolent-looking old fellow, with a long white beard and blue eyes, and he took much interest in our adventures. I showed him my chart, pointing out the position of the ship, and explained the object of our mission. He would not believe we had come all the way in an open boat, and insisted on coming to look at it; and when he heard we had been already ten days at sea, he said he should send me the rest of the way to Zanzibar in a dhow. Thanking him for his kindness, I told him I would wait thirty-six hours to recruit my men and obtain some provisions, and if the dhow was then ready I would accept his offer, but if not, I must go on in the boat. The old man then gave me a bullock, which I promptly shot. He also gave us some dates, and ordered a house to be prepared for me; but the place was so filthy I preferred to sleep in my boat, as well as for better security in the event of treachery, as we had no reason to be liked by the Arabs, our vocation being opposed to their proceedings. Spreading the sails over the boat, we passed a peaceful night, being only disturbed by the barking of a dog.

However, I settled him with a rifle-ball. In the morning the owner of the dog demanded satisfaction, which he failed to obtain. Whilst having our breakfast the natives again thronged us, and as they became a nuisance, and the *bouquet d'Afrique* was rather pronounced, I directed one of the boat's crew to disperse them, which he did by charging into the midst of the crowd with a 4-lb. piece of pork tied to a string, with which he struck out right and left. The natives, who abhor pork, fled in all directions, and molested us no further. I informed the chief that I should sail at daylight, whether the dhow was ready or not; and as she did not appear, I departed, leaving the interpreter behind, his room being preferable to his company.

Noon of the 13th February, we anchored under the lee of Tonga Island, where we remained for the night, as we were all exhausted and wet to the skin. One of the boat's crew showed symptoms of illness, so I dozed him with rum and quinine, and several others complained from being constantly wet. The next morning we were working to windward when it fell flat calm, and we were rapidly drifted by a strong tide-race towards a coral-reef, upon which a fearful sea was breaking. The sails being useless, we took to the oars; but the broken water knocked them out of the men's hands. It was too deep to anchor, and we were helpless. The black rocks stood up like a wall, with a raging surf breaking against them. The sea was now coming over both gunwales, and our destruction seemed certain, for the instant the boat touched the rocks she would have been dashed to pieces and every soul devoured by sharks, which crowded round us eager for their prey. Just as it

seemed we were about to be dashed upon the rocks a breeze sprang up from off the land, which soon, by God's mercy, carried us out of danger. We hoped to have reached the shelter of Chooga Island before dark, but the wind blew so strongly in our teeth that we were unable to fetch it; so we had to carry on all night, and at daylight we found ourselves off the mouth of the Lufigy river. We then tried to run under the lee of the island of Monfia, but were blown to leeward, and it took us all night to work up to it. On the 16th, however, we managed to fetch the south end of the island, where we landed and hauled the boat up on the beach, that we might be able to replenish our water-breaker, and lay in a stock of cocoa-nuts, and dry our clothes in the sun.

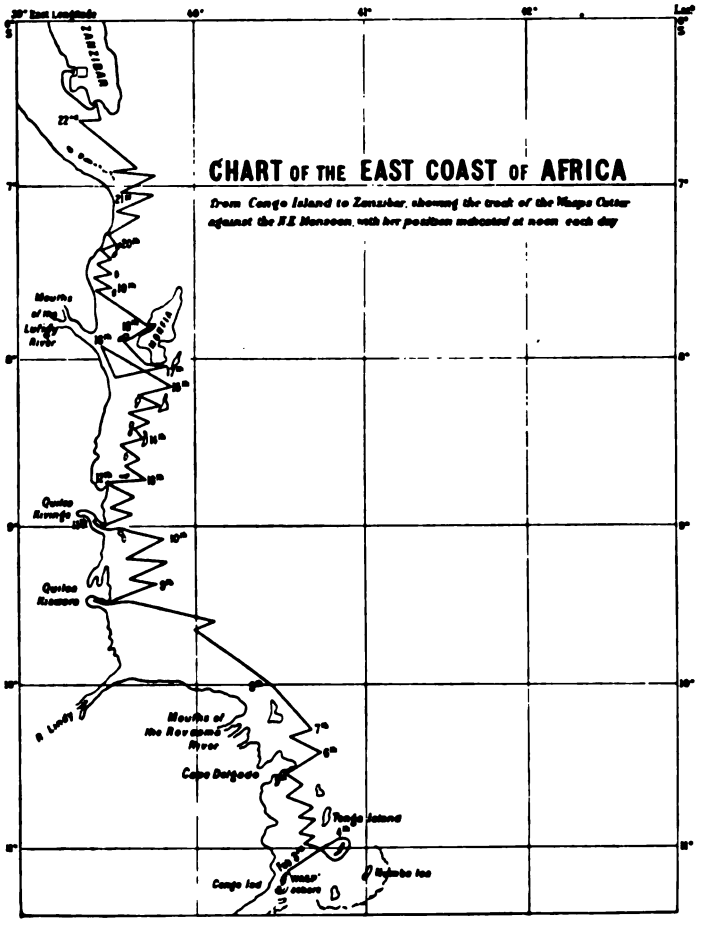
For some time previously I had overheard some grumbling amongst the men, who despaired of our ever reaching Zanzibar. Up to this time I had taken no notice of their remarks, considering that under the circumstances, and allowing for the hardships they had undergone, some grumbling might be excused; but thinking this a favourable moment, I harangued them on the beach. I told them that I had heard their remarks and did not blame them, as we had had a bad time, and that probably more hardships were in store for us before we reached our destination; but as we had performed two-thirds of our perilous voyage, I had no doubt of completing the remainder. I told them I only wanted volunteers, and would have no pressed men with me, and that if only three would help me to work the boat, I would put the rest of them on board a dhow which I saw at anchor in the bay, and send them in her

to Zanzibar. This arrangement, I pointed out, would have the advantage that if the boat were lost, those in the dhow would communicate with the consul, and inform him of the critical condition of the ship. Besides this, the boat, being lighter, would sail faster. I felt that I should not be very sorry to get rid of them, but this I kept to myself. The men were a good deal surprised, and somewhat ashamed; but at the conclusion of my speech four of them immediately stepped forward and said they would go anywhere with me. Foremost among these was John Sutton, the coxswain, who expressed his readiness to go to h— with me if I desired. As I had no wish to test the honest fellow's loyalty to this extent, we embarked in the boat and boarded the dhow. The Arab captain was somewhat astonished when a boatload of sunburnt sailors, in very ragged clothes and no shoes, scrambled over the side. My own attire consisted of a flannel shirt, duck trousers, and an old uniform cap—no shoes or stockings. None of us had shaved since leaving the ship, and altogether we must have presented a ruffianly appearance, and were probably taken for pirates. Having no interpreter, I had some difficulty in explaining that he had to go to Zanzibar with some of the men. When he did understand he strongly objected, as his course lay in the opposite direction, and he was inclined to be saucy; but a loaded rifle applied to his head had a wonderful effect in quickening his understanding. So we soon arranged matters, and gave him to understand that he would be well paid for the job on arrival at Zanzibar. Having divided the provisions—namely, half a keg of dates and a little pork —and given them one of the two rifles we possessed,

we parted. I waited to see the dhow fairly started, and then returned to the shore to fill our breaker with water and get some cocoa-nuts.

The tide being unfavourable, I remained at anchor for the night; and the next morning, having shot a monkey and a few pigeons, we started, but soon had to anchor again, on account of the wind and current being against us. Several dhows also anchored near us. The next day, February 19, whilst getting under weigh, a dhow fell foul of us, carrying away our bowsprit; but during the confusion that ensued we boarded her and took a fine spar out of her to make a new one, when we sheered off and beat up between the mainland and Monfia. The boat sailed much better than before, but was so lively that she shipped a lot of water, obliging us to be constantly baling. The same evening we overhauled the dhow with our men on board, and soon after we anchored for the night. Next morning I went ashore with Sutton on a foraging expedition, as our provisions were nearly exhausted. There was a village about a mile inland, the natives of which were known to be hostile; so I anchored the boat some little way from the beach and hauled her stern in to the shore ready for a start in case of any trouble, so that we could get aboard quickly, and told the men to keep a sharp look-out. Sutton and I then proceeded to reconnoitre the village. I was armed with a rifle loaded with chopped-up lead, as we had no shot. Presently we espied two fine fat geese feeding, so getting their heads in a line I knocked them both over. The report aroused the villagers, who at once gave chase. Sutton seized one goose, I the other, and made tracks for the

boat; but we had not gone far when Sutton rolled over into some thorny scrub and said he could go no farther, as his feet were full of thorns. Our



pursuers, armed with spears, were now only a few hundred yards off, and there was no time to lose, so I pulled the thorns out of his feet and got him on his legs again, when we started afresh, he

leaving his goose but I sticking to mine; and we reached the boat, jumped in, and hauled off to our anchor. The men had seen the chase and were all ready for us, so, hoisting our sail, we were soon out of reach of our pursuers, who stood on the beach shaking their spears at us whilst we plucked the goose over the stern. Sutton's version of the above incident, as told to an admiring audience on the Wasp's forecastle after our return to the ship, was very fine. When he came to the part where he dropped his goose he used to wind up, "And I says to Mr Kennedy, How about the goose?" The language which he put into my mouth relative to that goose (to which, however, I don't plead guilty) always brought down the house, and was received with roars of laughter by the ship's company.

February 20 we met with a strong breeze against us, but made good progress, though shipping a lot of water, keeping us constantly wet and giving us plenty to do baling out the boat. Our provisions were now reduced to the lowest ebb, and there was no prospect of getting more till we reached Zanzibar. At noon we were in lat. 7° 6′ S., and no land in sight. We carried a heavy press of sail all night, Sutton and I taking turns at the helm, steering by the stars.

February 21, no land visible, provisions completely exhausted, and wind dead foul. I found some cigars in the bottom of the boat, which I served out equally. The men were very cheery, singing songs and asking for another slice of turkey and ham, and suchlike chaff. Whilst taking my noon observation I fell overboard, but was soon picked up, sextant and all.

At sunset land was sighted on the starboard-bow and greeted with cheers, but it was still a long way off, and the wind was contrary. We carried on all through the night, and at daylight, February 22, the south end of Zanzibar was well in sight. At this time we had not a drop of water left, and had been without food for three days. A fishing-boat was sighted to windward, to which we gave chase, and after firing several shots I put a ball through her sail, which brought her to. We got a large bread-fruit out of her, and gave the owner some powder in exchange. All day we worked up against the breeze, and at sunset we landed on the south side of the island and procured a plentiful supply of cocoa-nuts, when we again proceeded, and the next day at 4 P.M. we ran through the shipping at anchor off the town with our colours flying, and beached the boat abreast of the British consulate, having been nineteen days on the passage.

I at once put on my coat and shoes, and reported myself to the consul, Colonel Rigby, a fine old soldier, who gave me a hearty welcome and a good dinner, the first I had enjoyed for many a day. Having seen to the berthing of my men, I accepted the colonel's hospitality and took up my quarters in the consulate. The consul at once informed the Sultan of my arrival and of the position of the Wasp, and he immediately placed all or any of his ships at my disposal. The choice lay between a frigate, a brig, and a corvette. I chose the last, as she was reported to be ready for sea, and was more suitable for berthing the Wasp's crew, in the event of the ship being abandoned.

Accordingly the Iskundah Shah, a smart-looking little vessel, was ordered to prepare for sailing with all despatch, and her captain, Mohamet bin Hames, an Arab as black as a coal, was told to place himself under my orders.

Mohamet had been educated in England, spoke English fluently, and seemed an intelligent fellow. I asked him when he could be ready to start; he replied, "In twenty-four hours;" and he at once went on board to make the necessary preparations. All this looked hopeful, and later in the evening he said he had already filled up with water and provisions, and was nearly ready for a start; but, alas! the next morning the skipper and his crew were all helplessly drunk, and remained so for two whole days. In the mean time the dhow arrived with the rest of my men: we had beaten her a clear twenty-four hours in a dead beat to windward. The captain of the dhow, whom we had pressed into our service, was handsomely rewarded for his work. He seemed to have done fairly by the men, and it was as well he did so, for my orders to them were, in the event of any treachery, to pitch him overboard. In measuring our track on the chart, I found we had covered 800 miles in the boat, an average of fifty miles a-day, allowing for time spent in harbour. After two days' debauch Mohamet and his crew returned to work, but now a fresh difficulty arose. The crew had not been paid wages for a long while, so they took the opportunity to strike. It appeared that Mohamet was in the habit of receiving the wages for his crew, but considering his own pay insufficient, he pocketed that belonging to the men, who naturally

objected to the arrangement. This little difficulty having been met, the work of preparing for sea went on.

During my stay at Zanzibar I received much kindness from Dr (now Sir John) Kirk. We visited the slave-market; the value of the slaves varied according to age and sex. The principal exports consisted of cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, and gum shellac. Before leaving the Wasp our doctor asked me to bring him some opium, and I was able to procure a lump of this drug as big as a cocoa-nut, which proved of great value, as will be seen presently.

By the evening of the 25th February the Iskundah Shah was reported ready for sea, and on the morning of the 26th I repaired on board, accompanied by Colonel Rigby and Dr Kirk, who came to wish us *bon voyage*, and whose kindness I shall never forget. My boat was hoisted up at the davits, and we weighed anchor and stood out of the bay with a light breeze. The ship I now found myself aboard was a beautiful little craft of 600 tons, mounting twenty guns. She had been built at Bombay of teak, at a cost of £40,000, and it was currently reported that Mohamet, who superintended her building, had made a good thing out of the transaction. Her equipment consisted of two lieutenants, natives of Zanzibar, and a motley crew of Arabs and black rascals of various nationalities. The state cabin was reserved for me, and my men were berthed on the main deck. As the Arabs object to pork, or salt meat in any form, a large supply of live stock had been shipped, and the decks were lumbered with bullocks, sheep, goats,

and poultry, which creatures, having no particular space allotted to them, browsed about the deck as they pleased. We sat down four to dinner in the cabin—Mohamet, his two lieutenants, and myself. The fare, as regards quantity, was more than sufficient, but the quality left much to be desired; and the plates and dishes were not clean, to say the least of it. On my protesting that the plates were really too dirty, Mohamet abused the first lieutenant and sent him out to clean them, an operation I saw him performing with the tail of his shirt!

It seemed as though the elements were destined to be always adverse to us, for the north-east monsoon, which had blown steadily in our teeth whilst in the boat, and would have been a fair wind for us now, dropped, and we met with light and variable airs and vexatious calms. The ship sailed well; but the Arabs did not know how to handle her, and when required to "tack ship," invariably missed-stays and had to "wear" like a dhow, which craft are unable to tack, by reason of their rig. It was of no use for me to give orders, as the Arab crew would not have understood me, and my own crew were all more or less down with fever, or suffering from the hardships they had undergone. The day after leaving Zanzibar three of my men were very ill with fever, and I felt it coming on myself. We had no doctor on board, nor medicines, but the opium I had with me proved of great value. I dosed the men with it, and took large quantities myself. The only effect of the drug was to keep us in a state of semi-stupor and to relieve pain. The fever was accompanied by a burning sensation and complete

loss of appetite. Any attempt to take food was followed by vomiting. Added to this, all my joints became swollen; my jaws were separated, so that I could not close my teeth; and to add to my other miseries, I became afflicted with ophthalmia. All this was doubtless caused by being wet, day and night, for nearly three weeks, sleeping in wet clothes and drying them on our backs under a tropical sun, added to bad and insufficient food. There happened to be a pair of scales in the cabin, and with these I measured out a portion of opium, either for myself or for any of the men; but after a while even this seemed to lose its power, and although I took enormous doses, I could not sleep for pain.

For ten long miserable days we were becalmed or knocking about with light baffling winds, during which time I took nothing but opium and lemonade. The noise the Arabs made on deck during this time was very annoying, and in the cabin they smoked some vile decoction which caused a sickening stench. The officer detailed for navigating duties used to bring me his work for correction, but I had no means of ascertaining whether the chronometers were correct, without which his calculations, except for latitude, would be worthless, as indeed they proved to be.

One night Sutton came into the cabin and told me that one of our men was dying. I crawled down on to the main deck and found the poor fellow stretched upon the deck apparently lifeless. I could detect no beating of the heart, so, concluding he was dead, I put a lump of opium in his mouth and left him, and went back to the cabin.

Strange to say, the next morning he was better, and he ultimately recovered. Another night, when sitting in the cabin in a kind of torpor, the pilot came down and said something in Arabic to the captain. I saw by the fellow's look that there was something wrong, so I asked Mohamet what he said. "He says we must be off the mouth of a river, as the water tastes quite fresh; but he lies, as we must be sixty miles from the land by our reckoning;" with which remark he went on smoking and took no further notice. Presently the pilot came down again and repeated his former assertion, whereupon I told Mohamet to go on deck and see if it was true, as I was too weak to go myself. He went on deck and tasted the water, and returned saying the pilot had lied, and that it was quite salt. With this statement I was forced to be content, and as it was a fine night I thought no more about it, and was soon dozing off in my chair, where I always passed the night. Presently Sutton came down and told me he thought he could hear the roar of breakers. With his assistance I was soon on the poop, and sure enough could see a line of breakers right ahead. Seeing that Mohamet was quite incompetent, I took charge, and sending one of my men to the wheel and another into the chains to get a cast of the lead, I ordered the helm to be put down. The leadsman reported fifteen fathoms, so I let go the anchor and told them to shorten and furl sails. The next morning we found ourselves off the mouth of the Rovuma river. The pilot had spoken the truth: we were sixty miles out in our reckoning, and would have been ashore in ten minutes. Mohamet was no ways abashed

when I told him of it, and was evidently quite used to that sort of thing.

On 28th February I was so weak I could hardly scrawl in my journal, "Oh that I could but see our little doctor! he would soon put me to rights." I found afterwards that the poor fellow actually died that day.

March 4 was my birthday, and a more wretched one I never wish to spend. We had by this time drifted about two-thirds of the distance to where we had left the Wasp, so slowly had we progressed, and my anxiety to see the ship once more was great: my joy and astonishment may therefore be imagined when on March the 7th we observed the Wasp lying at anchor "all ataunto," as if nothing had happened to her, with all her stores and guns aboard. I could hardly believe my eyes. However, there was no mistaking the old ship, so we fired a gun and hoisted the boat's ensign to call their attention, and in a short time a boat came alongside to take us on board. Bidding adieu to Mohamet, I was soon alongside, and had just strength left to clamber on deck and receive the congratulations of my shipmates, whom I never expected to see again.

It seems that some days after I left the ship they made a last effort to heave her off without success. The cables were hove taut, and the foresail, the only sail left on board, was set to assist, as a good breeze was blowing right aft. The men, worn out with their exertions, were getting their supper, when off she came by herself, and bumping over the reef, she slipped into deep water, where she was anchored. The curious part of it was,

that although she leaked like a basket whilst ashore, she leaked no more when afloat, the seams having taken up; but she was, nevertheless, very badly injured, and from that time till she reached England the engines were of no further use.

The men had worked hard to recover the stores, guns, shot, powder, and provisions, &c., so that nothing was lost. One doctor and several men had died from exposure, and one-half of the entire ship's company were on the sick-list. The senior surgeon was so unnerved that he was never fit for further service, and was invalided, and soon afterwards died. The captain had almost despaired of ever seeing us again: he intended to have waited a few days longer, and then to proceed to Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands; so, as there was nothing further to detain us, we sailed for that place, and anchored there on the 20th March. Here we remained two months waiting for a ship to convoy us to Mauritius. During this time we made excursions about the lovely island. We had a visit from the King of Johanna, a full-blooded negro, who was received with a royal salute! We also met with Dr Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller, who arrived in the Pioneer, a small steamer belonging to the Central African Mission. He and his party remained with us three weeks. The mission proved a failure, and almost all the members of it died, including Bishop Mackenzie, who was in charge.

One day a schooner flying French colours anchored close to us with a cargo of slaves on board, and sent to us for provisions and medical assistance, which we gave them. Being under French colours we could not molest them, although our mission

was for the suppression of the slave-trade. This abominable traffic was at that time carried on by the French under the title of the "Free Emigration Trading Company," and years afterwards, when I was in command of the East India station, this scandalous state of things still existed, ship-loads of slaves being conveyed from the mainland to Madagascar in Arab dhows sailing under French colours, and it was more than our cruisers dared to interfere with them. The unfortunate slaves on board this schooner were all naked, and were huddled together regardless of age or sex. Many of them were in the last stages of disease, suffering from dysentery, and looked as if they would soon be released from their sufferings. They had been captured on the coast of Mozambique, and were being taken to Bourbon to work on the sugar plantations, from whence they never returned.

On 7th May H.M.S. Ariel arrived from the Cape to escort us to Mauritius, and after an uneventful passage we reached Port Louis, and once more docked in the Trou Fanfaron.

CHAPTER XI.

VARIED EXPERIENCES.

FORTUNATELY for us, the ship was found to be so seriously damaged as to necessitate a long stay at this delightful island. Our friends gave us a hearty welcome, and we much appreciated their hospitality after the monotony of boat-cruising on salt grub. We now considered the practicability of attempting the ascent of the "Peter Botte," which the captain and I had reconnoitred on our previous visit. On this matter we could obtain but little information, most people maintaining that it was impossible, so we determined to make the attempt with our own resources. These consisted of a few fathoms of rope, some long bamboos, a lead and line, an axe, a saw, and a flag and staff to plant upon the top. I also took with me a long piece of twine with a bullet attached to it, and this proved the most useful of all. We selected eight of the smartest bluejackets in the ship from a host of volunteers. The party now consisted of the captain and myself, three friends from the shore, a midshipman, and the bluejackets—fourteen in all.

We left the ship before daylight, and after a three hours' walk reached the foot of the moun-

tain by a circuitous route. Here we rested, had some refreshment and a bathe: we then divided the ropes, bamboos, &c., between the party, and started, each one provided with a bottle of water. In about an hour we reached the spot from whence the captain and I had taken our observations, and halted for the stragglers. Our idea was to have made a ladder of bamboos to scale the precipice at this place; but our party was already thinned out, some of the bamboo-bearers never turned up, and our water-bottles were empty. We were already suffering from want of water, and the heat was terrible, so we decided to push on.

The bare face of the rock rose up before us for 25 feet like a wall. On either side of it the mountain went down sheer to the plain below for 1600 feet. Above the precipice was a narrow ridge rising at a sharp angle, then a smaller precipice, followed by some roughish ground to the rocks whereon stood the big boulder forming the head of the mountain. All this we could see from where we stood, and the more we looked at it the less we liked it. At the upper part of the wall of rock before us was a cleft extending downwards for about 10 feet, with some scrub growing in it. Our longest bamboos reached within a short distance of the cleft, so planting them firmly in the ground, supported by two of the men, I shinned up with a line round my waist, and succeeded in reaching the cleft, and scrambled to the top. With the small line a stouter one was hauled up and made fast round a rock, by which line the rest of the party followed.

From thence we all went straddle-legged along the ridge, with our legs hanging over the precipice on

either side. It was not, however, difficult or dangerous so long as one kept one's head cool and did not look down. The rotten stones kept falling, making it lively for those behind, and some of them, feeling giddy, decided to go no farther. After negotiating the ridge, we came to the second and smaller precipice, which we easily surmounted, and reached the neck, with nothing but the huge mass of rock forming the head above us. This was the most difficult part, without doubt, and we had been offered many suggestions on the subject — such as flying kites and rockets—to surmount it; but as the rock overhung its base, it is difficult to see how this could be done. At all events, we decided to try our own way. We first tried heaving the lead — a very difficult matter, seeing that the one who hove it had to lean backwards over a fearful precipice, with a line round his body, and heave the lead back-handed, or the reverse way to what is used on board ship. Several of us tried this method without success, as the lead kept striking the rock and falling down nearly on the head of the leadsman.

We had but an hour of daylight left, and things began to look serious, and we suffered much from want of water. It looked as if we must abandon the attempt, and return without having accomplished our purpose, to be laughed at by those below, who were anxiously watching us. At this critical moment I bethought me of the bullet and twine in my pocket, and leaning back with the rope round my waist, I succeeded after several attempts in throwing the bullet over the top.

Our troubles were not yet over, for the bullet only hung down about half-way on the other side, far

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS.

VIEW FROM THE SHOULDER.

beyond our reach; so we had to send down for a bamboo, and with this we managed to reach the bullet and pull it down. Once we got hold of the line, the rest was easy. Binding a stouter line on to the twine, we pulled it over, then a stouter piece on to that, and so established a communication. Having made a ladder of bamboo, we pulled it up by the rope and made it fast round the neck. We then swarmed up the ladder, and at last stood upon the top of the famous Peter Botte.

We found ourselves upon a platform about 20 feet across each way, with a yawning precipice on every side except the way we came up, where it slanted a little. We planted the union-jack on a boarding-pike, and as the flag floated out on the breeze, we could see the answering pendants hoisted on the ships in the harbour of Port Louis, 4000 feet below and many miles distant. From our elevated position we had a magnificent panorama of the island mapped at our feet. But we had no time to enjoy the view, so having fired a rocket and given three cheers, we prepared to descend. On reaching the neck we threw our ropes and bamboos over the precipice, keeping one rope to lower ourselves down the steep places. The descent was not so easy, as darkness overtook us; but we reached the shoulder without accident. Thence to the bottom was a regular race over break-neck ground, and in another half-hour we were safe and sound on the plain.

We camped that night by the banks of the stream, and smoked our pipes with the satisfaction of having successfully accomplished what we had intended. Out of our party only five reached the top — the captain, Mr Lonsdale (a civilian), two bluejackets,

and myself. The rest broke down. The next morning we returned to the ship, and when we left Mauritius some weeks later, our flag was still floating proudly from the summit of the Peter Botte.[1]

Leaving Mauritius, we called at the Cape of Good Hope, where a court-martial assembled to try our captain for getting the Wasp ashore. The court acquitted him of all blame, and expressed an opinion that "the officers and ship's company deserved great credit for their exertions in getting her afloat." After the court-martial on the Wasp the ship was inspected by Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, our new Commander-in-Chief, who paid me the compliment of asking me to join his flagship, the Narcissus, a beautiful 50-gun frigate, in splendid order—an offer I was fool enough to decline. But it came all right later on.

The Wasp was ordered home, and we sailed from Simon's Bay for Spithead. The day after we left, our new navigator forgot to wind up the chronometer, so the ship was navigated by dead reckoning and lunars till we reached St Helena, where the clocks were set going again. A beautiful tea-clipper, the Ethereal, was lying in the roads, and her captain bragged about her sailing, saying he would soon run us out of sight; and so he did, but astern! The Ethereal sailed an hour or two before us, but we soon overhauled her, and by sunset left her, hull down, behind us. We made a fast passage home for a sailing-ship, and ought to have anchored at Spithead forty-eight hours sooner than we did; but running up Channel with a south-west gale behind

[1] The Peter Botte has been frequently ascended since, and the ascent made easy by driving iron spikes into the face of the rock.

us, we overshot the mark, found ourselves off Brighton next morning, and had to beat back.

After being inspected at Spithead, we were ordered into harbour to pay off and turn over to the Chanticleer; but as I wished to have a change, I applied for the Narcissus, Sir Baldwin Walker having asked me to join his flagship. In reply to my application I was ordered to join the Hero, a screw line-of-battle ship of 90 guns, then lying at Spithead under sailing orders for Bermuda; so bidding my shipmates adieu, I went straight aboard her, and an hour afterwards we were under weigh, the band playing "I'm off to Charlestown." Our relations with America were somewhat strained at the time, in consequence of the Mason and Slidell affair, and a large squadron was ordered to assemble at Bermuda to augment the North American Fleet under Admiral Sir Alexander Milne. Happily the matter was peacefully arranged without bloodshed. We remained four months at Bermuda. During this time the Orpheus arrived on her way to Australia: one of her lieutenants was anxious to exchange into the Hero, and although I was most happy in the ship, and the Orpheus was just the reverse of comfortable, I was so eager to go to Australia that I agreed to exchange. The arrangements were almost completed when the Orpheus' lieutenant changed his mind. The ship was afterwards totally lost on Manakau bar, New Zealand, with nearly all hands, this officer amongst the number.

From Bermuda we left with the squadron for Halifax, where we had a very good time shooting and fishing, and enjoying the hospitality for which

that station is so celebrated, and consequently so popular with the navy; but having unfortunately run upon a sunken rock near Halifax in a dense fog, we were ordered home to pay off after a happy commission. On arriving in England, I found that Sir Baldwin Walker, mindful of his promise, had applied for me, and I was ordered to join the Buzzard at Devonport for passage to the Cape. On going on board the Buzzard to report myself, I found she was going to the West Indies, not the Cape, so I returned to London, waited till I saw in the papers that the Himalaya had sailed for the Cape with supernumeraries, and reported myself at the Admiralty. So I was ordered to go out by mail steamer, and thus gained a month ashore on full pay.

I spent a most enjoyable year in the Narcissus, and received much kindness from the Admiral and his charming family. The ship was most of the time at Simon's Bay, where we found plenty of amusement, shooting and hunting. Our parson was a great hunter: one day he asked me to try a horse he had just bought out of a team from up country; he said he had to attend a funeral and couldn't try it himself. The brute never had been in harness or had had a saddle on him. He was harnessed to a country waggon, and when all was ready I jumped up and took the reins. The first thing he did was to kick the bottom of the cart in, and then bolt down the main street of Simon's Town. I had to let him go, and he galloped as hard as he could lay legs to the ground for four miles, when we came to a hill where I managed to stop him, and there left him, not best pleased

with the dirty trick the parson had played me. A settler kept a pack of hounds with which he hunted deer, foxes, and other game: as I had no horse, I used to attend on foot, and managed occasionally to be in at the death.

There was no railway at that time, and one day I walked up to Cape Town and back, a distance of forty-seven miles, for a wager. Another time I walked up to Cape Town, and went up Table Mountain the same day. A very curious thing happened on this occasion. Whilst on the top of the mountain, my companion, who had separated a short distance from me, called out to me to come. He was pressing his foot on a tuft of moss from which came a hissing sound: we stooped down to see what it was, when he jumped back, saying, "Good God, it's a puff-adder!" And so it was: his foot was on the beast's neck, and the snake was trying to bite him. Had it done so, he would have been dead in five minutes. We killed the reptile, and descended to the plain.

One day I was returning to Simon's Bay by the mail-coach, drawn by four horses. I was the only passenger. We had got more than half-way when it was evident the Hottentot driver was drunk. He began lashing the horses till they bolted, and after reeling about, the driver fell out of the cart, and being entangled in the harness, was dragged along some yards, the wheels going over his head with a bump, and leaving him on the ground. While this was going on, I seized the reins and endeavoured to stop the horses, which were now going as hard as they could gallop; but the reins broke, so looking out for a soft place, I jumped

out, and had to walk the rest of the way to Simon's Bay. The horses never stopped till they got to their stables, dragging what was left of the cart after them. The driver turned up some time afterwards none the worse.

After swinging round our moorings in Simon's Bay for several months, the Admiral sent us for a cruise to Saldhana Bay, where we had some capital shooting. About a mile from where the ship was anchored was an island called Rabbit Island; so supposing there would be rabbits on it, I asked leave to go there. It was blowing a gale at the time, so my request was refused, as the captain said he would not lower a boat in such weather. I then asked if I might go ashore if I found my own way. This was granted, as it seemed absurd and impossible. The ship's washerman had on board a small cockle-shell of a dinghy about 6 feet long, just big enough to hold one man. I got this boat over the side, put my gun into it, and wrapping up my powder-flask, caps, and wads to keep them dry, got in myself and shoved off. The island lay dead to leeward, and away I scudded before the wind and sea. As I approached the shore I saw a line of heavy rollers breaking on the beach, and a man standing there waving frantically to me to go back. This was impossible. I had no control over the boat, which was presently carried on the crest of a wave and capsized, turning bottom up, and depositing me and my chattels on the beach. Having recovered my gun and dried my things, I interviewed the solitary occupant of the island—an old Portuguese of villainous appearance and foul of speech. He said he was in charge of the island, collecting guano—the deposit of sea-birds, penguins,

&c.—and that if I did not instantly take my departure he would kill me, at the same time producing a long knife and using the most blasphemous language. However, as my gun was now clear for action, I told him I had come to shoot rabbits, and should begin by shooting him; so he became more civil, and it ended by my having a capital afternoon's sport, bagging twenty-eight fine rabbits. The wind went down in the evening, when they sent a boat for me and took me on board. On parting with the old ruffian, he assured me that if ever I came again he would certainly kill me. I laughed at his threats, and the first fine day again visited the island along with some of my shipmates. We landed in a different place; but, sure enough, there was the old scoundrel waiting to receive us with a huge stone, with which he threatened to sink the boat. However, we laughed at him, landed, and had another day's capital shooting. Besides this, we had some good sport on the mainland with buck, *paau* (a sort of bustard), *koran* (a species of guinea-fowl), partridges of two kinds, and a fine bird locally called a pheasant, but in reality a francolin.

The American Civil War was now in full blast, and we had several visits from the celebrated Confederate cruiser Alabama, and fraternised considerably with Captain Semmes and his officers. No sooner was the Alabama outside the harbour than the United States cruiser Vanderbilt would come in. They professed to be in search of each other, and were both eager for a fight, but they never met. At this time the law-officers of the Crown were much exercised in their minds as to the right of the Alabama to send her prizes into Simon's Bay. One of these vessels, called

the Tuscaloosa, had been fitted out as a tender to the Alabama, and visited Simon's Bay for supplies. After her departure it was decided—wrongly, I believe—that if she again made her appearance she would be detained. Accordingly, on her second visit I was sent aboard by the Admiral's orders with an armed boat's crew of the Narcissus to take possession of her. The lieutenant in charge protested against this proceeding as a breach of hospitality. He then gave up command of the ship to me, and went ashore. I remained in charge for six weeks, never leaving the ship for a moment. The sails were unbent and the ship stripped to prevent any attempt at escape; but the American crew, who remained on board, accepted the situation, and were quite reconciled to their enforced idleness. When we left for England the Tuscaloosa was still there, but I believe was eventually restored to Semmes, and our action repudiated.

On the passage home we touched at Ascension, and hearing that there were pheasants on the Green Mountain, I determined to have a go at them, and applied for a licence to shoot. The authorities were equally determined to prevent me, and placed every obstacle in my way. The night before we were to sail for England I was dining ashore at the marines' mess when I obtained the licence, which permitted me to shoot *one* cock-pheasant. This was intended as a bit of sarcasm, as they knew the ship was to sail at 10 A.M. I at once went aboard, shifted my clothing, landed, and reached the top of the Green Mountain (2500 feet) just as dawn was breaking, when up got a cock-pheasant, which I promptly bagged. The shot brought the keeper,

an old marine, to the spot. I showed him my licence, and added, "You don't suppose I was fool enough to come up here after one pheasant," at the same time slipping half-a-sovereign into his hand. "You're just the fellow I've been looking for," said the keeper; and as we thoroughly understood one another, we proceeded to beat the bushes, with the result that I shot three brace of pheasants, a rabbit, and a partridge. Well satisfied with my bag, I made haste down the mountain, and got on board as the ship was getting under weigh.

A very ridiculous thing happened on this passage. One dark and squally night I had just been relieved by the middle watch (coming on deck at midnight). We had been reefing topsails and making things snug, and I was about to turn in, when the cry was heard from aloft, "Man overboard!" The life-buoy was let go, sail shortened, ship hove to, and the lifeboat manned in less time that it takes to relate it. Rushing up from my cabin, I jumped into the lifeboat, which was lowered, and speedily disappeared into the darkness. We soon reached the life-buoy, which was burning brightly, but could see no trace of the man; so we searched diligently for half an hour or so, and then, concluding that the poor fellow was gone, we picked up the life-buoy and sadly returned. On approaching the ship we were hailed to know if the man was saved. We reported he was lost. The boat was then hoisted up, and the ship filled on her course. The hands were now mustered to find out who was missing, but, to our great amusement and satisfaction, *no one was absent.* It seems that one of the men whilst reefing topsails had fallen off the yard, and his mates at once gave the alarm, "Man

overboard!" But he never reached the water, and catching a rope in his descent, got on to the deck and went to his station, supposing it was some one else overboard, never dreaming that *he* was the individual. However, it was very good practice, and no one was a bit the worse for it.

Our next port of call was Sierra Leone, where I landed with my gun to search for bush-fowl (francolins), which were said to abound there. Taking a nigger for a guide, he led me an awful dance; and as the heat was terrific, and we had not seen a feather, I pretended to be very angry, and told him I should certainly shoot him in default of other game. This seemed to have the desired effect, and he took me to a cassava-field, where we put up a flock of francolins, of which I bagged several.

From thence we made a long passage to Plymouth, where the ship was paid off. After a spell ashore, to which I think I was entitled, I was appointed first lieutenant of the Victoria, a screw three-decker, flagship of Sir Robert Smart, in the Mediterranean. With my old shipmates, Goodenough, flag-captain, and Codrington, commander, I joined the ship at Barcelona, and spent a pleasant time cruising about the station till Sir Robert's time expired, and he was relieved by Admiral Lord Clarence Paget.

During a spell at Malta I got permission to take a trip to Tunis in the Tyrian gunboat, commanded by my old friend Pat Murray,—an expedition that very nearly ended my career in this world. We arrived at our destination all right, and a party of us started inland, and put up at a French "fabric" where they manufactured clothes for French soldiers, and next day we set off after partridges. Hav-

ing bagged several of these handsome birds, we prepared to return. A Mr Kirby and I were driving, and a young Fenchman riding a fine Arab horse. The Frenchman had his gun slung across his back, loaded, and with the hammers let down on the caps,—a most dangerous thing to do, but frequently practised by French sportsmen. Whilst showing off his horsemanship, the Arab kicked him over his head, landing him on his back, and breaking his gun across the stock. Having picked up the Frenchman and caught his horse, I turned my attention to his gun, and, lifting the hammers, I threw away the caps to make it all safe. I then went to place it in the trap, where Kirby was already seated, and not wishing to push the barrels against his leg, I took them by the muzzle and passed them carefully into the trap, when off went one barrel, the charge passing between my right arm and my body, singeing my coat. I then drew the weapon out, lifted the hammer of the loaded barrel, and turning the muzzle to the ground, discharged that also. The fact was that the blow on the ground had forced the detonating powder into the nipples, so that when I threw the caps away, I merely threw away the empty shells. It was a very close shave.

Soon after Lord Clarence took command he proceeded to Constantinople in the Psyche with his Staff, and he very kindly asked me to accompany him. My brother was then in the embassy at Constantinople, on the staff of Lord Lyons, so I gladly accepted, and we had a most enjoyable time, being entertained hospitably by the Ambassador, whose father, Sir Edmund, had been so kind to

me as a midshipman. Whilst on this cruise Lord Clarence asked me to be his flag-lieutenant, so I had to give up my billet as first lieutenant in the Victoria and assume my new duties; but I may say that, owing to the great kindness I always received from the Admiral and Lady Clarence, I never regretted the change, and I remained in that capacity until the Victoria was ordered home.

Captain Goodenough had, greatly to my regret, gone home with his old chief, his place as flag-captain being taken by Captain Alan Gardner; but Codrington remained as commander,—one of the smartest officers in the service, and the best all-round man I ever met, so the efficiency of the Victoria was never impaired. She was, indeed, in beautiful order and splendid discipline, though she never came up to the Marlborough in the matter of drills.

By permission of the Admiral I joined a party (the others being Commanders Hopkins and Fairfax)[1] on a yachting cruise to the coast of Albania,—an expedition that promised well in the matter of sport, but which ended disastrously, as I will now relate.

We had arranged to go in an old dockyard craft called the Azof, which had at one time been a mortar-vessel, and being schooner-rigged, answered our purpose very well. At the last moment, however, when all our arrangements were complete, the master-shipwright informed the superintendent of Malta dockyard, Admiral Kellett, that the craft was unseaworthy, and so the Admiral refused to let us have her. I told the Admiral that if the

[1] Now Admirals Sir John Hopkins and Sir Henry Fairfax.

master-shipwright would take his oath that she would go down outside Malta harbour, I and my friends would go in her. All the Admiral said was, "By God, the man's mad!" This was a great disappointment to us, and we were forced to look out for another craft. We finally selected a rotten old cutter called the Melita, of 26 tons. The Maltese owner of this craft evidently did not think much of her seaworthy qualities, and wanted us to insure her, which we declined to do, as we argued that if she went down we should go down in her, so what was the use? So we squared the matter by an agreement that if we lost the vessel we should pay him £200.

The night of the 31st December 1867 we danced the old year out at Admiralty House, where Lord and Lady Clarence Paget gave a ball, and in the early hours of the 1st January 1868 we repaired on board and made sail out of the harbour. Our party consisted of the above-named officers, two blue-jackets, a Maltese servant, and myself. We made a good start, and by sunset had left Cape Passaro astern, and were spinning along before a fine southerly breeze, and at daylight of 2nd January Mount Etna was well abaft the beam. The breeze now freshened considerably, obliging us to reduce our canvas till we were running under a square sail, which we had borrowed at Malta. As night came on the wind and sea had increased to such an extent that it became a question whether to run any longer or lay-to. After a consultation, we decided to let her run and chance it; but in thus deciding we made a mistake, for by midnight it was blowing a whole gale with a heavy sea, so that

it became most dangerous to run and too late to heave-to. The sea at this time was rolling up behind us so as to becalm the sail as the little craft sank into the hollow of the waves, and we momentarily expected that the next sea would be aboard us. Our safety now depended on keeping ahead of it: if anything happened to the sail it would have been all over with us. We passed a most anxious night. One of the bluejackets, who had been accustomed to small fore-and-aft vessels, took the helm, and stuck to it bravely all through the dreary hours: the danger we had most to fear was her broaching-to in the trough of the sea. To add to our troubles, the wretched old craft sprang a leak. We manned the pumps, but they became choked, and we had to clear away below, and throw about a ton of ballast overboard before we could get them to draw. Towards morning the gale moderated, but left a nasty sea in which the yacht tumbled about most uncomfortably. We had no sights since leaving Valetta, but by dead reckoning we made ourselves to be about twenty miles from the land, and at 10 A.M. we sighted the island of Faro to the northward of Corfu. That night we were becalmed off the island, and had to get the boat out to tow her clear of the rocks. The next morning it blew hard from the south-east directly in our teeth, and the little craft, lightened of her ballast, was nearly on her beam ends; but at midnight the wind shifted to the north-west, and we reached the anchorage off Corfu at three in the morning, thoroughly worn out, as we had had no rest since leaving Malta. It now blew hard from the northward, and we dragged

our anchor till her stern was almost touching the rocks, in which position we remained for the rest of the night. At daylight the captain of a Greek steamer sent us a warp, which enabled us to haul into a better berth.

After a run ashore to stretch our legs and get another anchor, we started for the opposite coast of Albania, taking with us a Greek beater and his two dogs, and we anchored in the harbour of Catito in time for an evening's shoot, when we bagged ten couple of woodcock, some snipe, and ducks. From thence we went to Butrinto and had another day's shooting, when we returned to Corfu for supplies, and having shipped another beater, we sailed for the Gulf of Arta, where we hoped to get some good sport. Our bad luck continued, the south-east wind blowing strong against us; so we put into the snug little harbour of Levitatsa, where we had a capital day's shooting, bringing back twenty-one couple of cock. The next day we put into Phanare harbour, but finding the shooting indifferent, we only remained one day, leaving again on the morning of the 15th January. The wind from the old quarter was blowing hard, and finding we could make nothing against it, we put back to Phanare and anchored, intending to proceed overland if the wind continued foul. The night of the 15th set in dark and lowering; both wind and sea had increased greatly, and the yacht rode uneasily at her anchors, rolling gunwale under, throwing our traps about, and making us generally miserable. By midnight it was blowing a gale, accompanied by heavy squalls of rain and snow. The poor little craft plunged bows under as she

tugged and strained at her cables. Sleep was out of the question, and we waited anxiously for the return of day.

About 3 A.M. the wind shifted in a heavy squall to the south-west, and the sea broke right across the harbour's mouth, taking us on the broadside. Everything broke adrift: the dogs howled with fright, and the Greek beater joined in the chorus. The yacht was overwhelmed with the sea, and began to drag her anchors. Our position was now most critical: on the port side was a flat, sandy beach, the heavy rollers breaking far from the shore, while right astern was a precipitous coast with sharp-pointed rocks showing here and there through the breakers, towards which we steadily drifted. It was now all over with the yacht, and we had not long to wait. A heavy sea lifted the vessel and hurled her with a fearful crash upon the rocks, turning her broadside to the sea and canting her, fortunately with her deck towards the shore. The night was dark as pitch, lit up occasionally by forked lightning, making the scene, if possible, more awful. Rain was coming down in sheets, and the roaring of the surf drowned our voices as the doomed craft was lifted and again crashed upon the rocks, which stove in her side, filling the saloon with water. It was now every man for himself, and God for us all. Indeed it was too dark for one to see what any one else was about. Fortunately we all kept cool, with the exception of Christo, one of our Greek beaters, who after calling to all the saints to help him, jumped overboard and disappeared. Thinking it was of no use getting ashore on this inhospitable coast without a gun, I groped my way down into the

TOTAL LOSS OF THE CUTTER-YACHT MELITA ON THE COAST OF ALBANIA.

saloon, found my gun and a bag of cartridges, and made for the ladder, the water being up to my waist and rising fast. Calling my dog, I then jumped overboard into the raging surf, followed by the dog. A big sea carried me well up on to the rocks, up which I clambered, and then held on to prevent my being swept off by the backwash. Feeling something move under my hand, I asked who it was, and found it was one of the bluejackets, who said, "It's me, sir;" so I sang out, "All right, my lad, we are all tarred with the same brush now." The others got ashore somehow, and in a short time we were all safe except Christo, who was jammed between the rocks and the vessel's side. We heard his cries, but were unable to help him till daylight, when we found him insensible, with some of his ribs and a leg broken. The yacht bumped for a short time longer, and we had to climb higher up the rocks to avoid the mast, which beat about our heads. But she soon went to pieces, and at daylight there was nothing left of the ill-fated Melita but broken spars and a few planks. We waited some time in hopes of recovering some of our property, but in vain; so, carrying poor Christo, we made our way to the village of Phanare, not far away. The first thing was to send for a doctor from a neighbouring village to attend to the wounded beater. The doctor said he would die, so we then sent for a priest to administer the last rites. I may say here that the man eventually recovered.

We remained in the village two days and nights, endeavouring to procure horses to take us to Prevesa, a town situated forty miles to the southward; but the Albanians refused to assist us, as they wanted

to get all the money we had with us. Suspecting treachery, we kept a sharp look-out, being determined to defend our lives and property (which latter did not amount to much) at all costs. Finding it useless to wait any longer, we slipped off one morning before daylight, and reached Prevesa after a weary tramp. Mr Barker, the vice-consul, received us most hospitably, and did all he could for us during our stay, till the French consul very kindly lent us his small yacht, in which we returned to Corfu. From thence we went by a Greek steamer to Patras, where Mr Wood, our consul, was most kind, and kept us till we found a steamer to take us back to Malta.

This affair not only cost us the price of the yacht and our effects, but I also lost a very pleasant trip by it; for during our absence Lord Clarence went to Alexandria in the Psyche to attend the opening of the Suez Canal,—a very grand function, in which I, as flag-lieutenant, would have been included. However, I never regretted the adventure —an experience of that sort does one good; and if nothing else came of it, it consolidated a friendship with two fine fellows which can never be broken.

The Victoria's turn on the station having expired, she returned to England in charge of Captain Codrington, and I was restored to my old billet as first lieutenant. On arrival at Spithead their Lordships appointed me flag-lieutenant to the Board of Admiralty at the Naval Review, and handed me my commander's commission at its conclusion.

H.M.S. VICTORIA—THE LAST OF THE THREE-DECKERS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REINDEER.

After promotion came a spell, and one I thoroughly enjoyed, enabling me to see something of my friends and relations. But a time comes in the life of all sailors and soldiers when they have to choose between giving up their profession and all chances of further advancement, or breaking up a happy home. Some elect the former, but most who do so live to regret it sooner or later. I chose the latter. It was a bitter wrench, but I did right, and with a sorrowful heart I again left the shores of Old England in 1871 to join the Vestal in the West Indies.

This was one of the first experiments of re-commissioning a ship on a foreign station, and, like many others, was a failure. The Vestal had already served four years in the West Indies, and was thoroughly worn out — so much so that the first time we lighted a boiler for condensing purposes it spouted like a watering-pot. On my reporting the circumstance to the Admiral the ship was ordered to England, and we were turned over to the Reindeer, a beautiful little sloop of 1000 tons, ship-rigged, and a smart sailer, besides being able to steam 10 knots; and so at the age of thirty-two I found myself in

command of as bonny a little craft as ever gladdened the eyes of a sailor, and on the 26th August 1871 we sailed for the Pacific.

Of my crew, 175 all told, there was not one of them thirty years of age; mostly they were about twenty—a smart set of young fellows. In fact, I was the oldest man in the ship except the chief engineer, the doctor, and the blacksmith. We could do anything with our little craft—reef topsails in stays; and when going into Rio harbour, with the sea-breeze, studding-sails both sides, we shortened all sail and made a running moor (a thing never seen nowadays), to the admiration of the foreign men-of-war in the harbour.

In a small ship the captain knows all about his ship's company — their names, ages, and acquirements. The men look to him as a father, and follow his advice with touching simplicity, even changing their religion at his suggestion, and asking his opinion on every subject, sometimes a delicate one. A young fellow came before me to wish to become a Roman Catholic. "For what reason?" I inquired. "Because my father was one." "Then you cannot do wrong to follow his example," said I, and he was forthwith entered on the books R.C. Another poor fellow came to ask my advice in the following interesting case. When we had been eighteen months from home some kind friend sent him word that his wife had been delivered of twins! and he said his messmates chaffed him about it. Things did seem rather mixed somehow. "Why," I exclaimed, "that's all right; your messmates are a set of fools. It's only nine months for each child!" He went away perfectly satisfied, saying, "The captain says it's all right!"

At Madeira we fell in with a German corvette, the Nymphe, and as she was the same size as the Reindeer, and we were both bound to Rio de Janeiro, we agreed to race to that port, and we beat her by eleven days. We were unfortunately detained at Rio for three weeks on account of a difference between some of our marines and some Brazilian boatmen, resulting in the death of two of the blacks, and I was accused of screening my men, so it was not till the 18th October we were allowed to depart. On the 2nd November we anchored in Port Louis, one of the snug harbours of the Falkland Isles, and the next day proceeded to Port Stanley, the principal harbour and seat of government. After a very pleasant fortnight's stay, during which we enjoyed some capital sport amongst the wildfowl which abound there, we left for Valparaiso *viâ* the Straits of Magellan. These straits are now so well known as to need no description. Four days after making the eastern entrance we sighted the Pacific Ocean and entered Smyth's Channel, thereby securing smooth water for 400 miles before taking to the open sea. The scenery in Smyth's Channel is very fine—lofty mountains capped with eternal snow, and glaciers coming down to the water's edge.

Some of the harbours, though small, are very secure; but one night we failed to reach the port we were making for, and being overtaken by darkness, mistook our route and found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac* surrounded by floating ice. We passed a most anxious night, the ice grinding against the ship's side; and at daylight, whilst running out of the sound, we came into collision with a huge piece

of ice on a level with the water, which brought us up with a violent shock and damaged the stem and detained us somewhat, so that it was not till a week afterwards we reached Valparaiso, where we found orders from the Admiral to proceed to Callao. We had a tame cat on board which used to jump overboard from the gangway after fish heads which were thrown overboard by the native

A glacier in Smyth's Channel.

fishermen alongside. Having secured the prize, she would swim down to the gangway and mew to be taken on board again. I never heard of such a thing, and would not have believed it if I had not seen the performance many times.

We had been but a few days at Callao when I received a telegram from the Admiralty to return to Rio on account of the murder of the black boatmen, in compliance with which we started on

a long cruise, intending to go round the Horn; but fortunately when three weeks out we sighted the island of Juan Fernandez, and being desirous of visiting the spot associated with the story of 'Robinson Crusoe,' I dropped anchor in the roads, and there found H.M.S. Scylla, and learnt from the captain that our orders to return to Rio had been countermanded, their Lordships being satisfied with my explanation; so we remained a few days at this lovely island, hunting the wild goats and thoroughly enjoying ourselves. The day before our departure some of our sportsmen accidentally set fire to the brushwood and destroyed a quantity of stacked timber. A claim was made against me for 2000 dollars for the damage done, so I was involved in two suits at the same time,—one for being accessory to a murder, and the other for arson,—neither of which, however, came to anything.

On the passage to Valparaiso, whither we were now ordered, we sighted the Andes before sunrise at the amazing distance of 180 miles! This is not so astonishing as it appears, when the height of the mountains is considered, some of the peaks being over 20,000 feet high. From Valparaiso we returned to our station at Callao, where we remained till, on the 22nd July 1872, a most serious and bloody revolution broke out without warning. I was on the point of stepping into the train for Lima that evening when a rumour reached me that a revolution had broken out in that city, and that President Balta had been thrown into prison, so I returned on board to wait events. The report proved to be true, the principals engaged in the transaction being General Tomas Gutierrez and his

two brothers, Silvestre and Marceliano. The former proclaimed himself Dictator, and issued a bombastic proclamation, calling upon the citizens, the army, and the navy to support him. In Callao the naval commanders met together and resolved to ignore the Dictator, and the Peruvian fleet left the harbour and anchored off San Lorenzo, out of reach of the batteries at Callao. Gutierrez, having secured the person of the President, endeavoured to induce the principal officers of the army to recognise him as their chief, but to their credit they all declined to do so, and resigned their commissions.

In Callao all remained quiet up to this time, although business was suspended, and the prefect, Don Pedro Balta, a brother of the President, gave up his command, and the soldiers quartered at Callao were relieved by others from Lima, under the command of Silvestre Gutierrez. Some stray shots were fired in the streets of Callao that night, and the captain of the port and other officials sent in their resignation, which did not tend to allay the general excitement. The foreign merchants therefore formed themselves into a guard for the protection of their property. I now offered to all who might seek the protection of the British flag an asylum on board the Reindeer; in response to which many people came on board, amongst them Colonel F. Balta, another brother of the President. Gutierrez, being in want of funds, seized the money in the mint, and threatened several bank managers with imprisonment unless they advanced him all he required: in this way he procured some 300,000 dollars, part of which, however, was never paid.

On the evening of the 24th July sharp firing commenced in the streets of Callao, the soldiers firing indiscriminately on all they saw: the inhabitants resisted as well as they could, several being killed on both sides during the night. On the 25th the city of Lima was placed under martial law; the rails connecting Lima and Callao were torn up, and all communication between the two cities cut off. Heavy firing continued in Callao during the night, the forts being taken by the soldiers and retaken by the people. Many of the soldiers having deserted, Silvestre rode to Lima for reinforcements, leaving orders to his soldiers to shoot every man, woman, or child they might see, and declaring his intention of returning in a few hours to burn Callao. Happily he was destined never to return to carry out his evil intentions, for being recognised, he was shot in the railway station in Lima. His brother Marcelliano, hearing of the occurrence, determined to wreak his vengeance on the President, and calling the officer of the guard, they proceeded to the prison where Balta was confined. Marcelliano fired his revolver at him as he lay on his couch; the officer of the guard followed his example, and the soldiers completed the work with their bayonets. Having perpetrated this atrocious murder, Marcelliano, escorted by a body of soldiers, returned to Callao, telling his men that they should have one hour for cutting throats and two more for sacking the town. Most providentially the bloodthirsty villain never lived to carry out his threat, for whilst pointing a gun for the destruction of the town, he was killed by a rifle-ball.

Whilst these events were taking place we were not altogether idle spectators on board the Reindeer. On the evening of the 25th a deputation of gentlemen waited upon me, on behalf of the British residents, and asked me to protect them, as all authority and order were at an end, and the town at the mercy of an armed and lawless mob. I was now placed in a difficult position, for my orders were most positive not on any account to mix myself up with any revolutionary proceedings. On the other hand, I could not look on and see my countrymen, and women and children, being butchered without doing something; so I returned a civil answer to the gentlemen forming the deputation, and assured them that I would do what I could to assist them. The Pensacola, an American frigate flying a commodore's broad pendant, was lying in the roads, also a French gunboat, so I hoped that between us we might land sufficient men to protect our friends from the brutality of the soldiery. It was now 10 P.M., so I went aboard the Pensacola to see the commodore, being sanguine of success. The commodore had turned in, but I insisted on seeing him, explained the state of affairs, and asked for his co-operation. He flatly declined, saying he had seen a good deal of these revolutions. I said, "Do you intend to stand by and do nothing whilst our countrymen are being slaughtered ashore?" "Well," said he, "I guess they'll have to go." Finding it useless to remain longer, I returned to my ship much disheartened, as I could not land many men from my small ship's company. It was of no use asking help from the French gunboat, as she was a very small vessel

and had but few men; so, after consulting with my first lieutenant, I landed some picked men, and distributed them in the houses of the principal residents, more to give them a feeling of security than actual force. The men were armed with revolvers, and supplied with signal-rockets, so as to keep up communication with the ship in case further assistance was required. They were instructed to confine themselves strictly to the protection of the houses in which they were lodged, and not to interfere in any way with the contending parties. I passed a most anxious night—anxious for the safety of my friends; also, had any collision ensued between my men and the rabble and any of the former been killed, I should have been court-martialled for direct disobedience of orders, and my commission would have been forfeited. But it was no time to think of that, so I put my instructions away and waited events.

The following morning I landed with my coxswain, carrying a white ensign, and visited several houses of the British residents. Mr M. P. Grace's house was in a very exposed position, and had been pierced with rifle-balls in several places. The guns at the castle were also directed on it. The ladies of the family were naturally much alarmed, and were desirous of going on board the Reindeer; but whilst making their preparations, sharp firing recommenced, the street in front of the house was raked by rifle-balls, several of which came through the walls and fell into the rooms where we were assembled. We therefore placed the ladies in an inner room for extra security until a temporary lull in the firing enabled us to sally forth, the cox-

swain leading with the boat's ensign. After traversing a few streets, we reached my boat and were soon safely on board. On our return to the house some four days afterwards, when peace had been restored, we found that a shell had pierced three walls, and lodged in the very room where the ladies had been placed, wrecking the furniture.

By the death of Marcelliano the safety of Callao was secured and order soon re-established; at the same time news was received of the death of General Tomas Gutierrez in Lima. The bodies of the three brothers were hung up naked from the cathedral towers in Lima, and afterwards cut down and publicly burnt in the Plaza. With this closing scene of the drama the revolution ended as suddenly as it had begun, and Señor Pardo was proclaimed President of the Republic.

Nothing of importance occurred during the remainder of our stay in Callao, and I was pleased to receive the approval of my commander-in-chief, Admiral Farquhar, and subsequently that of the Lords of the Admiralty, for my share in the proceedings, although they did not approve of the landing of my men.

On leaving Callao we were ordered to the coast of Mexico, and when three days out we sighted the Galapagos Islands, lying on the equator, and dropped anchor in Post Office Bay, Charles Island, the southernmost of the group. At daybreak the next morning I started in company with several of the officers and some bluejackets to explore the island. A trail led us up through a desolate region with cinders underfoot interspread with thorny jungle, till at an altitude of 1000 feet we reached

a plateau, and emerged from a wilderness to a beautiful park-like country, with hills and valleys and fine forest trees, rich grass under our feet, and many varieties of fruit-trees and wild-flowers. The temperature also was delightful: in fact we were in a different climate. We at length reached a settlement consisting of two huts, where we met with a cordial welcome from Colonel Zerda, the commandant of the island, whilst a couple of dusky damsels prepared us an excellent repast. In the colonel's garden splendid potatoes, lettuces, maize, bananas, oranges, lemons, coffee, and tobacco flourished in profusion. The colonel told us that there were plenty of wild cattle, pigs, and goats on the island, so after a spell we started off in search of them, and succeeded in bagging a fine young bull, when we retraced our steps to the ranch, and after a good supper turned in for the night, but had hardly done so when a terrific uproar ensued. It seems that the island was a penal settlement belonging to Ecuador, and some very notorious characters were transported there. One of these rascals came to the ranch during the night with the intention of murdering the colonel, who was luckily on his guard, and seeing the man approaching him knife in hand, he broke his revolver over his head: all six barrels exploded simultaneously, and the man fell, as we supposed, dead. The colonel was swearing in Spanish and the girls screaming. However, order was at length restored, and we turned in again, and were unmolested for the rest of the night.

The next morning we made an early start for the hills, dividing the party, my coxswain accompanying me. Presently we heard the lowing of

cattle in a valley below us, and several shots fired, one ball coming unpleasantly near us, followed by the crashing of timber, as though some beasts were coming our way, so we stepped behind a boulder, when a fine brindled bull appeared not forty yards off. I gave him the first barrel behind the shoulder, which dropped him on his knees; but he was quickly up again, when a second ball crashed through his ribs, rolling him over. I had hardly reloaded when an immense black bull hove in sight and received a ball in the shoulder, dropping him in his tracks. He was followed by two others, at which I fired; but they turned and galloped down the hill, and I lost sight of them. Thinking that both the others were dead, I walked up to where the first was lying, and found him dead. Whilst admiring his proportions, my coxswain suddenly cried out, "Look out, sir, here comes the other!" I turned round just in time, and sure enough there was the black bull that I had wounded charging down upon us not ten yards off. He was a desperate-looking brute, his head down and blood pouring from his nostrils as he charged; but a ball between the eyes at point-blank range stopped him, and he rolled over dead at my feet. We were now joined by the rest of the party: they had also killed a bull in the valley, and there seemed to be considerable diversity of opinion as to who had killed it, one claiming that he had given the *coup de grâce* whilst in the act of charging, whereas the principal wounds were in the stern! However, we had bagged three bulls before breakfast, which was not so bad.

We remained another day with the colonel,

CHARGE OF THE BLACK BULL.

hunting cattle and pig with varied success. We also came across a herd of wild asses, and were told that horses, goats, and domestic fowl ran wild, were to be met with, which I can well believe. We saw none of the terrapin, or land-tortoises, which used to abound on these islands: they appear to have been wellnigh exterminated by the whalers, who killed them for food. We saw numerous iquanas, both land and water specimens, the latter most repulsive-looking reptiles, which took to the water on being disturbed. The colonel and the two girls escorted us to the boat. On the way down we met with one of the colonel's men, a villainous-looking scoundrel armed with a long knife, the same man who had had the revolver broken over his head. The colonel immediately "went for him," and tried to draw a bead on him with his rifle; but the man dodged behind the trees, showing great agility. The women began howling, and we sat down and smoked to watch the performance. After considerable theatrical display and a great deal of bad language the parties were reconciled, but the colonel said he should certainly shoot the fellow on the first opportunity. We dined on board, and passed a merry evening; and the next morning, having loaded our kind host with presents in return for his hospitality, among the presents being a revolver and a pair of handcuffs, we weighed anchor, and making sail to a fresh breeze, soon left the island astern.

A smart passage took us to Mazatlan, the principal seaport on the coast of Mexico, where we enjoyed some capital duck-shooting, especially in the early mornings and evenings. On one of these occasions

I was out with an Irish assistant-surgeon: we were waiting for ducks on the borders of a lagoon just before daybreak, when the doctor said he saw an alligator. There certainly was a movement in the water and some object just awash, so the doctor fired. Immediately there was a great commotion, followed by some choice Spanish oaths. It seems an Indian was stalking the ducks, and was creeping along the bottom with only his head above water, his stern just breaking the surface, in which part of his person he received the charge. The doctor had a pressing engagement elsewhere, but he assured me afterwards that as he had only snipe-shot, he didn't think there was much damage done. One day whilst quail-shooting at the back of the town, accompanied by my coxswain, we were surprised by the report of artillery, and a round-shot pitched close to us, followed by a shell which burst in a bush close by, upon which we moved on. It appeared that the Mexican artillerymen were out practising in anticipation of an attack from the rebels, who were said to be in the neighbourhood.

At this time we heard rumours of a probable revolution in the town of Tepic, a place of considerable importance situated fifty-six miles inland from San Blas; and on receipt of an urgent letter from Mr Heaven, one of the principal residents there, I proceeded in the Reindeer to San Blas, and started immediately for Tepic by mail-coach, taking with me a couple of officers and two bluejackets. It appeared that a notorious chief, named Lousada, who had governed the province for some years, being called on to tender his submission to the President, declined to do so, and prepared to resist.

This action caused much alarm amongst the residents, who appealed to me for assistance. Tepic being so far from the coast, it was not easy for me to afford it; but the moral support of an English officer coming to stay with them gave great satisfaction to the foreign community, and I spent a very pleasant six weeks in their society as the guest of Messrs Barron, Forbes, & Co., of which house Mr Heaven was the manager.

At the expiration of this time it became necessary for me to return to my ship, as Lousada had declared war against the Government, and announced his intention of marching on Mazatlan with 5000 men, at the same time despatching a force of like number to attack the city of Guadalajara. Under these circumstances it seemed to me that my presence was required at Mazatlan, and I notified the residents at Tepic of my intention of proceeding there. When on the point of sailing for that port, I received a letter, signed by the leading merchants of Tepic, begging me to remain at San Blas, as things had assumed a very threatening aspect in Tepic: the telegraph wires had been cut by orders of Lousada, and his soldiers lined the roads, cutting off all communication with the city. The difficulty now was to oblige both parties, as I could not be in both places at once; so knowing that it would take Lousada's troops six days to reach Mazatlan, I agreed to remain forty-eight hours longer at San Blas. In reply to this I received a letter from Mr Heaven, sent by a circuitous route, to say that he was going to make the attempt to reach San Blas with his wife and family, and that several other families would follow his example.

The next morning on landing I found the custom-house deserted by the employees, and the captain of the port had disappeared, their places being filled by Lousada's officials. Having borrowed a mule, I started on the road to Tepic to meet my friends, and after riding twenty miles I had the pleasure of finding them, and returned with them to San Blas, where they took up their quarters in a house belonging to Mr Barron.

That night, as I was about to retire, Mr Heaven came alongside in a canoe, having been warned by a friendly Indian that Lousada had sent orders from Tepic to arrest him and take him back to that city, with the view of a heavy ransom; so making him comfortable for the night, I sent an officer and a guard of bluejackets to protect the house, in case the ladies and children should be molested. The next morning, when Lousada's soldiers appeared and demanded Mr Heaven to be given up, they were surprised to find their bird flown and the premises in possession of English seamen well armed and ready for action. On this being reported to me, I landed and interviewed the official who had attempted the arrest. I found him at his office with his secretary! and a more rascally pair of scoundrels it would be difficult to find. They sat together at a table, each grasping a revolver pointing my way, so I told them to turn the barrels away, which they did. I then asked for an explanation as to why an English gentleman and my guest had been so grossly insulted. They replied that they were acting under instructions, and intended to carry them out if they could; so I told them that Mr Heaven was safe on board the Reindeer, and likely to remain there. The same night a rein-

forcement of soldiers arrived from Tepic, and we doubled the guard at the house.

Meanwhile my forty-eight hours' grace had nearly expired. During this time many families had left Tepic and arrived at San Blas, to place themselves under the protection of the British flag, so we made preparations to embark these poor people and convey them to Mazatlan. With this object in view I landed on the 25th January, leaving orders for steam to be ready at 2 P.M. On landing, two letters from the before-mentioned official were given me, forbidding me to embark any refugees on board the Reindeer, and coolly requesting me to comply with the demand by orders of Lousada! The letters were in Spanish, with which I was familiar; but being desirous of gaining time, I pretended not to understand them, and requested the aid of an interpreter. In the meantime I sent word to the first lieutenant to despatch all the boats ashore "manned and armed." The people flocked down to the beach, and whilst I was puzzling over the letters at the captain of the port's office, upwards of one hundred men, women, and children, with all their effects, were embarked. Wishing the officials a fond adieu, I then embarked myself, and soon afterwards the Reindeer was steaming out of harbour bound for Mazatlan. I heard afterwards that the captain of the port considered I had played him a dirty trick.

Fortunately we had a quick and smooth passage. As we had no accommodation for so large a number, the greater part had to remain on deck—no great hardship in that fine climate. We spread sails for them to sleep on, and awnings sloped over them, and with the flags of England and Mexico draped

around, the deck looked very cheerful and home-like. The difficulty of feeding them was got over by rigging a long table on deck, where relays of "square" meals were served, the ladies being accommodated in my cabin. Our reception at Mazatlan was most enthusiastic, and we were in good time, for Lousada's forces had met with a repulse some leagues from the city.

Lousada was soon afterwards defeated and fled to the mountains, where he was betrayed and captured. He was tried by court-martial in Tepic and shot. Thus perished the robber chief of Mexico — the "Tiger of Tepic," as he was appropriately called— one of the most celebrated bandits of the day. For fourteen years he had defied the authorities, eluding the troops sent to capture him, and only leaving his retreat in the mountains to kill and torture with horrible cruelty. His name will ever be associated with the most diabolical outrages and unrelenting brutality to men and women.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF SAN SALVADOR BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

On the 19th February 1873, affairs at Mazatlan having resumed their normal condition, I left for Panama and intermediate ports, and, after a short stay at Acapulco and Manzanilla, where we had some capital duck-shooting, reached Fonseca Bay, one of the most beautiful and hottest places on the coast, on the 18th March. Two days afterwards, when I was on the point of starting for Panama with steam up, a rumour reached me that a terrible earthquake had taken place in Salvador, and that the city of San Salvador, the capital of the state, had been destroyed. I could gain no information from the authorities on shore, and those with whom I consulted discredited the story. Just at this time an American mail-boat came in, and her captain told me that he had met with very bad weather outside, and that when leaving the port of Realejo the sea was so confused that his ship was almost unmanageable. This convinced me that some convulsion of nature had taken place, and I determined to proceed at once to La-Libertad, the seaport of San Salvador, and see for myself what had happened. So the same night I

put to sea, and arrived at La-Libertad the following morning. The captain of the port confirmed the report of the earthquake, and said that the city of San Salvador no longer existed! I at once engaged a coach and four mules, and, accompanied by two of the officers—one being the surgeon—started for the capital. The distance was but thirty-six miles, but the road was so bad we only reached a village about half way by nightfall, where we put up for the night. The house where we slept had been much shaken and cracked by the earthquake, and in the morning we were told that they fully expected it to fall during the night. However, no such catastrophe occurred, and we made an early start, reaching Santa Tecla, a considerable town, three leagues from the capital, by 8 A.M. This place had been severely shaken. Most of the houses were cracked, but none thrown down. We here met with many poor families who had left San Salvador with all their worldly goods. The bullock-drivers were doing a roaring business, charging ten times their ordinary fare.

Driving through Santa Tecla, we pushed on for the capital. As we approached the city, signs of destruction were everywhere visible. A massive aqueduct, by which the city was mainly supplied, was demolished, the ruins almost blocking up the road, so that we had some difficulty in passing; and thence to the suburbs of the city our progress was constantly interrupted with the *débris* of fallen houses, till at last our driver said he would go no farther; but having threatened him with a revolver, he pushed on and drove us into the Plaza, where we found the President and many of the inhabitants encamped. I at once waited upon his Excellency and made known to

CATHEDRAL OF SAN SALVADOR AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

him the object of our visit, and assured him of our sympathy and desire to assist him. The President, General Santiago Gonzeles, a fine old soldier, received us with much cordiality, and expressed in the warmest terms his gratitude and astonishment at an offer of assistance from so unexpected a quarter. Having paid our respects, we made our way with much difficulty to what had been the British Consulate, but was now a heap of ruins surmounted by the English flag. Here we found the vice-consul, Mr Blair, with a few other English gentlemen, who gave us a hearty welcome and insisted on our sharing a tent which they had pitched amidst the ruins. We then proceeded to make a tour through the city. It was, indeed, a sad scene of desolation: the once thriving place, containing 40,000 inhabitants, was completely destroyed. As the captain of the port had stated, it no longer existed.

Curiously enough, the only two houses left standing were built of wood, showing the advantage of that material over stone for withstanding the shocks of an earthquake. The palace was completely destroyed, and the cathedral and all the churches substantially built of stone were a heap of ruins. The cathedral spire or belfry remained in the position I have represented in my sketch; one of the bells must have swung completely round and remained mouth up.

It seems that the first shock took place on the 4th March, and the quaking of the earth continued at intervals till the 19th, when a very violent shock completed the destruction. Fortunately the previous shocks had warned the people, and many had left their houses and camped out, otherwise the destruc-

tion of life, which was considerable, would have been much greater. The United States Minister, Mr Biddle, had a very narrow escape: his house having fallen, he had barely time to save himself and his family by rushing into the *patio*. An English lady was sleeping in the consulate when the wall fell, and the room she was in was completely wrecked, and she must have been killed but for some beams which lodged diagonally across the room and prevented the walls from crushing her.

Accounts differed as to the numbers killed, and the truth could not be ascertained, as many bodies lay buried under the ruins. In the hospital several poor wretches, unable to escape owing to their infirmities, were killed by falling walls; and some prisoners were killed in the jail before they could be removed. In places the earth had opened, leaving great fissures; and graves had been rent asunder and the bodies exposed. The action of the Government during this terrible time was most praiseworthy. The President, by his admirable regulations and the discipline he enforced, maintained order. The city was placed under martial law, and those found in possession of property of which they could give no satisfactory account were ordered to be shot.

During our stay—some forty-eight hours—we experienced seven shocks of earthquake of more or less intensity: they seemed to come on about sunset and daybreak, but they did no further damage, as there was not much more that could be done unless the earth opened and swallowed us up, and with this we were threatened, some of the cracks being of considerable width and depth. The effect produced upon the nervous system by these constant shocks

was such that several persons became insane, and upon animals and birds it was remarkable. Horses and mules were rendered useless from fright, and trembled at the slightest sound. At every shock cocks crowed and pigeons wheeled wildly in the air.

The city of San Salvador had been already entirely destroyed by earthquakes eight times within 150 years, and partially so every ninth year: the ground on which it is built is a mere shell, and produces a hollow sound when struck. Notwithstanding this, the President issued a decree on the day following the disaster, saying that the city would be rebuilt upon its old site. One cannot help admiring the pluck of the old soldier, which, however, in this case partook of obstinacy.

San Salvador has no less than seven active volcanoes within a radius of thirty miles, and the mountain of Ysalco was in full blast during this time, but the suppressed volcano of St Thomas was supposed to be the one which did the mischief.

Much sympathy was shown to the poor Salvadorians during these calamities, one town contributing one hundred cart-loads of provisions and a considerable amount in cash. It was not much we could do in this way, as we were already short of provisions; but we sent all we could spare, reserving barely sufficient to carry us to Panama.

The President, the American Minister, and the English consul having gratefully declined to take shelter on board the Reindeer—gallantly preferring to remain at their posts — and the services of our surgeon not being required, there was no object in remaining longer in the city, and we returned to the ship, escorted by some of our newly found

friends. We reached La Libertad after a ride of five hours, and found the ship rolling heavily at her anchors; so having embarked a few refugees, we sailed for Fonseca Bay, and from thence to Panama, arriving there on 3rd April. Being short of provisions, I went ashore to see the contractor, and arranged for a supply of prime American salt pork, which duly arrived on board. Before stowing it under hatches we fortunately opened one of the casks. The result was a stampede: the deck was cleared at short notice, the cask headed up, and the whole consignment returned. Some time afterwards I met the contractor, and upbraided him for sending us stinking pork. "Well, captain," said he, "I'm *so* sorry; but the pork wasn't so bad. I sold it afterwards to a French gunboat, and they said it was first-rate." The gunboat sailed from Panama and was never heard of again!

Incendiary fires used to be so common in Panama that at last the insurance companies refused to have any further dealings with them. It was a common remark, "How is So-and-so?" "Oh, he's all right; he had a good fire last week!" I was spending the evening with a friend on shore, and he told me he had been very badly treated by an English insurance company. "Would you believe it," said he; "I had a splendid fire, everything went off first-rate, and yet those rascals refused to pay because the policy had not reached them in time, and they disputed the dates. Had it not been for my brother-in-law, who altered the dates, I should not have got my money! and how could I support my large family?" I sympathised with the poor fellow in this hard case, and went sadly down the street.

We had not been twenty-four hours in that port when a revolution broke out, and rifle-balls were flying about the streets. Fortunately order was soon restored, a few black soldiers only being killed. We found orders from the commander-in-chief directing us to proceed to Vancouver Island as soon as we had refitted—a prospect we all hailed with delight. Leaving Panama on the 30th April, we touched once more at the Galapagos Islands, and on the 22nd June we anchored in the beautiful harbour of Esquimalt, Vancouver Island.

We came to Vancouver prepared to be pleased, and we were not disappointed. To my mind it is one of the most delightful of our colonies, combining as it does the rare attractions of pleasant society, lovely scenery, and good sport with gun, rifle, and rod. We arrived at the very best time of year, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves—fishing for salmon in the harbour, and trout-fishing in the rivers and lakes, following up with grouse and wildfowl-shooting and hunting deer in the woods. Salmon make their appearance in the harbour in July, and may be taken trolling with spoon bait or herring. They do not, as a rule, take the fly, but they have been known to do so. Grouse-shooting begins on August 1. There are two sorts of grouse to be found in the woods, the blue and the willow. The former are fine birds of a dark slaty colour, but give poor sport, as they take to the trees when flushed and remain there to be shot. Willow grouse are smaller and handsomer birds, and are considered the best for the table. Black-tailed deer used to be plentiful in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt, but have probably been thinned out since my time, and I have enjoyed

good sport "still-hunting" them in the woods with rifle.

In company with Mr Coleridge, one of the flag-ship's officers, I had some capital sport: we often brought back from ten to fifteen brace of grouse, a few ducks, and now and then a deer. This same officer accompanied me to Horseshoe Bay, about fifty miles from Victoria, where we had excellent sport; also at Chemainus, and on Admiral and Thetis Islands, in the sound between Vancouver and the mainland. On one of these occasions we met with a most amusing adventure. We happened to look in at a farmhouse to ask for a glass of water, or milk if we could get it. The farmer's wife seemed a crusty old party, and gave us a reception the reverse of cordial. My poor old dog Rose was the first to catch it, for having taken up her quarters under the table, she was speedily ousted with a broom-stick, and we were soundly rated for a pair of poaching vagabonds. We were given a glass of skimmed milk, and were glad to clear out. The following Sunday I invited all the neighbouring farmers with their wives and families to come on board the Reindeer for divine service, and to dine with me afterwards. To our great amusement one of the first arrivals was our excitable hostess, arrayed in her best clothes. The old lady's horror and astonishment was great on finding that the two dirty poachers were officers in her Majesty's service; but to make matters worse, whilst we were at dinner in my cabin, and the poor soul was my honoured guest, the quartermaster reported that a dog had swum off to the ship, so I gave orders to bring him down and give him his dinner. Presently a big

shaggy poodle came into the cabin dripping with water and leaving a trail behind him; the old lady, at once recognising her dog Peter, gave a shriek and went off into hysterics. Her apologies for having treated us so shabbily were rather embarrassing. However, we pacified her by promising to look in again at her house, which we did some days afterwards, when we met with a very different reception. Old Rose was treated to as much milk as she could stow, and my coxswain was loaded with a cargo of fruit, eggs, and butter, &c., to last us a fortnight. Our best day's sport was twenty-two brace of grouse and a couple of deer on Thetis Island.

Some very fine timber is grown on the main island, and we brought back a shipload to Esquimault. Some of the trees measure 300 feet in height, as straight as a candle, and one that we measured was 57 feet in circumference. One of the midshipmen of the squadron was the proud possessor of a new double-barrelled gun, given him by his father. One day he went out shooting in the woods accompanied by an Indian, who led him some miles away from the settlement. Presently the Indian saw, or pretended to see, a partridge in a tree. The mid could not see anything, so taking the gun and directing the lad to keep still, the rascal commenced crawling, looking back occasionally to beckon the youngster not to move on any account. The last the poor middy saw of the Indian he was still crawling, and he never saw him or his gun again!

Besides "still-hunting" in the woods, deer are hunted with dogs, driven into the water, and shot;

but this is not a very sportsman-like proceeding. In speaking of deer, I allude to the black-tail buck, which are common in the island: there are also wapiti, bears, and panthers in the interior.

After a most delightful four months spent at Vancouver, we received orders to proceed to Panama, touching at San Francisco and other ports *en route*, and we took our departure with much regret on the 28th October.

Whilst coaling at San Blas, I took a run up to Tepic to see my friends there. We started before daylight in the mail-coach, and arrived at Navaretti, the first halting-place, at daybreak. Here I was horrified to find that one of the other passengers sitting opposite to me was suffering from smallpox in the most virulent form. Fortunately I had been recently revaccinated, but it made me feel very uncomfortable for the rest of the journey. However, we filled the coach with tobacco smoke and kept our pipes going all the time, and were none the worse. We met with a very cordial reception in Tepic, and a grand *fête* was given in our honour, followed by a ball and a garden-party, and on taking our departure the general provided a guard of cavalry to escort us back to San Blas.

Whilst waiting for supernumeraries at Panama, I found time for some shooting in the neighbourhood, and bagged many ducks and alligators in the Pacora river, besides an occasional deer. One night a great fire broke out in the city, destroying the Grand Hotel and other buildings. We landed a party from the ships and assisted greatly in saving the city from destruction. The picturesque old cathedral was fortunately saved, but one-third

of the town was destroyed before we got the fire under.

During our stay in Panamanian waters I was ordered by the Admiral to report on the different projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean. Of the many schemes proposed, the two which found favour were the Nicaraguan route and Panama Canal: as we now know, the latter has proved a failure, and the Nicaraguan Canal is in process of construction. There can be no doubt of the success of this undertaking when once the canal is made, and of the immense traffic at present carried round Cape Horn and through the Straits of Magellan that would be diverted through this channel.

Whilst examining the Isthmus of Panama in the neighbourhood of the Chagres river, I came upon an Irishman prospecting for gold. He told me that there was plenty of gold in the country, and showed me specimens of the precious metal he had obtained; but he said he had been very unfairly treated by a smart Yankee in New York to whom he had sent a sample of earth to be assayed. To his disgust the answer came back that it was worthless—when, said he, "I salted it myself!" meaning that he had mixed a large quantity of gold-dust with the earth!

On the 9th April we returned to the coast of Mexico, and, after some splendid duck-shooting at Acapulco, proceeded up the coast, visiting our old haunts, and including a very interesting cruise in the Gulf of California, where we found the small Mexican deer fairly numerous, also hares and duck; but the terrible heat made hunting very laborious.

Lower California is rich in minerals—copper, silver, and gold; and at La Paz there is a valuable pearl-fishery, the pearls being in no way inferior to Oriental ones.

On our return to Mazatlan I heard of my promotion to post-captain, and at Acapulco I found Commander Anson waiting to relieve me; so having transferred the command to him, I took leave of the Reindeer, and returned home *vid* San Francisco and New York, breaking my journey at Salt Lake City and Niagara. At Salt Lake I took the opportunity of interviewing that gross impostor Brigham Young, and hearing one of his sermons, a copy of which I procured. Here is an extract:—

"I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters. Yes! all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time till the 6th of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty and say to them, Now, go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the affliction of the world, and live their religion—that is, polygamy—or they must leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go to heaven alone rather than to have scratching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty. What! first wife too? Yes! liberate them all.

"I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners.

"If you stay with me you shall comply with the

law of God without whining, and round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting!"

At Buffalo my travelling companion, a charming young Frenchman, was taken suddenly ill in the middle of the night with all the symptoms of Asiatic cholera, which he had contracted in Tonquin. I knew no one in the place, but I went to a drug store, bought up all the mustard-plasters I could get, and covered him with them, and having filled him with brandy, left him for the night. Next morning I fetched a doctor, who ordered perfect rest; but I had to catch the steamer Russia at New York, and my poor friend begged me not to desert him, as he said he would certainly die; so I engaged an invalid carriage, got him aboard, and took him to New York, and so to England, where, I am happy to say, he completely recovered. Captain Cook of the Russia was a well-known character, a strict martinet, not given to wasting words with his passengers. One cloudy day he was endeavouring to get a sight of the sun for his daily reckoning, when an American passenger observed, "I guess, captain, you didn't get that observation." "Which didn't prevent you from making yours, sir," was the neat reply.

Soon after I had returned to England and settled down for a long spell, with prospects of unlimited shooting and fishing for at least two or three years, I received an offer from Admiral Hancock, who was appointed commander-in-chief in the Pacific, to serve as his flag-captain. It was too good an offer to be refused, especially as the admiral was one of the kindest and best of men, and an excellent officer.

Moreover, I knew the station from end to end. The Shah was to be his flagship—a fine vessel, fast under steam and sail, and fitted with all the latest improvements of that date. So to Portsmouth I went, and began fitting her out.

The admiral went out by mail steamer, and we were to follow as soon as the ship was ready. The Shah was one of the first ships fitted with the Whitehead torpedo, which had only then been introduced into the service; and as it was considered necessary that the captain should be familiar with this formidable weapon, the chief engineer, the gunnery lieutenant, and myself underwent daily instruction in it. Having mastered the details of its construction, we were sent out to Spithead every day in an old paddle-steamer, the Vesuvius, to practise at a moving target. We had almost completed our course when a terrible accident happened. We were steaming out of Portsmouth Harbour as usual, and charging the torpedo with compressed air. The working pressure usually employed was 1000 lb. to the square inch. I noticed the gauge mark 600 lb. and then remain stationary, although the air-pump was still working at full speed, and I pointed out the circumstance to Mr Blank, the engineer, who was instructing us. He noticed at once that something was the matter, and stooped down to rectify it, when at that moment the air-pump burst, scattering large pieces of the iron casing in all directions. There were five of us in the little compartment—the chief engineer, the gunnery lieutenant of the Shah, Mr Blank (his real name), Mr Hook, another engineer belonging to the Vesuvius, and myself. The next instant there were but three of us left standing and

unhurt: the two engineers were apparently dead. Poor Blank's head was off, and we were bespattered with his blood and brains; the other lay still. We at once put back into harbour and landed the two victims. Happily Mr Hook was not killed, and he eventually recovered. His jaw was broken, and he was otherwise injured; but being well nursed by his wife, he pulled through. This accident threw a gloom over us all, and cut short our course of instruction; but we had had enough of the Whitehead torpedo for the time.

Just when the Shah was ready for the pendant, and I was looking forward to commissioning her and joining the admiral at Valparaiso, I received a telegram from him to say he was invalided and on his way home. He reached home only to die, and I never saw his face again. This was not only a heavy blow to me, losing a kind friend with whom I looked forward to spending a happy commission, but was also professionally disastrous; for on another admiral being appointed, it became necessary for me to tender my resignation, and I was once more thrown out of employment, and lost not only a splendid appointment, but my home in Scotland, which I had given up and could not recover. And so it came about that, instead of ploughing the blue waters of the Pacific, that autumn found me in Norway, consoling myself with rod and gun, and it was not till May 1878 that I again took to the water.

The old store-ship Nereus, which had done duty at Valparaiso for many years, being quite worn out, it was decided to replace her, and the Liffey frigate was selected for the purpose, when I was offered the job of taking her out and returning home by mail

steamer. It was not quite the sort of service I should have chosen, but I gladly accepted it, as it offered a pleasant cruise, a speedy return, and would be sure to lead to a better appointment. The Liffey had at one time been a smart 50-gun screw frigate, but her engines were removed and only a few guns left on the upper deck: she was ballasted with coal to give her stability, and her spars were reduced, so she was nothing else than an undermasted, undermanned coal-hulk—not quite the sort of craft to be proud of.

We left Plymouth Sound on the 26th May, and owing to light winds and calms made a long passage to Madeira, where we enjoyed a pleasant stay. Sailing again on the 16th June, we picked up the north-east trade-winds, and were making good progress to the southward, when, two days afterwards, we spoke the German bark Anita of Hamburg, bound for the West Coast of Africa. The smart little craft outsailed us, and was soon lost sight of. About 9 P.M. the officer of the watch reported a light on the starboard bow and a rocket in the same direction, so we altered course and soon made out a sail, and running close under her lee, hailed her to know what she wanted. The answer came back, "Ship on fire." We at once hove-to on her weather beam and sent a boat on board. She proved to be our little friend the Anita with her cargo on fire. I then went on board with another boat, taking the fire-engine and a party of men with buckets. The captain told me that his cargo was a most combustible one, consisting of demijohns of a fiery spirit made out of rotten potatoes, intended for the West African negroes;

H.M.S. LIFFEY AND BURNING SHIP.

also barrels of petroleum and gunpowder, a chest of the latter being stowed in his cabin. As I stepped on board the flames burst out of the cabin, in which was the captain's dog howling for assistance. We made desperate attempts to save the poor animal, but were unsuccessful: one of our men, being overcome by the smoke, had to be dragged out by the heels in an asphyxiated condition. Meantime the pumps were rigged and volumes of water poured upon the cargo, but without avail, as the flames had got too firm a hold; so, after working hard for two hours, I determined to abandon the ship, which might blow up at any moment. The crew and all the live stock were therefore transferred to the Liffey, the boats hoisted up, and we remained at hand watching the destruction of the ill-fated bark. The flames now mounted up the masts and rigging, setting fire to the sails on the main- and mizzen-masts, making a grand spectacle. Presently an explosion took place in the after part, blowing up the poop and taking the mizzen-mast over the side. And now a curious thing happened. The bark, deprived of her after-sail, fell off before the wind, and scudded along under the sails on the foremast; but as the braces burnt and the yards swung forward, she would luff up in the wind till the head-sails filled and paid her off again, thus performing many graceful evolutions — a phantom ship without a soul on board her. The scene at this time was grand in the extreme: the flames leaping from spar to spar, catching each sail in succession, illuminating the sea for miles around, and casting a lurid light upon the sails and rigging of the frigate, which hovered upon her weather quarter,

following her motions, but always keeping well to windward to avoid the sparks, which fell in showers to leeward. I sketched the scene from the poop, the weeping skipper beside me. Presently the main-mast, divested of the rigging, began to rock to and fro with the rolling of the vessel, and then fell over the side with a crash, sending a shower of sparks and burning *débris* into the sea. Still the doomed craft sailed on under her foresail and foretopsail until that also disappeared, and the Anita lay a helpless log upon the water, rolling gunwale under, the sea washing over her decks and pouring out of her scuppers. By this time dawn was breaking, so leading the skipper below, we filled away on our course, leaving the bark to the mercy of the waves, which soon overwhelmed her.

Steering for St Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, we landed the crew there on the 25th, and sailed the same day for the neighbouring island of St Jago, and anchored in the harbour of Porto Praya. Curiously enough, the only notice taken of this adventure by the authorities at home was a letter from the Admiralty (probably one of the clerks) to know by what authority I had fed these poor things, who must certainly have been drowned or blown up had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of our being near at hand, and "under what grant" the payment of the same came! Some years afterwards, Captain Schroder, commanding the German corvette Nymphe, was dining with me on board the Druid, the ship I then commanded on the North American station, and seeing a picture I had painted of the burning ship in my cabin, he asked me about it.

Learning that it was one of his countrymen in distress, he asked what his Government had done in the matter. "Nothing," I replied; "I don't suppose they ever heard of it, certainly not from me"; whereupon he danced round the cabin, and said it was a scandal and he should report it, which he did. The result was that not long afterwards I received a handsome acknowledgment from Count Münster, through the Admiralty, acknowledging the service rendered to his countrymen, and apologising for the delay, as he had not heard of it before!

My object in going into Porto Praya was to "hogg ship" (scrub the ship's bottom), her bottom being so foul she would hardly move through the water. This was due to a patent anti-fouling composition with which the copper had been painted whilst in dock at Plymouth. I noticed this at the time, and inquired the reason, as I had never seen copper painted before; but I was assured by the master-shipwright that it was necessary, so I said no more. The anti-fouling composition certainly had a remarkable effect, acting like guano as applied to soil, and produced a fine crop of rich grass, impeding the ship's progress through the water. I reported the circumstance to the Admiralty, but heard no more of it; but I should have been glad to know "under what grant" this expense was incurred.

After leaving Porto Praya, where we had some excellent quail-shooting, we touched at Bahia and Monte Video, and then shaped course for the Falkland Islands; but being unable to weather them, we ran to the northward, and passing through the Straits

of Le Maire, rounded Cape Horn the same night. Here we met with a succession of gales and snow-storms, against which we battled for nine days; but by taking advantage of the shift of wind, and standing to the south-west when the wind was north-west and *vice versâ*, we made an average of fifty miles dead to windward every twenty-four hours; and on the ninth day we were becalmed to the westward of Cape Pillar, the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, reaching Valparaiso without further adventure.

After six weeks' stay at Valparaiso we sailed for Coquimbo with the Shah and Triumph. On the way round, Admiral de Horsey ordered the ships to try rate of sailing. The poor old Liffey, being heavily loaded and undermasted, stood no chance with the Shah, the admiral's flagship. Whilst staggering along in her wake a man fell overboard: the Liffey was promptly rounded-to, the life-buoy let go, and a boat lowered. By this time the man was a long way astern, as a fresh breeze was blowing and the ship going fast through the water. All eyes were directed to the poor fellow in the water, when, to our horror and astonishment, we saw a large albatross swoop down on him. We could see the man wave his arms to keep the bird off; but it returned, and, after swooping down three times, settled on the water near by, with the evident intention of picking out his eyes as soon as he was dead or helpless. Fortunately the boat reached the spot in time and the man was saved, and all we could get out of him when he was brought on board was, "Oh, that bloody bird!" Whilst on this subject I may mention that I have had many men fall overboard from ships that I have

commanded or been in, and never lost one. No less than five fell from the Liffey. How true it is—

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Leaving the old Liffey at Coquimbo, I returned home *viâ* Panama and New York, to find that the Atlanta, a ship I had applied for, had been commissioned, sailed for the West Indies, and gone down with all hands on her passage home!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRUID.

I HAD hardly time to look round on my return home from the Liffey when I was offered the command of the Druid, an old-fashioned corvette mounting fourteen guns of an obsolete pattern. But though the ship was not much to brag of, the appointment was, nevertheless, a very good one—namely, senior officer on the coast of Newfoundland, for the protection of the fisheries. The post had heretofore been filled by one of the ships of the North American station, the selection of the officers being left to the discretion of the admiral on that station; but this arrangement not proving satisfactory, it was thought advisable to send an officer to carry out the duties for a term of three years instead of a different one every year. No doubt this was a better plan, for on the old system, by the time a captain had become familiar with his duties, which are mostly diplomatic, he was removed, and his place taken by another, who had in his turn to learn his work. The French Foreign Office also approved of the new arrangement, the result being that for the three years I was on the station I had for a colleague a charming fellow-worker in Commodore Devarenne, whose broad pen-

dant was flying in the Clorinde. Since that time the senior officer is given the temporary rank of commodore whilst doing duty in Newfoundland; but I was simply "captain" and "senior officer," with three or four ships under my orders, from June till October, when we rejoined the Admiral at Halifax.

Twenty years ago Newfoundland was not so well known as it is now. The British public cared but little about it, and the questions at issue between the French and ourselves were familiar only to the diplomats, and such naval officers as had been employed on the fisheries. Of late Newfoundland has been much before the public, and though the situation remains much as it has been for the last hundred years, negotiations have been going on between the two Governments which will, it is to be hoped, lead to a satisfactory conclusion,—by which I mean the total expulsion of the French from the fishing-grounds. The French fishery has declined so much of late years as to be of very little value to them, and they are at last open to some arrangement, and would, I believe, accept compensation, either in money or in kind, in exchange for their undoubted rights, ceded to them by treaties which are not in accordance with present conditions. But in 1879 the French fishery was in full swing; a large fleet assembled at St Pierre as soon as the ice was off the coast, and distributed themselves along the shores, to the detriment of the native fishermen, between whom and the French constant conflicts arose.

The business of the French and English officers was, and is still, to endeavour to keep the peace

between the contending parties,—not an easy task, as one naturally inclined towards one's own countrymen whilst endeavouring to do justice to the other side. The situation was a difficult, almost an impossible one, requiring tact, temper, and patience on both sides. It seemed hard that the natives of the soil should be debarred from prosecuting their sole industry in their own waters, and should have to give way to foreigners who had no interest in the country, and who returned home with their gains at the conclusion of the season; but there was no getting over the fact that by the terms of the treaties they were within their rights. Such was the position of affairs when the Druid arrived at St John's on the 24th May 1879.

Our first experience in navigating these coasts was not a pleasant one. Leaving Halifax in a dense fog and snowstorm, we shaped a course to the southward of St Pierre and Migelon, running a line of soundings with the patent lead. On approaching the islands (although by our reckoning well clear of them) one evening, the ship being under sail with a fresh breeze blowing, we were startled by hearing a gun, followed by another, and then a third. What could it mean but a warning that we were running into danger! Visions of the ill-fated Niobe, which was lost on Migelon, flashed across my mind. We answered the signal, gun for gun, and hauled our wind with our head to the southward. Just then we caught a glimpse of a schooner standing across our wake, but we soon lost sight of her in the fog. We lay-to all night, and at daylight bore up on our course, the fog still as thick as ever, rounded Cape Race by the sound of the fog-horn in the lighthouse, and *felt* our way by the lead till we judged ourselves to be off the harbour

of St John's, when we furled sails and stood in for the land, keeping a sharp look-out with leadsmen in the chains. Still nothing could be seen, till the first lieutenant, George King-Hall, son of my old captain, went to the foretopmast cross-trees and piloted the ship into the harbour, no land having been seen since leaving Halifax. Curiously enough, we never heard more of the "phantom ship." From the fact of her firing guns we concluded she must be a man-of-war. The French had two armed schooners in their fishery squadron, and when I met the French commodore I asked him about it, but he assured me that none of his ships were in that locality at that time. So it has ever remained a mystery. What was she, and why did she fire signal-guns, seeing that we were not running into danger, as proved by our subsequently resuming our course and reaching our destination? What made it the more suspicious was the fact that if we had been twenty miles or so out of our course, the line of soundings exactly corresponded with those of our supposed position, in which case we should have been running into danger.

These fogs are very prevalent on the coast, always appearing when the wind blows towards the land, and adding much to the dangers of navigation. After the first season we got so used to them we did not mind, and found the safest course was to steer boldly in for the land, keeping a sharp look-out till we saw and *heard* the breakers, when we generally managed to feel our way into port. In this way I have frequently groped into a harbour without seeing anything,—hearing dogs barking on shore, breakers on both sides, and people's voices, but seeing nothing, even after the anchor was let go. The worst of it

was, the water is deep close-to, so we could not get soundings till actually inside the harbour. During the summer months icebergs are another fruitful source of danger, especially in a fog, when it is impossible to see them till close aboard. The thermometer gives no warning of their proximity until too late, the sea and air being of equal temperature. One of my little squadron, the Flamingo, ran into an iceberg a few hours after leaving St John's and smashed her bows in. We rigged a caisson under her bows, and repaired her in four days with the artificers of the squadron.

Our duties kept us constantly at sea, going from port to port; but we generally managed to get to an anchor before dark, when every one that could be spared landed with his fishing-rod in quest of salmon and sea-trout, which abound in all the rivers on the coast. By the end of September, when the French fishery fleet had departed, we were also able to indulge in sport with gun and rifle, and many a noble caribou was added to the bag. In my opinion Newfoundland is the finest sporting country it has ever been my lot to enjoy. I have fished in every river, crossed the island from east to west, and hunted in every part of it. At that time it was free to all, and no licence required; but since then a tax of 100 dollars (£20) has been placed on the gun, and sportsmen are restricted to a very limited number of caribou, although the settlers may massacre them as they please, which they do in such numbers that shiploads of frozen carcasses of deer are sent to the market at St John's by the local steamers plying around the coast. The result of this act is that English sportsmen are scared from visiting the island for sporting

FIGHT BETWEEN CARIBOU STAGS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

purposes, preferring the more adjacent shores of Scandinavia, to the great benefit of that country.

I was out after caribou with one of the officers of the Druid one bitter cold day, a gale blowing with occasional snow-squalls, when we came across a big stag and followed it into the forest, but lost it. Proceeding downwards, we presently sighted a herd of caribou in a valley, and managed to get quite close to them, when we made out one fine stag. I was just going to shoot it when we heard the roar of another stag, the one we had been following. The master of the herd instantly challenged back, and having gathered all his hinds together, started off at a gallop to meet his antagonist. Immediately afterwards we heard a crash as their heads met, and we also ran to see the fight. The curious part of it was that the hinds came too, taking no notice of us, and we all met where the two big stags were fighting, and watched them for several minutes at a distance of only a few yards. The stags paid no attention to us, so intent were they on the combat, until one was getting the worst of it and seemed inclined to bolt; so fearing to lose them, we fired simultaneously, and finished them off with another shot. It was a grand sight, and the heavy snowstorm added to the scene. A few minutes later the storm passed, the sun shone out, and the two gladiators lay peacefully with their faces upturned to a cloudless sky. It was a picture worthy of Landseer's pencil. The hinds remained for some time longer, but presently departed to look for another master.

The inhabitants of Newfoundland are almost entirely Irish or of Irish descent, with a sprinkling of Mecmac Indians, who are fast dying out.

The latter are born hunters and trappers, and I always engaged two on my hunting expeditions. They are all Roman Catholics, and sincere ones, as I proved; for on one occasion we ran short of flour, tea, and sugar, and as it was their fast-time, they were in danger of starving, although we had meat in abundance. Under these circumstances I told them I was authorised to give them a dispensation, whereupon they gorged themselves with about 4 lb. of venison apiece! I afterwards told the Roman Catholic archbishop, a personal friend of mine, what I had done, and he said I was perfectly justified.

Twenty years ago the coast was not so well surveyed as it probably is now, and we occasionally discovered unknown rocks by bumping on them. I noticed a fine harbour on our charts with an estuary leading up to it for forty miles. It had not been surveyed since the days of Captain Cook, but as the chart showed five fathoms all the way, I determined to visit it. All went well till we opened the mouth of the harbour, when we struck upon a rock in mid-channel not marked on the chart. The old ship took it like a hunter, rose up, heeled over, and slid down on the other side, leaving 20 feet of her keel and a bit of her forefoot behind her. Another time I was approaching Twillingate, a place on the east coast, when I found the passage barred by field-ice. There was no time to get round it, and darkness was coming on, so we "put her at it." The first shock brought all hands on deck, but by keeping the screw going we forced her through without damage.

These ice-fields are very deceptive, seven-eighths

of the floes being under water, as are the large icebergs. Sometimes as many as a hundred of the latter could be seen at once, some of gigantic dimensions. I have endeavoured to depict a scene of this description in Bonavista Bay.

The Straits of Belleisle are always full of icebergs, generally enveloped in fog, and the harbour of St John's is occasionally blocked by a berg. The Druid's engines were constantly breaking down, and occasion-

Druid in Bonavista Bay.

ally landed me in a tight place. I was standing into a harbour on the south coast in a dense fog, no land in sight, but we could hear the breakers on both bows: we had leadsmen in the chains, look-out men aloft and on the forecastle, and a boat ahead, when a man fell overboard. The engine-room telegraph was put to full speed astern, but the engineer said he couldn't move the engines ahead or astern! At this moment the look-out man sang out, "Breakers

ahead!" The leadsmen could get no soundings, so we could not anchor—we were helpless! Meantime a boat was lowered, the man saved, and the engines began slowly to move astern, the ship being then within 20 yards of the rocks. We then crept into harbour, arriving before our boat, which could not find the entrance till we had anchored and notified our position by fog-horn. We found it a good plan when coming along the coast to sound the siren constantly and judge our distance by the reverberation from the cliffs. One evening, when we were groping about in a dense fog off Cape Race, the officer on the forecastle reported a fishing-boat close under the bows: the helm was put hard-a-starboard to clear her, but still she was said to be close under the bow. The officer said he could not see anything, but he could hear her blocks creaking; so round we went in a circle, but still the mysterious sound followed us, until, having completed a circle about three times, I went forward and found that the sound came from our own iron cat-block, which creaked occasionally as the ship rolled in the swell, but could not be seen owing to the thick fog. That officer did not hear the last of it for some time.

Not the least in importance of the duties entailed upon the captains of H.M. ships in Newfoundland waters are the magisterial. All captains, commanders, and lieutenants commanding are sworn in as J.P.'s during their time of service on the coast, and many amusing stories, more or less founded on fact, are told of their judgments. Judge Prowse, the author of a valuable and exhaustive book on Newfoundland, and a most genial and popular sportsman, relates how the captain of one of H.M. ships, having a difficult case to

DRUID AMONGST ICEBERGS IN THE STRAITS OF BELLEISLE.

investigate, ordered all the parties to repair on board his ship at 9 A.M., by which time the ship was steaming out of the harbour. It is possible that the legal knowledge of naval captains might have been wanting, but in place of it was usually to be found a good common-sense opinion; and as no fees were expected, the contending parties preferred to have their claims settled by us rather than by the more intricate and expensive process of the law courts. Moreover, they were always satisfied with our judgments, although they might not be approved of at headquarters; and I was accused of having on one occasion compounded a felony for having squared a case of arson, and was threatened with an action for contempt of court in a case of seduction!

The doctors of H.M. ships also had a lively time of it, and as they gave their advice gratis, and dispensed medicine freely, they were consulted on every possible occasion. The consumption of bread-pills and distilled water was enormous. Men came aboard to see the doctor because they had been troubled with a cold last fall! or having nothing the matter with them, they thought they might be ill in the winter; women suffering from indigestion caused by wholesale drinking of strong tea, whereby their insides were tanned like leather, or because they had no family!

I have stated that in my opinion Newfoundland is the finest sporting country I ever had the good fortune to visit. It would be difficult to close this chapter without some allusion to the sport to be obtained there, in corroboration of the above statement. Not only is there deer-stalking, but very fair grouse-shooting, also salmon and sea-trout fishing,

the latter first-rate. The salmon-fishing has much improved of late years, due principally to the fact of so many senior officers being keen sportsmen, who have endeavoured to suppress the pernicious custom of barring the rivers, as practised by the settlers. This abominable and short-sighted practice had wellnigh exterminated salmon in the best rivers of the island, and during my time it was very few that found their way into our bags. The sea-trout-fishing was always good, owing to the fact that these fish are mostly to be found at the mouths of rivers, coming in and going out with the tide. Moreover, being smaller fish, many of them escaped through the meshes and reached the spawning-grounds. The largest salmon I ever remember to have caught during three seasons was but 12 lb.; since then I have heard of 20 and 30 pounders being creeled. Of grilse we always secured a fair amount, but our best bags were sea-trout. One day I got 98 lb. of sea-trout in four hours in a small river in Bonne Bay, and could have doubled the bag had I wished.

As regards grouse—or "partridge," as they are called by the natives—a good dog is necessary; and even then it would be difficult to make a big bag, as the birds are so scattered, but with straight powder ten to twenty brace may be secured on good ground by a couple of guns—enough to satisfy any old-fashioned sportsman. Judge Prowse and I made some very pretty bags in the neighbourhood of St Mary's, on the south coast, shooting over dogs. The best snipe-shooting is in the neighbourhood of St John's. On the high "barrens" they are scarce, much as they are on the fjelds of Norway and Sweden, though both places seem admirably suited

for them. Woodcocks are unknown, though so plentiful in Nova Scotia. But the sport *par excellence* is with the rifle, hunting the caribou or woodland reindeer. This animal is a finer beast than the Norwegian reindeer, and carries more massive antlers. I generally found time for a week's hunting towards the end of the season, and I never had any difficulty in getting four or five good heads each trip, which was all I wanted. The sport I enjoyed on these occasions would fill a volume, but I have not space to relate it here. Besides deer, there are bears, wolves, beavers, otters, hares, and rabbits; but they cannot be said to afford sport, and are usually killed by trapping.

On the coast of Labrador the sport is equally good, especially fishing. Several fine rivers running into the Straits of Belleisle are famous for salmon and trout, notably the Forteau river, which is second to none in Newfoundland. This part of the country is sparsely populated, and the settlers are very poor, and often half starved. They depend a good deal on wrecks, which are frequent in the straits by reason of the fogs. One old settler told me that he and his family were on the point of starving in the winter, when, as he put it, "The Lord God Almighty, who never forgets those who put their trust in Him, in His merciful providence sent us relief! A fine steamer, sir, came ashore quite handy: she was loaded with flour, on which we have been living ever since. The Lord be praised for all His mercies!" The old man evidently considered the ship was sent for his especial benefit, and he related how they could see the ship's mast-heads over the fog as she came in.

In justice to the French, I must say we had very little trouble with them during my three years on the coast. Indeed they were very kind to the poor settlers, and were liked by them. Occasionally they would try and bounce about their rights, but a little courtesy generally put things straight. Whilst cruising along the west coast I observed a French flag flying on Red Island, in contravention of the treaties, which do not permit any rights of sovereignty; so I landed and interviewed the *Prud'homme* or headman on the subject. After smoking a cigarette, I inquired the reason of the French flag being hoisted. He said he had flown it for six years, and that no one had ever objected. So I told him that as the island belonged to Great Britain and not to France, I should be obliged to him to haul it down, whilst fully appreciating his politeness in showing his colours to a man-of-war! After a little protest he did so, and I requested him not to hoist it again. If I had hauled it down, as I might certainly have done, it would have been described as an "outrage."

By the end of October, our work being over for the season, we joined the Admiral at Halifax, and from thence went on to Bermuda to refit preparatory to leaving for the West Indies, where we spent the winter. In this way we had the best of the station all the year round. There is not much to do at Bermuda except boat-sailing and sea-fishing. The sea swarms with fish of every size and colour, and the camber where we were lying was packed with them. One day we exploded a charge of fulminate of mercury in the camber. The shock was terrific, and fish came up in thousands. The bottom was paved with dead fish, and our men were employed for several days

taking boatloads of stinking fish out to sea. The senior officer in charge of the dockyard said we had shaken the foundations of the buildings, and would cause a plague with the fish. However, we sailed for the West Indies, and heard no more of the matter.

Leaving Bermuda for the southward, a ship, if under sail, generally steers for the Mona Passage, between the islands of Puerto Rico and Hayti, before reaching which the north-east trade-wind will be picked up. It is then that the sailor, if he has any sentiment in him, can realise the romance of the sea (much of which has departed in these days of purely steam-ships). As his ship flies through the blue and sparkling waters, her sails swelling to the breeze, flying-fish leap in shoals from the bows, pursued by albacore, bonito, and the many-hued dolphin; whilst overhead sea-birds are ever on the watch for the unlucky flying-fish, whose life must be one of constant excitement, and not all joy.

I always maintain that the pleasantest time in a naval officer's life is as a post-captain in command of a corvette or frigate, especially if on detached service; for however kind and charming the admiral may be, we all like our independence, and a captain who loves his ship—and who does not?—with a nice set of officers and a slashing crew, is in an enviable position. At sea he is "monarch of all he surveys," and when he reaches port he is always welcome.

The old Druid, as I have already observed, was not much to brag of, with her saucy ram-bow, her wall sides, and goose stern. Her raking masts gave her a smartish look, which her ugly upright funnel belied. She would sail fairly well off the wind, and

we made some good passages under sail; but she had no more weatherly qualities than a hay-stack, and her engines would have disgraced a tramp. Notwithstanding these defects, we loved the old boat, and took a pride in her. My zealous first lieutenant kept her as clean as a new pin. Her guns shone like mirrors, and she was in perfect order and discipline. I always painted the stern windows myself, and spent many an hour slung over the quarter, paint-brush in hand, pipe in mouth, attired in an old duck suit, daubing away. Not a very dignified position for the captain, I hear some one say; but our painter (Joshua Reynolds by name!) had no artistic qualifications, so I preferred to do the work myself — a practice I have always since adhered to.

An amusing thing happened *apropos* of this fancy of mine. Some years afterwards, when in command of the Ruby, a beautiful corvette, I was at Monte Video, senior officer on the station, when the President of the Republic of Uruguay came off to pay me an official visit *en grande tenue*. I had no notice of his intended visit, and at the time of his coming on board I was over the stern on a grating, painting the stern windows, and bespattered with paint. George Callaghan, the first lieutenant, explained that I was not on board, which was the truth, as I was out board!

Our first port of call in the West Indies was Port Royal, Jamaica, where we came under the orders of the Commodore, and remained on his part of the station till the time arrived again for our northern flight. In this way the time passed most pleasantly, the climate of the West Indies being delightful during the winter months, varied by an occasional cruise

to Belize, Cuba, Hayti, or the Spanish main, as the exigencies of the service demanded. Whilst we were at Jamaica a naval regatta was organised, and great was the competition for the Commodore's prize. At the last moment, just before the boats were assembled, and the Commodore's barge, which was the favourite, was having the finishing touches put to her, a boatload of Jamaica niggers came down from Kingston and entered for the race; and, much to our astonishment, they won, the Commodore's boat being nowhere! On hauling her up to see what was the matter, the coxswain, to his intense disgust, found a basket full of stones hitched on to the rudder pintles. The boat had dragged this all round the course, which accounted for her being "kinder sluggish," as the coxswain had said she was. The niggers, having got the cup, disappeared very suddenly and were no more seen, though the Commodore's coxswain was inquiring after them.

The Skipper painting the Ruby's stern windows.

CHAPTER XV.

BRITISH HONDURAS AND HAYTI.

In January 1880 we were ordered on a round of visits, including Belize, in British Honduras, and Cuba. I embarked on this occasion General Gamble, his wife, and staff, who were on a tour of inspection; also Bishop Tozer, an old friend of East African memory, and his chaplain: so my cabins were pretty full. Amongst the bishop's luggage was a long box, which I took for a fishing-rod box. I was not aware that his lordship was a sportsman, and he rose considerably in my estimation. I said I was so glad he had brought his tackle, as I heard there were some good fish in the river at Belize. The bishop replied quite meekly, "That's not my salmon-rod, my dear captain; it's my pastoral staff!"

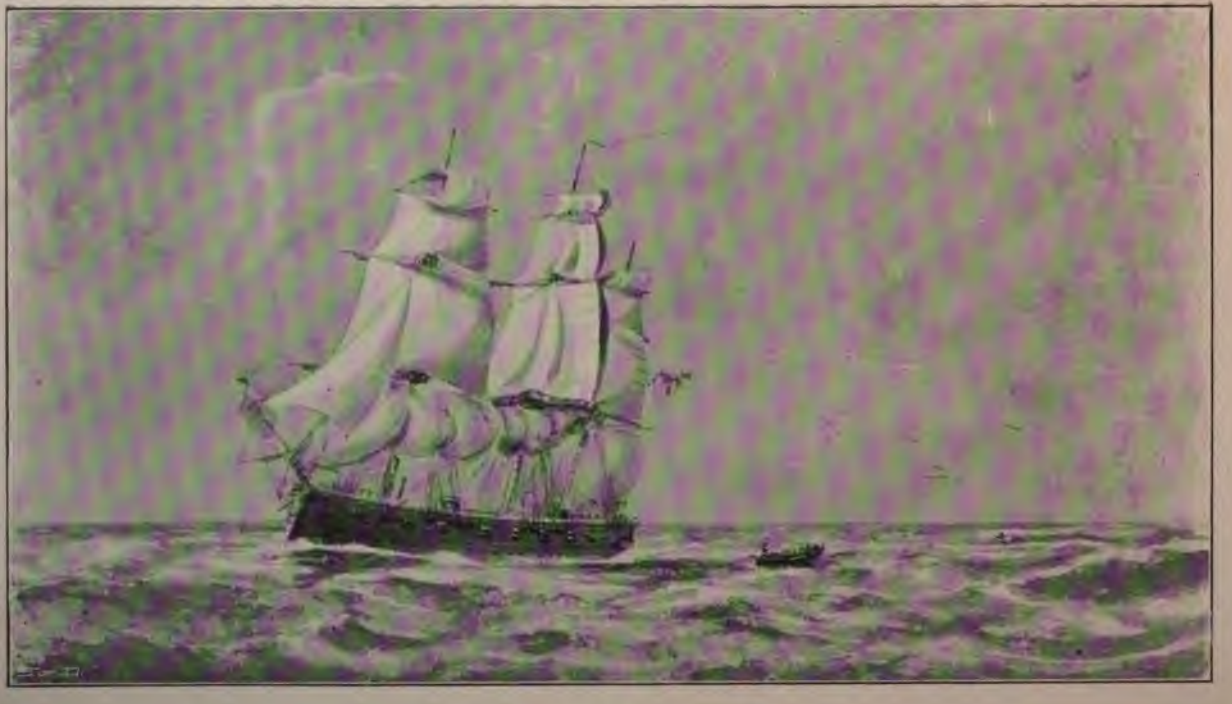
We made a quick run to Belize, where I landed my passengers and remained some weeks. The anchorage abounds with sharks of a most voracious and bloodthirsty description. We used to fish for them with a piece of pork in which was placed a disc of gun-cotton connected by wire with the ship. As soon as the shark pouched the tempting morsel we pressed the button and blew off his head. I had on board a beautiful Irish setter named Paddy, which

was turned into a pointer in the West Indies on account of the heat. One day when Paddy and I were at a garden party at the Governor's, one of the guests observed to me, "That's a handsome dog, captain, but he is not thoroughbred!" "How's that?" said I. "He hasn't enough hair on his belly!" "Well, sir," said I, "if my coxswain had been clipping *you* all the morning, I don't think you would look thoroughbred!" and he didn't.

From Belize we went to Havana, and arrived there in the nick of time; for our consul-general, Mr Crowe, had just been the victim of an outrage which very nearly terminated his existence. The Spanish authorities thought very naturally that we had come in consequence of this affair, and were profuse in their apologies,—the captain-general, on whom I waited, even offering to hang or shoot twenty or thirty ruffians he had in jail, but who had nothing whatever to do with this particular case. Mr Crowe, who had acted throughout with great pluck, and who was the object of much sympathy, especially from the ladies, declined this handsome offer, and the real perpetrators escaped.

After visiting Matanzas and other places of interest in Cuba, we returned to Jamaica. During our stay at this place I heard a curious story, told by a man named Curry, of some hidden treasure which he claimed to have discovered in a cave in the island of Santa Catalina, off the Mosquito Coast. Like most stories of this description, it was on the face of it highly improbable; but many people believed in it, and Curry made a very good living by offering to share his gains, for which he received substantial assistance in advance. Curiously enough, I had

already heard of this matter whilst crossing the Isthmus of Panama on my way home in 1879. At that time Mr Malet, our consul, said he had seen Curry, who showed him some old Spanish coins dated 1625, which he said he had discovered in the cave afore mentioned, and that having filled his pockets, he was driven off by the natives, but not before he had opened some jars and boxes containing doubloons, golden crucifixes, and precious stones, &c. Mr Malet said that however improbable the story was, he could not but believe there was some truth in it. I had quite forgotten the matter until the reappearance of Curry revived my interest, so I interviewed him. He swore steadily to the story, and even offered to go with me in the Druid and show me the place, notwithstanding that I told him I should certainly hang him if his story proved to be false. It was well known that Morgan, the celebrated buccaneer, had amassed enormous wealth in those seas, notably at the sacking of Panama, when he and his men brought over to Chagres 175 mule-loads of plunder. Several of Morgan's gang were subsequently hanged at Port Royal, Jamaica, and Captain Kidd is said to have offered his weight in gold on condition that his life should be spared. The offer was declined, and the secret died with him. In consequence of this information, and being anxious to test the truth of the story, I asked the commodore to let me visit the island in the Druid, but was flatly refused—the terms pirate, filibuster, and buccaneer being freely applied to my name; and to prevent my surreptitiously visiting the spot on my next cruise, the Commodore forbade me to go to the westward of a certain latitude, and I went to Carthagena instead.



DRUID—"CAPTAIN OVERBOARD!"

During this cruise, which was rather a monotonous one, being desirous of giving my crew a little diversion and test their smartness, I jumped overboard one evening and was very promptly picked up. The entry in the ship's log ran thus: "H.M.S. Druid. Carthagena to Jamaica, Sunday, March 25, 1880. Lat. 13° 38′ N., long. 77° 51′ W., 5.15 P.M. Captain fell overboard. Up mainsail, squared main-yard, let go life-buoy, lowered cutter, picked captain up. Filled and proceeded." It was a pretty evolution, smartly done. Some years afterwards I happened to be in the Naval Exhibition looking around, when my eye caught a very sensational picture of a man overboard at sea, with the extract above reproduced, winding up with the remark that the man was picked up in two minutes, and that the boat was fitted "with Messrs Hill & Clarke's boat-lowering apparatus." It was just an advertisement. Seeing that I was interested in the picture, the gentleman presiding over the department came up and assured me that it was true. Whereupon I said that I was the man, so he gave me the picture; but as this was an exaggeration, I have done another which more truly describes the scene.

That same evening we caught a big shark, a very hungry old lady with twelve little sharks inside her. As some sceptics may doubt this, seeing sharks generally lay eggs, I may explain that this one belonged to the ovo-viviparous species, which produce their young alive.

To go back to the story of Curry and the treasure. In the year 1882 the Commodore at Jamaica was invalided, and I became acting Commodore *pro tem.*; and on being superseded by the new Commodore

from England, I induced him to let me go to Catalina. Curry offered to accompany me, but failed at the last moment, as I felt sure he would. However, we went without him, and after three days' pleasant sailing we sighted the island of Old Providence, and anchored off Santa Catalina, where we heard the true story of Curry and his ill-gotten gains. It seems he had been servant to some old curio-hunter, who had collected a lot of coins and precious stones, and at this man's death — it was currently reported he had been murdered by Curry —the rascal stole all his property and invented this plausible tale. The natives of the island were greatly interested in Curry's yarn, and in consequence searched the island all over, and one of them actually found a jar full of doubloons at the bottom of a well. The amount must have been considerable, as he was able to build a house and buy a schooner with the proceeds. I have no doubt there is plenty more buried amidst the ruins of the old fort, which had at one time been the stronghold of the buccaneers. A remarkable rock, called Morgan's Head, stands immediately abreast of the anchorage of Santa Catalina.

After a few days spent here we left for the Bay Islands, touching at Swan Island *en route.* This place is so insignificant as to be scarcely visible on an ordinary chart, and we were surprised to find inhabitants living on it—three Americans collecting guano, who, having had no news from the outer world, were delighted to see us. We supplied them with tea, sugar, tobacco, flour, and the latest papers, and had a capital day's shooting, bagging over four hundred bald-pated pigeons, and obtained some

turtles. From thence we visited the Bay Islands, and anchored off Bonacca. There are three islands in the group—Bonacca, Ruatan, and Utilla—which at one time belonged to Great Britain, but, in an evil day for them, were ceded to Honduras, since when the poor inhabitants have been brutally misused. They still claim to be British subjects, and speak English. The poor things complained bitterly of their treatment by the Honduranian Government, and welcomed our arrival, but we were powerless to help them. However, we were able to be of some use, and I remained over Sunday at their particular request. On that day the ship was thronged, and after divine service we had no less than seven weddings and twenty-four christenings on board, so anxious were they to have the ceremony performed under the British flag. With universal lamentations we bade adieu to these lovely islands and the simple inhabitants. In conversation with Mr Barlee, the Governor of British Honduras, he said to me, "In no part of her Majesty's dominions are British subjects so shamefully ill-treated as are the Bay Islanders; but they have no one to help them, and even the captains of H.M. ships are told not to listen to their complaints!"

During one of our annual visits to the West Indies, I was ordered to Hayti to show the British flag, interview the consul, and report generally on the condition of the island. My report, which is far too long to reproduce here, covered the agricultural, financial, political, and social state of the island as I found it. I received the thanks of the Foreign Office for it, with a notification that they did not recommend its being published,—which I can well

understand, seeing that it was a complete *exposé* of the iniquitous practices carried on under the cloak of religion by the name of "Vaudouism" or serpent-worship, and corroborating in every detail the reports of Sir Spencer St John and Mr Stewart, two of H.M. ministers who had been successively accredited to the republic. It would be useless, and indeed nauseous, to recapitulate the horrors in the form of cannibalism, secret poisoning, child-slaying, and other disgusting customs which undoubtedly existed at that time, and, for all I know, do still, in that black republic.

When first apprised of its existence, I could scarcely believe such things possible in the nineteenth century in a country professing to be civilised; but I soon found out that there was no exaggeration, and that things were, if possible, worse than what had been told to me. I obtained my information from undoubted sources—from those long resident in the island, both black and white—and there seems no doubt that the horrible customs of the black savages of the West African coast have been handed down to their descendants, the present population of Hayti, and that their civilisation is merely a veneer, and their religion, ostensibly Roman Catholic, a fraud. During the French occupation they appear to have been debarred from practising their orgies; but since the French evacuated the island, some one hundred years ago, they have indulged in them. Priests belonging to the order of *vaudoux* are to be found in every village, and temples for the practice of their diabolical rites and ceremonies are scattered over the country. At these places at regular times, corresponding with our Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun-

tide, the most disgusting orgies and sacrifices take place.

Passing over details, I may mention that a clergyman of the Church of England residing in the island told me that Vaudouism interfered greatly with his work. He substantiated the horrible atrocities perpetrated all over the country, and said that a woman offered human flesh at his door, and that his wife was nearly buying it, believing it to be pork. It seems scandalous that such a beautiful island should be defiled by such wretches as these. Better had it been if Columbus had left the simple, harmless race who at that time inhabited the island, instead of brutally ill-using them and substituting such barbarians. Philanthropists may claim that the black man is intellectually equal to the white and capable of self-government. It is an insult to one's intelligence to suppose so.

Before leaving the station I paid another visit to Hayti, and had the satisfaction of obtaining redress for some outrages perpetrated on foreigners by the Haytian authorities.

On my return from a cruise round Jamaica, I found that alarming telegrams had come from our consul-general at Port-au-Prince, urgently requiring the presence of a man-of-war. Our Commodore, having only lately taken office, was new to the extraordinary proceedings of these folk, and seemed inclined to make light of the matter, so I asked him to send me without delay, which he did, and in a couple of hours we were steaming out of harbour. Our first visit was to Miragoane, a small port on the west coast of Hayti, where Mr Ahrendt, a German subject, but vice-consul for Great Britain, had been

insulted and imprisoned, and a Mr Hadleigh, an American citizen, had been treated in the same way. Mr Bain, a Scotchman in business in Port-au-Prince, was also in prison awaiting his trial on frivolous charges. It was certainly time we came. Having released these gentlemen and embarked them, we proceeded to Port-au-Prince, to communicate with Mr Hunt, our energetic consul-general. Having saluted the Haytian flag with twenty-one guns, I went ashore and found a lively state of affairs. A French gentleman had been illegally imprisoned; two Englishmen, friends of the consul, were unable to leave house for fear of being seized and thrown into prison for no offence whatever. The consulate was shadowed by hired ruffians, ladies and gentlemen were insulted in the streets, and British subjects imprisoned without cause. In fact, the Haytian authorities seemed to be most impartial in their favours. Mr Hunt said he could obtain no redress or satisfaction of any kind, his protestations being treated with contempt. He therefore placed the matter in my hands. There was no time to be lost: one gentleman had been in prison for three weeks, and three weeks in a filthy Haytian jail with bad food and thermometer at 120° is no joke. I at once wrote to the President, a full-blooded negro named Salamon, demanding the immediate release of this gentleman, and that he and the others who had been unlawfully imprisoned should be awarded 100 dollars (£20) a-day as compensation for the period of their incarceration, and an apology be offered for the insult to their persons; also that the officials who committed these outrages should be dismissed from their posts. The communication produced evasive

replies, couched in very polite language, for the Haytians are a most polite nation, whatever may be said of their habits. As the object was clearly to gain time, the Druid was moored within convenient range of the principal fort, and preparations made to cut out a Haytian man-of-war lying in the harbour. Fortunately these persuasive measures succeeded; the authorities agreed to the terms, and the matter ended.

Before leaving the port I landed to pay my respects to the President, who was really a fine old fellow, and hardly responsible for the high-handed acts of his subordinates. He received me with every honour, guard, and band; but it was difficult to keep one's countenance when his Excellency was announced, supported on either side by a gorgeous A.D.C., one dressed in scarlet, the other in green, like the bow-lights of a steamer looming through a fog, with the President's huge figure between them. I expressed to his Excellency my satisfaction at the peaceful termination of our correspondence, and so we parted.

The foreign consuls and *chargé-d'affaires* came to wish us good-bye, and were very grateful for our visit. Having seen the cash paid at the British consulate, we sailed for Jamaica, and soon afterwards returned to England to pay off.

It was a source of great gratification to me to receive on my return home, not only their Lordships' approval, but a very handsome acknowledgment from the Foreign Office, for all our proceedings in Newfoundland, and also in Hayti.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LORD WARDEN.

AFTER a spell of over thirty years' constant employment at sea one welcomes a billet ashore, and such was offered me in the command of H.M.S. Lord Warden, coastguard ship stationed at Queensferry in the Firth of Forth. This was in every way a most charming appointment, entailing plenty of work inspecting the coastguard stations and the drill-ships of the naval reserve around the coast of Scotland, from Berwick-on-Tweed round the north coast to Ullapool on the west, and including the Orkney and the Shetland Isles. Besides the coastguardsmen, I had some 5000 naval reserve men under my orders. These were mostly fishermen from the Orkneys and Shetlands, Aberdeen, Wick, and Inverness, and also a fair proportion of whalers from Dundee and Peterhead, and other ocean-going seamen. They were, taking them all round, a fine body of men, most zealous at their drills, and I doubt not would prove an efficient auxiliary in time of war, when accustomed to the discipline of a man-of-war. At that time, 1882-84, they were drilled with the same class of guns as were used at the battle of Trafalgar! the modern form of ordnance being considered too expen-

sive and too complicated for their understanding. It is difficult to imagine of what use the old drill could have been to them, but for that I was not responsible. In the Shetlands alone we turned out 1800 strapping fellows, and it occurred to me that here would be a fine stock from which to recruit our navy. Never was a greater mistake. In reply to my suggestion, I was ordered to the Shetlands to obtain recruits for the navy. No sooner had the Lord Warden anchored at Lerwick than the natives fled to the mountains, fearing the pressgang. In vain I held a meeting at the town hall, and pointed out the advantages of the navy; not a single recruit did I get. The fishermen explained afterwards that it was more to their advantage to keep their boys to help with the fishing than to hire others in lieu. Much disgusted, I returned to the Forth, and never repeated the experiment.

To my mind the ignorance of all that concerns the navy was one of the most remarkable traits in our people. It is easy to understand that the natives of our midland counties, who have never seen the sea nor any craft larger than a barge, should not be able to appreciate the necessity of the navy for this empire; but this ignorance or indifference was not confined to the lower classes, and I have been asked before now, Of what use is the navy? Are we not afraid of pirates? and suchlike, by people who ought to know better. On one occasion an old lady at Inverness station took me for the railway guard, not knowing the naval uniform, and asked me to find her a carriage, which I did. In refusing the customary tip, I told her confidentially that I was not the guard, but that he was a cousin of mine, at which she seemed

much pleased. At another place in Scotland I was taken for a Salvation Army captain: I explained that my lecture would come off at 4 P.M., by which time I took care to be in the train. But these amusing incidents were quite eclipsed some years later at Calcutta, where on the occasion of my wife's "At Home" one old lady apologised for being late because the boatman had taken her on board a "dirty little river-steamer," pointing to the Marathon, one of my smartest cruisers; whilst another remarked to Captain Giffard, my flag-captain, "she so loved to see the dear sailors lying drunk about the streets, it reminded her of home!" a compliment that was hardly appreciated by him, seeing that our men were remarkably well behaved.

But this state of affairs has happily now changed, and during the last ten years—dating, in fact, from the Naval Exhibition—the interest in the navy has increased to a remarkable extent, so much so that we have now no reason to complain of neglect. This satisfactory result has been attained mainly by a few eminent naval officers who have so earnestly and eloquently appealed to the public, placing before them the absolute necessity for a powerful navy, and how the existence of our empire depended on it. In this direction they have been nobly supported by the press, irrespective of party. The result is that at the present time we possess a navy which in strength and efficiency has had no parallel in the history of the nation.

A word also about the coastguard. Until I had anything to do with them I had no idea what a fine body of men they were, many in the prime of life,—not the decrepit old shell-backs which some

suppose them to be, whose duty would appear to be looking after nursery-maids and perambulators on Southsea beach. The days of smuggling are probably past, but when the storm ariseth and men are in peril on the sea, then the coastguardsmen are in their glory, helping to man the lifeboat or hasten to the wreck with the rocket apparatus. This is especially the case on the stormy coasts of Scotland, where the coastguard stations are not so well manned as on the south coast of England, and the work is harder. I had occasion, when returning thanks for the navy at the annual banquet of the Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, to give effect to these sentiments, which I am pleased to say were very well received by a sympathetic audience.

In going my rounds of the coastguard stations in Scotland, I had occasion to visit a place called Tongue, in Sutherlandshire, which had not been inspected for three years. It was an out-of-the-way place, the nearest station to it being some forty miles off, and there was only a solitary coastguardman there. I thought it was about time he was looked up, so I went round that way, and found him living in a neat cottage with his wife and family. Having inspected him, I returned to my hotel, and the next morning started in a close carriage for Lairg, a forty-seven-mile drive. It was pitch dark, and the ground was covered with snow, it being the depth of winter. Just as I was leaving the hotel the man appeared at the window. "What is it?" I said. "Please, sir, it's twins! Boy and girl, sir—Mrs Taylor, sir—sudden shock of your visit, so unexpected like. Mother and children doing well, sir——" It is an interesting fact that the dis-

trict captain's visit should have had such a magical effect!

During this round of inspection I was accompanied by the divisional officer, who asked my permission to bring his dog, a retriever, with him. The poor animal was in very low condition, and I remarked, "What a mean-looking dog!" He said he had paid £10 for him to a keeper, so I wrote out a bogus certificate to certify that the dog had been examined by a vet., and stating that he was suffering from every complaint which dogs are liable to, and concluding that he had evidently been scandalously treated, and was not worth the money paid for him. This certificate was forwarded to the keeper, who, after abusing the vet., practically admitted the charge, and remitted £6 out of the £10 originally paid for the animal.

One of Lord Moray's keepers, an old fellow named Anderson, was a special favourite of mine, and I used to give him a roll of ship's tobacco now and then. This tobacco is made up in a curious way, being tightly bound round with canvas and laid over with tarred rope. On meeting Anderson some time afterwards I asked him how he liked the baccy. "Weel captain," said he, "the tobacco is verra fine, but it's a pity it is so much adulterated!" "Why," I said, "it's pure Virginia!" I found he had cut up and smoked it, canvas, tarred rope, and all!

We had on board the Lord Warden two boatswains, one for deck duty, the other the bo's'n of the ship: they lived together in a mess by themselves. One day Mr S., the supernumerary bo's'n, reported his messmate, Mr B., for having used violent and threatening language to him. I investigated the case, when the following evidence was adduced:—

Mr S. (a little man with a squeaky voice). "Please, sir, I went into my mess, when Mr B. abused me in the most shocking manner, using language which was certainly not parliamentary! and threatened to kick me out of the mess."

"Well, Mr B., what have you got to say to the charge?"

Mr B. (a big burly fellow). "No, sir; I spoke to Mr S. firmly but kindly!"

I thereupon turned to the complainant and asked him if he could repeat the language, which he did, but it was of so foul and disgusting a nature as to be unfit for publication. I thereupon informed Mr B. that if he did not apologise in writing I should try him by court-martial. Having thus expressed myself, I rushed to my cabin and rolled on the sofa with laughter. The apology was at once made, and the two boatswains remained fast friends to the end of the commission.

One advantage in a home billet is that the captain as well as the crew gets a bit of leave once a-year. When it came to my turn I sent in my application in the usual way. On one column of the form the applicant has to say how much leave he has had and when was the last occasion. I filled this in, "Have never had a day's leave on full pay since I have been in the service!" Considering that this represented over thirty years, I think it a fair record.

In due course the Lord Warden was inspected by Admiral Sir A. Hoskins, the Superintendent of Naval Reserves. We were supplied with a patent fire-extinguisher of the red pillar-post pattern, so to test this apparatus I prepared a spare cabin, filled it with oakum soaked in parafin, and set fire to it.

We gave it five minutes' start and then opened the door and turned on the jet, when the fire was *immediately* extinguished. Subsequently Sir Anthony hoisted his flag in the Lord Warden, and we had a pleasant cruise to Norway, Heligoland, and along the Scottish coast; but the squadron was a scratch pack, hardly any two ships alike, and none of them worth much, with their thin armour, slow speed, and obsolete armament. As for the Lord Warden herself, she was so rotten we could dig dry wood out of her with a pickaxe, and fungus grew between the beams. However, she answered my purpose very well in peace-time, her accommodation being excellent; but when there appeared a prospect of war with Russia in 1884, I felt compelled to inform their Lordships that the ship I had the honour to command could neither fight nor run away. The result of this letter was my transference to the Ajax, a new ironclad of a novel design.

The exploits of this eccentric craft would fill a volume and be scarcely credited. On leaving Sheerness for the first time on a trial trip with Admiral Sir John Corbett, the Commander-in-Chief, and a party of ladies on board, she took charge, and very nearly ran down an Indiaman crowded with troops. She next parted her cable in a dead calm in Dover Roads through sheering about with the tide and bringing the cable across the ram; and the next day, going down Channel at full speed, she carried her helm three turns a-starboard for six hours, when without warning she, as sailors say, "broke her sheer" and came round on a pivot, scattering the merchant vessels in all directions, till we got her straightened up again, when she carried her helm hard-a-port all

the rest of the way to Portsmouth. In fact there was no knowing what tricks the old girl was up to. The reason of this extraordinary performance was due to the fact that she was shaped like a spoon, being too broad for her length and flat-bottomed; and having a coarse run, she carried a huge body of water in her wake, in which the rudder was useless. After nearly ramming the Agincourt she was paid off as too dangerous to manœuvre with a fleet.

I took this opportunity, being unemployed, to take a trip to Newfoundland to shoot caribou with the late Sir A. Fowler. During this expedition we had many adventures, being half-starved for several days owing to our having got separated from our boats with the stores. We were reduced to a small piece of pork, as salt as Lot's wife, and a few biscuits, which were so hard that we had to soak them in water and break them with a stone. Fortunately we met with two caribou and killed them both, so when our men overtook us we had abundance of meat. We also captured a beaver, and ate his tail, which is considered a great delicacy; but, taken on an empty stomach, it made me sick.

On this trip we struck in at Hall's Bay and crossed the island from east to west, coming out at the Bay of Islands, where we were hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr Curling, who lived there for many years, devoting his time and much of his fortune to the poor settlers, by whom he was universally beloved. A day or two before we reached the west coast we were camped on the shores of Grand Pond when our hut caught fire in the middle of the night, and we were just able to save ourselves and our effects when the roof fell in.

The best route to reach the barrens for hunting caribou is by either Hall's Bay or the Bay of Islands. In either case deer may be met with in forty-eight hours. On one of these expeditions I was accompanied by the late Sir Rose Price, a capital sportsman. Soon after we started it was evident that we had not sufficient men to pole our boats up stream, and it was necessary to procure another "hand"; but where to get one was the trouble. To return was out of the question. Whilst crossing a lake and thinking the matter over, I happened to hear the sound of an axe in the wood; so proceeding to the spot, I landed, and came across a lumberer's camp with one man, a splendid young fellow, at work, when the following conversation took place: "Good morning, my lad; what's your name?" "Smith, sir." "What! John Smith?" "No, sir; William Smith." "Why, the very man I am looking for: you've got to come along with me." "Me, sir?—I am working for Mr ——." "Oh, that's all right; don't you make any mistake about it, so come along at once;" and come he did, and he proved the best man of the party, so cheery and willing, and as strong as a horse. Ten days later we were on our way back, and Smith had to be returned to his rightful owner. I had killed a big stag that morning, and brought down his haunches as a peace-offering for Smith's master. We reached his camp after dark, and I led the way, followed by Bill bearing the haunches of venison. The lumberers were having tea, so I joined them and wished the "boss" good evening. I fancied his reception was not cordial: however, I took no notice, and smoked a pipe and had a pannikin of tea, when I

rose to go, and left the venison. Then it all came out. The "boss" followed me, and accused me of taking away his best man, and said he had had to hire a horse to do his work. Expressing my regret and astonishment, I explained that the whole affair was a complete misunderstanding. However, I paid the poor fellow for his horse, and we parted good friends, though to this day I expect he is at a loss to know exactly where the "misunderstanding" arose. The only thing clear about it was, that our expedition would have been a failure but for the help of Bill Smith.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUBY, 1887–1889.

Soon after my return to England I was appointed to the Ruby, senior officer on the south-east coast of South America,—an independent command, and about the best billet for a captain in her Majesty's service. The south-east coast of the South American station extends, roughly, from the equator to Cape Horn, including the Falkland Islands, thus embracing some 55° of latitude. It used to be a rear-admiral's command, and the senior officer[1] really does the duty of an admiral, and the French and American squadrons in those waters are both admiral's commands. It is a delightful station, and with such a range of latitude one can always secure a good climate, and avoid the hot season on the coast of Brazil.

The climate of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres is superb, and from that latitude to Cape Horn is healthy and bracing, though somewhat boisterous and cold to the southward of 40° south. The headquarters of the station are at Monte Video; but as the senior officer is free to go where he pleases, the ships of the squadron are generally dispersed either

[1] He is now made a commodore.

up the river or at Rio Janeiro or the Falklands, taking turn at each place. The River Plate has always been a favourite station with naval officers, principally on account of sport, which is first rate, especially in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres and up the Paraná river, and from thence down the coast of Patagonia to the Falkland Isles. The northern portion, including Brazil, is rather too hot for that amusement; but on all parts of the station there are British interests to protect, and work to do in view of the revolutions which are so common in South America, though happily not so frequent as they used to be. The drawback to the station is the lack of good harbours. True that Rio Janeiro is the finest in the world, and Bahia is a good one; but from that southwards they are few and far between till the Falkland Islands are reached, where there are excellent harbours, sufficient for the navies of the world. On the whole coast of Patagonia there is but one really good harbour. Monte Video is an open roadstead, exposed to pamperos, and Buenos Ayres is so shallow that ships have to lie a long way out.

One of the most interesting places on the coast of Brazil is Pernambuco, on account of the Recife, or inner harbour, which is formed by a remarkable reef running parallel to the coast, with a depth of 10 to 30 feet inside. The Ruby, drawing 20 feet, moored head-and-stern with hawsers to the reef. The general belief is that this natural breakwater has been formed by the coral zoophyte; but this is erroneous, as it is composed of sandstone consolidated by minute marine animals, without whose assistance the sandstone would have long ago been worn away

by the action of the sea. These animalculæ, having served their purpose, have perished, and their shells form a concrete against which the waves have beaten for centuries in vain. To this cause Pernambuco is indebted for its prosperity, for without this reef it would have no port at all.

A short distance to the northward of Pernambuco is the island of Fernando do Noronha, which we

Fernando do Noronha.

visited, and where we spent a few days. It is used as a penal settlement by Brazil, and a better place could not be selected. There is not a tree upon it, so the convicts cannot build boats to escape. Some two thousand of them, mostly murderers, were living there, and perfect order was maintained. A remarkable peak, 1000 feet high, is a good landmark for making the island.

A more interesting place is Trinidad Island in the

South Atlantic—not to be confounded with the fine island of the same name in the West Indies. Trinidad is about equidistant from Rio Janeiro and Bahia. It was first brought into notice by Mr Knight in his interesting 'Cruise of the Falcon,' and it has subsequently been the cause of some correspondence with the Brazilian Government, who up to that time had

Ruby leaving Fernando do Noronha.

attached no importance to it. Being desirous of visiting the place after reading Knight's graphic account, I hove-to off the island on the passage home, there being no good anchorage, and landed there; but not till we had been nearly capsized in the surf, and had to jump overboard to get ashore. The island is of volcanic formation, with lofty and

inaccessible crags and frowning precipices: it is surrounded by reefs on which a heavy surf constantly beats. We found the shore covered with rank grass and pieces of timber, washed down from the mountain-tops by torrents in the rainy season; also a small stream of excellent water, thereby disproving the official statement that there is no water on the island. Thousands of disgusting-looking land-crabs

Trinidad—general view.

disputed our approach, staring at us with their protruding eyes. They were of all colours—red, yellow, blue, and black; their average size was about that of a coffee-cup, with legs the diameter of a saucer. We saw no other living creature, except sea-birds, which flew round us in thousands with loud screams. Having erected a cairn, we planted a flag on a staff and returned on board. Steaming round the north side, we had a look at the "monument" rock, a remark-

able column, which I made a sketch of. Several expeditions have been made to this island to discover the hidden treasure supposed to have been buried there, but hitherto without success. I believe there are still some people sanguine enough to believe in its existence.

The south-east station of South America, covering as it does some 3300 miles of latitude, is so vast that I cannot do more than touch upon such points along the coast as may interest the reader, omitting sport,

The monument rock, Trinidad.

or at most only alluding to it here and there without going into details, which I have already done in a little work published some years ago. Moreover, such places as Rio Janeiro and Monte Video are well known to the average globe-trotter. I shall therefore pass on to parts of the station with which the general public are not so familiar—such as Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the Paraná river as far as Paraguay —and take them as they come in the map without regard to date, which is of no consequence.

It is customary for one or more of H.M. ships stationed on the south-east coast to visit the rivers Paraná and Uruguay, at least once every year during the cool season, from May till September. With this view the gunboats on that station are usually of light draught to enable them to ascend these rivers. The Ruby drawing too much water, I transferred my broad pendant to the Watchful, and proceeded in her up the Paraná, leaving the Ruby at Colonia. We started in beautiful weather, but the same evening the sky gave warning of a pampero, and the next forty-eight hours it blew a heavy gale. During this time one of the Ruby's boats got adrift with a party of officers returning to the ship. Another boat was sent after her, but neither was able to reach the ship: in fact, both were missing for three or four days, but eventually turned up all right.

An absurd business happened in connection with this affair. On my return to the ship, some weeks later, I inquired into the circumstances, and finding that one of the boats had fetched aboard an Argentine schooner, and been handsomely treated by her skipper, I notified the fact to the Admiralty, and submitted that the master of the schooner, one Juan Thomas (John Thomas), should receive some recognition from the Government. Their Lordships concurred in my suggestion, and sent out a pair of binoculars to be suitably presented. But by this time John Thomas could not be found, so I passed on the binoculars to our consul, and requested him to find the man and present him with them. On my return to the Plate, some time afterwards, I learned that the consul, having discovered the man, ordered him to attend at the

consulate on a given day. To make the ceremony more impressive, he invited several friends, including ladies, to a champagne breakfast, after which the skipper was brought in, and the consul having dwelt upon his conduct in an eloquent speech, presented the glasses. But John Thomas, being a simple sailor, and an illiterate one, did not appreciate the honour, expecting, no doubt, something more substantial, such as a bag of dollars. He spoke but little English, but what he knew seems to have been forcible. "What for these —— glasses? My eye good enough," &c. In vain the consul explained that they were given him by the "Lords of the Admiralty." "To h— with the Lords of the Admiralty!" said he, and flinging the glasses out of the window with more bad language, he had to be kicked out, fighting till the last.

We had a delightful trip in the little Watchful; but owing to her draught, 12 feet, she could go no farther than Hernandaria, where I embarked on board one of the fine vessels of the Placentia Company, and proceeded to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. Situated in latitude 25° south, Asuncion enjoys a fine climate in the winter months, but in summer the heat is great. The city is a straggling, picturesque-looking place, boasting 25,000 inhabitants. Although some one thousand miles by water from Buenos Ayres, the river is nearly a mile broad abreast the town.

I spent a few days very pleasantly at Asuncion, and returned the same way, joining the Watchful where I had left her. There is a great charm in traversing these fine rivers, and watching the skilful manner in which the local pilots handle their

vessels, avoiding the numerous sandbanks in a marvellous way. But they travel so fast that one has no time to see anything, and the best mode of making the trip is in a gunboat, anchoring every evening and shooting along the banks, or in the lagoons, where every kind of wildfowl abounds.

I made this trip subsequently in the Rifleman, a twin-screw gunboat drawing only ten feet, and reached Asuncion in her, taking three weeks to do so. We had splendid sport both going and returning, and only "piled up" once, in a fog on our way back; but we had a narrow shave of being stuck upon a dangerous bar just below the city. The river was falling fast, and the pilot kept sending me messages to start; so having buoyed the channel, we left early one morning. There was only 9 feet on the bar, and we were drawing nearly 10; but we had a slashing current with us, so I hoped to negotiate the obstacle. I warned the engineer to stand by and "let her out" when I gave him the signal. The leadsmen called the soundings — 12 feet, 11 feet, 10 feet — as we approached the bar; the pilot's face was white as a sheet. I watched the jib-boom, and when I saw by the quivering of the spar she was touching, I gave the order to "let her have it." Round went the two screws; the little craft trembled from stem to stern, but she never stopped, and cutting her way through the sand, she wriggled herself into deep water. I gave the pilot a stiff glass of grog, and we proceeded on our way rejoicing. There is no danger to the vessel should she stick fast; but it is necessary to lay out an anchor astern at once, otherwise she will swing broadside on, the current banking the

sand up under her lee, and there she may remain for weeks. A few days afterwards we ran on a bar near Rosario, and stuck fast with our nose in the air till towed off by an American man-of-war.

Leaving the River Plate for the south, the first port of call is Bahia Blanca, which has no especial attraction except to a sportsman, who will there find many varieties of the tinamou, locally called "perdiz"; but there are no partridges on the continent of South America. Of the tinamou there are eight varieties, the most common of which are the "martinetta," the "copeton" or crested tinamou (*Tinamus elegans*), and the small or common tinamou. They all give good sport shooting over dogs, and heavy bags may be made all along the coast.

To the southward of Bahia Blanca is the port of San Blas, a most dangerous place to visit on account of the bar at the mouth of the river, on which heavy rollers break with a south-west gale. I came very nearly to grief at this place in the Ruby, and have reason to remember it. We were told in Buenos Ayres that the entrance was perfectly safe and well buoyed; and as I was desirous of visiting the port to ascertain its value in time of war, I went there in company with the Swallow, one of my little squadron. Having anchored off the bar, the Swallow entered the river to see if the buoys were in place, and reported that they were, which proved not to be the case. Directing the Swallow to proceed ahead, as she drew less water than the Ruby, we followed in her wake, but had not gone far before a pampero sprang up, raising a tremendous sea. We now discovered that most of the buoys had been washed away, and there was nothing to guide

us. We were surrounded by heavy rollers, which threatened to break on board at any moment; so I decided to turn back, and making the signal of "recall" to the Swallow, we turned the Ruby in the narrow channel and shaped our course for the open sea. Passing what we believed to be the outer buoy, we were congratulating ourselves on having got out of the difficulty, and I was anxiously

Ruby in a pampero.

watching the Swallow, when the Ruby struck the bar with an awful crash. The engines were stopped and the signal given to reverse; but before the order could be carried out I noticed that the ship was still forging ahead, so I put the telegraph to "full speed ahead." The gallant little ship responded to the call, and next moment was in deep water, none the worse for the mishap; but had she hung on the

bar, the next sea would have broken over her, and she would have gone to pieces in a very short time, —like the ill-fated Orpheus on Manakau bar, in New Zealand, where almost every soul perished.

The year following this adventure I again visited San Blas; but, warned by experience, we first buoyed the channel and entered the harbour without difficulty. I found that the advantages claimed for it had not been overrated: it is the only harbour on the coast of Patagonia, except Egg Harbour, where a ship can anchor within pistol-shot of the shore in safety. Mr Mulhall, the only landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, was my host on this occasion, and nothing could exceed his hospitality. His house and everything in it were at our disposal. He supplied us with the best provisions without charge, and had he been permitted, would have fed the whole ship's company at his own expense. Sport was to be had in abundance, and during the ten days we were there we bagged nine cavies (the Patagonian hare), thirty-eight crested tinamou, fifty-one small tinamou, twenty-four deer, one ostrich, two armadillos, one fox, one swan, a flamingo, and some wildfowl.

A very ridiculous adventure happened to me at this place. I had landed with the intention of riding to Mr Mulhall's estancia, and a horse awaited me on the beach. The daughter of my host was not very well, so I brought ashore a basket of excellent Newfoundland port wine for her especial benefit. Having mounted my steed, I started for the estancia, with my gun over my shoulder, a heavy bag of cartridges on my back, and the basket of wine on my arm. Whether the horse objected to this cargo

I know not, but he promptly bolted at full gallop across the pampas. The reins broke and trailed on the ground, urging him on. I was powerless, but sat tight and hung on to my basket and gun. Away we went in a cloud of dust, heading straight for the estancia. On heaving in sight I observed a crowd turned out to see who was the lunatic approaching at such headlong speed, like John Gilpin: great was their amusement when they made out the "skipper," covered with dust and perspiration, swearing at his horse in the choicest Spanish. It looked as if the

John Gilpin's ride.

brute intended to brain himself and his rider against the brick walls of the building, but he pulled up short at the hall door, when I dismounted, none the worse, and with every bottle intact!

Proceeding southward, the next place of any interest is Port Madryn, in Nuevo Gulf. This is the seaport of the Welsh settlement of Chupat, and deserves more than a passing notice. The colony is situated on the banks of the Chupat river, and was founded in the year 1865 by Mr Luis Jones, who with a few Welshmen emigrated to that remote

spot with the intention of establishing themselves in a part of the world where they would be unmolested, and where their beloved language would be preserved. The first settlers landed at Port Madryn; but after enduring great hardships, and finding the place unsuited for a permanent settlement, they removed to the Chupat river, forty-five miles to the southward, where they have prospered to an extent hardly conceivable, considering the nature of the country. Since our first visit in 1886 a railway has been completed to transport grain to the ships at Port Madryn, and the colony is now, I am happy to say, in a flourishing condition; but the early settlers had to undergo many vicissitudes of fortune. Being mostly miners, one can well understand the trials and difficulties they must have encountered when they first came to the country—a barren soil, no spring water, and but little firewood, cow-dung being largely used for fuel.

The Argentine Government, who have absorbed the whole of Patagonia, at first gave the emigrants every encouragement, being no doubt surprised that any one could be found to appreciate such a country. Each emigrant was granted a free passage from Buenos Ayres, and presented with 250 acres of land along the bank of the Chupat river: of these 250 acres, 50 were on an average under wheat when we visited the colony in 1886, and some three hundred farms were scattered along the valley for a distance of forty miles from the coast. At first the settlers were dependent upon the overflow of the river to irrigate their land, and the wheat crop was in consequence uncertain and precarious; but they have

since cut canals on both sides parallel with the stream, and by tapping the river higher up and making the canal of a flatter gradient, they can irrigate the land as desired. In 1885 the wheat crop was estimated at 5000 tons, and it was expected that 8000 per annum would be reached. The settlers possessed some 6000 sheep, 9000 cattle, and 1500 horses at that time.

The hope that they would be left to the peaceable enjoyment of their possessions has not been realised. The Argentine Government, jealous of their independence, promptly established an official port at Chupat, and levied a tax on all vessels discharging their cargoes in the river or at Port Madryn; and not only that, but they have ordained that all children born in the colony are subjects of the Argentine Republic, and are liable to be called out for any service in which the Government may think fit to employ them. Nor can the Argentine Government be blamed, for if emigrants think fit to settle down in a foreign land, they cannot expect the same protection from the British flag as they would have had if they had chosen one of the British colonies.

On my last visit to Chupat I was accompanied by Bishop Stirling of the Falkland Islands, according to his title, but in reality Bishop of South America, seeing that his diocese extends to both sides of that vast continent. During our stay in the colony we were the guests of Mr Luis Jones, who entertained us most hospitably, and made our stay very agreeable. On our return to Port Madryn by special train, the engine-driver, desirous of showing off before his distinguished guests, put on speed and ran off the track, and it was some time before we

could stop him. We took advantage of the delay to shoot a couple of guanacoes.

Both guanacoes and ostriches are abundant in all parts of Patagonia, though they have been thinned out in the neighbourhood of Chupat, where the settlers hunt them with deer-hounds. I shipped a young sportsman at San Blas who owned a brace of greyhounds, and we had some fine sport with them, hunting ostriches, guanacoes, deer, and cavies. I can fancy nothing more exhilarating than flying over the vast pampas in pursuit of any of these animals on a good horse, not a tree or fence or barbed wire to interfere, as the horse swishes through the pampas grass, disturbing deer, ostriches, and other game. Not but what there are some obstacles, and one day, whilst in pursuit of a deer which I had wounded, my horse put his foot into an armadillo-hole and pitched on his head, sending me flying several yards, my rifle going in one direction, my pipe in another. But I picked myself up, remounted, and ran the deer down. These South American horses are wonderful animals: fed on *alfafa*, a kind of clover, they will go all day, and carry one for leagues at an easy canter. They don't know what corn is. Skunks are an abominable nuisance, and let one know of their proximity by their vile odour. I was shooting near Port Madryn on one occasion, and the bishop accompanied me for the sake of the walk. The day was hot, and I was working my dog in a valley when I observed his lordship waving for me: on joining him, he said there was a partridge under a bush. My dog went to the spot and received a dose from a skunk full in the face, nearly blinding him. The poor beast rolled on the ground in agony. I shot the skunk, but the dog was

useless for the rest of the day. I told the bishop that nothing would make me believe that Noah ever took such a stinking beast into the ark, and he admitted that it was unlikely.

On our last visit to the colony, in 1889, I was pleased to notice a marked improvement in their prospects: the people seemed in better condition, and were contented with their lot; yet I cannot but feel regret that they should have selected such a spot to found a colony, instead of one under the British rule, where their children would be brought up British subjects, their property respected, and their language not interfered with. Since penning these notes on Chupat, I observe the Welshmen have petitioned the Home Government to protect them against the Argentine authorities, but of course without avail. The colonists elected to settle on a foreign soil, and must take the consequences.

A few leagues to the southward of Nuevo Gulf is a place called Tova Island, where I put into for shelter one evening. That same night, as I was about to turn in, the officer of the watch reported the ship to be on fire. Running along the lower deck in my pyjamas with bare feet, I felt the deck quite hot. The fire was in the engine-room, and had already got a good hold, which was the more inexplicable as everything had been reported to me correct below when the first lieutenant went his round at 9 P.M., and the engine-room fires had been drawn. The place was so full of smoke we could not see to localise the fire, so I ordered the engine-room skylights to be opened to allow the smoke to escape, when we were able to tackle it; but it took us several hours to suppress it, and some oil-tanks got danger-

ously hot. The fire had originated by spontaneous combustion: fortunately the ship was not injured.

Tova Island had been at one time used by a party of sealers: the place was deserted, but we found their hut and boiling-house. An old horse was the sole occupant of the island: we saw him from the ship on several occasions, and parties went in pursuit of him, but he always mysteriously disappeared. Some would not believe in his existence, but when we steamed out of the harbour, there was the old horse quietly feeding on the hill-top!

South of Nuevo Gulf, which is in 43° S. latitude (approximately), to the Straits of Magellan in 53°, the country is uninhabited. There may be a few Indians remaining on that desolate shore, but we never saw any, or signs of human life, on our visits to the coast. There is a great fascination in visiting an uninhabited country, and how few places remain on the earth where this is possible. That it was once inhabited is of course known, and we found skulls and human remains on the tops of the mountains at St Elena Bay; but the Patagonian Indian, as a tribe, does not exist. Possibly there may be some scattered population farther inland towards the slopes of the Andes, but on the coast they appear to have been wiped out.

To the geologist Patagonia must have many points of interest: at numerous places the petrified remains of antediluvian animals are to be found, especially in the neighbourhood of Bahia Blanca, where the beach is also strewed with lengths of fused sand, forming a solid bar of about an inch in diameter. These "lightning-rods," noticed by Darwin in his 'Cruise of the Beagle,' are caused by lightning passing through loose sand

and fusing it. Evidence is plain that the whole continent of South America has at one time been submerged. Along the coast, many miles inland, old beaches scattered with oyster-shells may be seen; and at an elevation of 200 and 300 feet above sea-level, oyster-shells, petrified fish, and skeletons of whales are found. This would point to a sudden upheaval of the land, or possibly a gradual subsidence of the waters. In cutting the Chupat railway an oyster-bed was discovered 300 feet above sea-level, and fossil remains of fish at a height of 500 feet: the petrified remains of a whale were discovered in a lagoon ten miles from the salt water. Walking along the shore, I picked up many agates of considerable beauty, and similar stones are found in the Falkland Isles. We also picked up stone and flint arrow-heads along the coast, which must have belonged to a prehistoric race, existing before the conquest of the country by the Spaniards; for since the introduction of horses by them, the *bolas* and *laso* have been substituted for the bow and arrow.

One day, whilst strolling with my rifle on the barren plain between Port Madryn and Chupat, I came across a very conspicuous mound shaped like a sugar-loaf. It glistened in the sun like alabaster so I went to examine it. It proved to be a natural formation, composed of a substance resembling mica, having the appearance of vitrified sand, which caused it to glisten. I climbed to the top to have a look round, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. The height I should estimate at about 100 feet. It seemed to me to have been thrown up by volcanic agency, but I could gain no information on the subject.

To any one interested in sport I can recommend Cracker Bay, in Nuevo Gulf. It is a fairly good anchorage, and there are plenty of ostriches, guanacoes, and some wild cattle in the vicinity. Whilst at anchor off this place we spotted a solitary old bull feeding. It was blowing hard at the time, so I made a signal to one of the small ships lying in shore of us, "Bull, south-east, five cables." As no notice was taken, though the signal was affirmed, I manned my galley, and, accompanied by two officers and my coxswain, we landed and proceeded to stalk the beast. The ground was favourable, and we got up to within 40 or 50 yards, when we gave him a broadside as he lay. This caused him to jump up and come charging down the hill; but not seeing us, he passed close by, giving us a fine chance, and we grassed him. This bull had probably run wild from some herd. His carcass provided us with 800 lb. of excellent meat.

The Valdez Peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow neck, is also a fine sporting locality; but the best places on the coast of Patagonia are undoubtedly St Elena Bay and Egg Harbour. The former is an open anchorage, but safe with the wind off shore; the latter is perfectly secure in any weather. At both places we had excellent sport, bagging fourteen guanacoes at St Elena in two days, and thus keeping the ship's company supplied with fresh meat where no other could be got.

The flesh of the guanaco is not unlike venison, but requires keeping; the Patagonian hare, or "cavy," is also excellent; and parts of the ostrich are considered good, but do not look tempting. I made a "gallery" shot at one just as it was disappearing over the sky-

line at 200 yards. Stalking guanacoes is fine sport: the animals have a keen sense of smell and vision, like a deer, and the ground is not so favourable as it is in the Highlands of Scotland, being undulating, and destitute of trees or cover of any kind. Moreover, the guanacoes always post a sentry, an old buck, on the highest elevation, to give notice of danger; so it is necessary to be cautious. The great drawback to shooting in that country is the absence of fresh water, nearly all the lagoons or springs being brackish, which seems to suit the guanaco.

I shall now take leave of Patagonia, and say a few words about the Falkland Isles, a place we visited four seasons running—viz., 1886, '87, '88, and '89. The best time to visit these islands is in the summer, from December to March, and even at that season it blows a gale almost every day, but the anchorages are so good that there is no risk for a steam-vessel. It is a curious fact that the Falklands, like our northern colony of Newfoundland, have been successively inhabited and claimed by French, Spaniards, and English; and at the present time the Argentines maintain that they belong rightly to them, a claim which is ignored by us. Hence, as in Newfoundland, many of the capes, bays, and harbours still retain the names given them by their former possessors, such as Port Louis, Salvador, Bougainville, Rincon-grande, Arroyo-malo, San Carlos, &c. Wildfowl of every description, including swans, geese, duck, widgeon, and teal, abound in countless thousands, and are so tame as to give but little sport; but as they are good for the table, we always shot what we required for the pot, and on one occasion I, with two mids, bagged one hundred geese in a day. Rabbits have also been

introduced on the outlying islands, and multiplied to such an extent that we killed over two thousand on one small island. There are still wild cattle existing in some places, and we had some good sport with them, as they invariably charge when wounded. The principal industry is sheep-farming. Sheep thrive well, are fat, and carry heavy fleeces. Shiploads of frozen carcasses have been sent to England, but I am not aware if the venture has proved financially a success.

The Falklands comprise two large islands and several small ones, the area of the whole being half that of Ireland. The population is under 2000, of whom 800 are at Stanley, the principal settlement and seat of government. In some parts of the West Falkland may be seen a remarkable formation noticed by Darwin and others. From a distance one sees apparently a mountain torrent descending to the sea, but a closer inspection shows it to be a stream of stones. I landed to inspect this curious freak of nature, and found it to be composed of a mass of boulders filling up the bottom of a valley, the banks on either side being peat. How those stones came there it is difficult to say, unless carried by ice in bygone ages. Underneath the boulders running water could be seen and heard. It is a singular phenomenon, and is not, to my knowledge, to be met with elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEAGLE CHANNEL.

WITH the map of South America before him, the reader, if he will bring his eye to bear on the parallel of 55° S. latitude, will find an intricate passage dividing Tierra del Fuego from a group of islands to the southward. This is called the Beagle Channel, after H.M.S. Beagle, in which ship Captain Fitzroy surveyed the coast some sixty years ago. In this channel, on the Fuegian coast, the South American Mission have established their headquarters. The name of the place is Ushuwaia, the southernmost inhabited portion of the globe. It had always been my desire to visit this interesting place, and when outward bound in the Reindeer in 1871 I was asked to do so; but it was out of my beat, and I did not feel authorised to deviate from my course, which lay through the Straits of Magellan and Smythe's Channel to the Pacific. But now things were different: I was my own master, subject only to the Lords of the Admiralty, and I felt justified in going, although the mission was actually a little off my station. But for that matter, it is on no one's station in particular, and is never visited by a man-of-war. Accordingly in February 1888, having embarked Bishop Stirling,

the Ruby left Port Stanley, and the following day anchored off Keppel Island, where a branch of the mission is established. I will explain in a few words the history of the South American Mission.

Some years after Captain Fitzroy's voyage in 1850, Captain Alan Gardiner of the Royal Navy left England with an expedition, the object of which was to ameliorate the condition of the degraded natives of Tierra del Fuego. His idea was a noble one, but the expedition was ill-found and the natives were hostile. Poor Gardiner and his companions were driven from the coast, and perished miserably, from cold and starvation, at a lonely spot called Spaniard Harbour, on the south-east coast of the island of Tierra del Fuego.

Several other expeditions disastrously failed, till Bishop Stirling caused himself to be landed at Ushuwaia, and, undeterred by previous failures, remained alone amongst the natives for a year, gaining their respect and affection. If ever a man deserved the Victoria Cross that man is Bishop Stirling, for he carried his life in his hands, and the chances were against his ever returning to civilisation. I am not an enthusiast for missionary work, but in this case there was no question of the good that might be, and has been, done, and I was proud to have the Bishop as my guest on board the Ruby.

From Keppel Island we shaped our course for Staten Island, and anchored in St John's Harbour, which, by the bye, is not unlike that of the same name in Newfoundland. Staten Island belongs to the Argentine Republic. A lighthouse has been erected on the point near the settlement, and a life-

boat established for the relief of shipwrecked crews. I visited the settlement, which was clean and well-kept: spare bunks have been erected for the convenience of wrecked seamen, and everything provided for their comfort. The lighthouse would have been better placed on the west side of the island, for almost all ships are lost there whilst endeavouring to enter the Straits of Le Maire after coming round Cape Horn. Moreover, the island is so mountainous and inaccessible that it is impossible for a shipwrecked crew to reach the settlement by land, and equally so to travel by the beach; while, owing to the strong tides and heavy sea, a boat would be unable to get there by water. The climate is probably more severe than that of any part of the world, and it is unsuited for permanent occupation. Nevertheless, the aspect of the island is not forbidding. The mountains, rising to a height of 3000 feet, are heavily timbered to about two-thirds from their base, above which rise rugged and fantastic peaks inaccessible to any creature but a goat. Of volcanic formation, the substratum is hard rock covered with peat. In this soil a stunted kind of beech finds sustenance, and the ground is carpeted with wild-flowers and raspberries.

Leaving Staten Island, we ran through the Straits of Le Maire, and the same night anchored in Spaniard Harbour. The next morning the Bishop and I landed to seek for the spot where the remains of Alan Gardiner were said to be. We easily found the place, and the cave where the poor fellows lived and died. On a tree near by was a notice to say that H.M.S. Dido visited the spot in 1851. A cross was painted on a tree to mark the captain's grave, and

we nailed a sheet of copper round the tree to show that the Ruby had been there.

Leaving this place with its melancholy recollections, we steamed along the land to the westward between Picton Island and the mainland. The southern shores of Tierra del Fuego are mountainous and well wooded, with fine open valleys covered with grass suitable for sheep. We saw no signs of habitation till we came to Mr Bridges' place, "Down East," about forty miles east of Ushuwaía. Mr Bridges has built himself a comfortable house, and gone in for farming. In his garden were good crops of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and lettuces, also many kinds of English flowers, and strawberries, gooseberries, and currants. Several cows, sheep, and pigs were pastured near. Here we came across some Fuegian families living in huts made of logs and peat, and some in birch-bark canoes. Each canoe holds a family with their belongings; in the centre of the canoe a turf-fire is constantly kept burning for cooking purposes. The natives seemed a wretched lot, stunted in growth from bad food and exposure, their complexions muddy, hair black, and eyes bleared from constantly sitting over a smoky fire. They suffer much from scrofula and consumption, and no wonder: measles and smallpox also have made fearful havoc amongst them.

Leaving "Down East," where we had been hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Bridges, we reached Ushuwaia and anchored off the mission station the same evening. The settlement stands on a low peninsula with a background of purple hills and a range of snow-clad mountains beyond. Through a gap in the panorama Mount Darwin may be seen

rising to a height of 7000 feet, its summit covered with eternal snow. The line of vegetation reaches about half-way up the mountains, the lower slopes being thickly wooded with antarctic beech. We spent a quiet Sunday at the anchorage to enable the Bishop to inspect the schools, and in the afternoon the Indians of the mission visited the ship, amongst them sixteen orphan girls, under

Ushuwaia, the headquarters of the South American mission.

the care of Mrs Hemmings, the matron. All the English missionaries also came on board, and were delighted to have their good Bishop amongst them once more.

On February 27 we left Ushuwaia on our return journey: it was a lovely warm day, numerous whales disporting themselves round the ship. The view on a calm day, which is rare, is most beautiful, the sun

lighting up the mountains with varied tints and the scene being reflected in the water.

It is difficult to estimate the number of Indians in Tierra del Fuego, as there are several tribes, some savage and hostile, who live in the interior of the island. The "Yahgan," or Canoe Indians, inhabit the coast, living on shellfish, and occasionally a dead whale, when Providence puts one in their way. They would appear to be the most degraded of the human race: they have no idea of a Supreme Being, no alphabet, or means of reckoning beyond the number three, and even when civilised seem wanting in ordinary intelligence. They have no notion of calculating time, of the division of days, weeks, or years, and reckon only by the change of seasons, like birds and beasts. The Indians of the interior are said to be a finer race, and are more warlike and courageous; but their days are numbered, and, like the Patagonians, they will probably have ceased to exist before long, especially as they are systematically destroyed by the Argentines. I heard on undoubted authority that infected clothing from smallpox hospitals had been purposely introduced among them. In concluding this account of the South American mission, I am of opinion that it is deserving of support, especially from a seafaring people like ourselves.

Apart from the religious aspect of the question, these poor folk have learnt to regard the white man as their friend; so much so, that whereas in former times the crews of vessels wrecked upon this stormy coast were killed and eaten, they are now guided to places of safety by the natives. Accustomed to a rigorous climate, they would make capital boatmen,

and would be capable of manning a lifeboat if such were supplied, or a lighthouse if one be ever placed on Cape Horn. Here is an opportunity for wealthy philanthropists. A comparatively small sum would go a long way. Already something has been done in this way, and that by a lady, the late Mrs Langworthy, who generously provided the funds to purchase the mission schooner, Alan Gardiner, on the station. It will be a shame if the noble efforts of Captain Gardiner be allowed to perish for want of support.

The Sunday after leaving Ushuwaia we had our usual service on board, and the Bishop preached the sermon. We were walking the poop together after church, and the men were giving the usual touch up to the guns before piping to dinner, when the Bishop remarked to me upon the apparent inconsistency of the sailor's life. One moment we were singing that beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and at the next we were polishing up the guns ready for a fight! "Well," said I, "the fact is, my lord, I have read somewhere that 'it is the Lord who teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight.'" "Ah," said the Bishop, "it was David who said that!" and I fancied I saw a twinkle in his eye as he called my attention to a distant sail.

On our return to Monte Video we picked up our old berth as close to the shore as the depth of water permitted: in fact, we used to lie on the mud in 16 feet of water, the ship drawing 19. It was amusing to see how strangers anchored four miles from the port, afraid to come closer, and I used to be told that we should come to grief some day in a pampero; but there was no risk, as the

water always rises before a pampero, and in the mean time the ship lay easy at her anchors with no strain on her cables, and the boats had a much better time of it than when anchored so far away.

One day we heard that ex-President Santos, who had been residing in Paris for some years, was returning to Uruguay; and as he had many supporters, a revolution was anticipated. Orders were given that he was not to be allowed to land at Monte Video, and I was asked if I would receive him on board the Ruby, a very large sum being offered me if I would do so. Of course I declined the honour, and on Santos' arrival in the mail-steamer he had to go on to Buenos Ayres.

Whilst waiting for our relief I took a run over to Buenos Ayres, and enjoyed once more a visit to Negretti, Mr Shennan's beautiful estancia, where, in the absence of the owner, his manager, Mr Evans, extended hospitality on a liberal scale. Many naval officers who have visited the Plate will have reason to remember the splendid hospitality and grand sport afforded them by Mr Shennan; and indeed at all the estancias, both native and foreign, in Uruguay and Argentine, naval officers are always heartily welcome, but all are not in the position to entertain in the same manner as the genial and popular owner of Negretti.

The Ruby's cruise is over: for three years and a-half we have traversed the station from one end to the other. Leaving Monte Video for the last time, her head is pointing northwards, and her peaceful but not altogether uninteresting commission is concluded.

No sooner was the Ruby berthed alongside the

jetty at Sheerness, preparatory to paying off, than a policeman came on board, and showing a cheque for £70 signed in my name, asked me if it was mine. I at once pronounced it to be a forgery. He then asked if Mr Leslie, the first lieutenant, was on board, and being introduced to that officer, he told us that a person describing himself as Mr Leslie, formerly of H.M.S. Ruby, had lately come home from South America, and had cleverly swindled an unfortunate schoolmaster at Clifton with the following audacious tale. He said that he had been sent home by Captain Kennedy in charge of Mrs Kennedy and the captain's two sons (who never existed), that Mrs Kennedy died on the passage home (she is alive and well now, I am happy to say), and that she had expressed in her last wish that the two boys should be placed at this school at Clifton. As a guarantee of good faith he produced the bogus cheque, and on the strength of it he borrowed some £15 or £20 from the schoolmaster to enable him to fetch the boys from Portsmouth. Of course he never returned, and the cheque was dishonoured. The rascal then went to a firm at Gosport, and representing that he was the captain of Lord Porchester's yacht, the Aphrodita, ordered a new suit of sails, &c., presenting his lordship's cheque (forged) and borrowing money as before. After several operations of a like nature he was run in and convicted. But to explain how he became familiar with my name, and that of Mr Leslie, I must go back a little.

One day whilst the ship was at Monte Video a gentleman was announced who wished to see me, and was introduced as Mr Walter Ross-Raleigh, "special correspondent of the 'Times.'" He spoke

with an American accent, which was a little suspicious; but as he produced credentials from the Foreign Office on official paper, signed by Lord Salisbury, I was thrown off my guard. He said he was sent out to report upon Uruguay, and asked me to assist him, which I was quite able and willing to do after three years' experience of the country. He thanked me very heartily, and asked me to dine with him and his wife on shore. Having no particular engagement, I accepted, and was introduced to Mrs Ross-Raleigh, a middle-aged, highly respectable-looking old party. We spent a pleasant evening together, and the lady called me to order for some flippant remark I made on the occasion. The next I heard of the gentleman, he turned up at Rosario representing that he was a United States naval officer come out to supersede the captain of one of the American men-of-war on the station. On the strength of this he borrowed 1000 dollars from the United States consul, and having swindled many others in the Plate, he cleared for Rio, and from thence sailed for Hamburg, where he was arrested; but as no one appeared to prosecute, he was released and made his way to England, where, under different aliases, he perpetrated several swindles—those I have narrated amongst them. I heard afterwards that the woman was his accomplice, and not his wife.

The Argentine Republic used to be the favourite rendezvous for scoundrels of every nationality, owing to there being no extradition treaty; but I believe this has since been changed. The notorious forger Goldsmith was doing a roaring business at Buenos Ayres under a feigned name when I was on the station,

and for all I know is doing so still. I fear the morality of some people on that station is at a very low ebb. Whilst at Rio I was interviewed by a coal contractor, who wished to supply the squadron with coals. On taking his leave he had the impudence to say that "of course a set of diamond studs would be at my disposal, and a necklace for my wife," if he got the contract. I told him that of course I should expect it, and I had his name at once removed from the list of tenders.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOADICEA.

THE last act in the drama is when a naval officer, having passed through the several grades of cadet, midshipman, and lieutenant, and having commanded in succession a sloop, a corvette, a frigate, and an iron-clad, finds himself afloat once more with his flag flying as an admiral in command of a station. And so in the year 1892 a turn in the wheel of fortune gave me the command of the East India station, with the old Boadicea for my flagship. I joined her at Aden by mail-steamer, and proceeded in her to Bombay, the headquarters of the station. The Boadicea was a comfortable but obsolete old craft, even in those days; but what of that! The station was far-and-away the best for a rear-admiral, and the best paid one. Moreover, a splendid house at Trincomalee, and a bungalow at Bombay, added much to its attractions.

The Boadicea had been somewhat unlucky. She had a large sick-list and many men in hospital, and soon after I joined the doctor died, and my flag-captain fell a victim to heat apoplexy at Trincomalee. But as soon as I had mastered the details of the station and got things ship-shape, inspected the squadron, and worked up arrears, caused by the

illness of my predecessor, we made tracks for Mauritius, touching at the island of Rodriguez, to give the officers and crew a change after their long spell at Bombay and Ceylon.

I have already remarked, and am still of that opinion, that the best time a naval officer has in the service is as a captain. An admiral is such a howling swell that he must sit still and pull the strings and make others work; but he can't do the work himself without interfering with those who would do it a great deal better. Surrounded by able and most willing officers, his work is made easy, though his responsibility is great. He has to consider the dignity of his position, no matter how little he may care for it. No longer must he spend hours in the jib-net watching the dolphin, harpoon in hand, as his ship springs through the flying foam, as I used to do in the saucy little Reindeer; plunge overboard with a rope for a morning bath in mid-ocean, as in the old Calcutta days; climb to the foretopmast cross-trees to look out for land in a blinding snowstorm off the Horn; jump overboard for the edification and amusement of the ship's company at sea; sling himself over the stern with a bucket of paint and a big brush to paint the cabin windows of his ship; and as for flying along the lower deck in pyjamas, with bare feet, because the ship was on fire, why, it would not be a very dignified proceeding for a British admiral! No; however fit he may feel for one and all of these eccentricities, he must consider his deportment, and walk the poop, spyglass under his arm, the admiration, and sometimes the terror, of his officers and crew. And there is a ridiculous contrast to all this when the same officer,

once more on half-pay, slouches down Piccadilly, jostled by sandwich-men and crossing-sweepers, of no more consequence than a Cabinet Minister out of office or a telegraph clerk. However, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle!"

A week's delightful passage under sail—for the old Boadicea could sail with a fair wind like a junk, though with the wind before the beam she just lay over on her side and declined to move—brought us in sight of Rodriguez, a mere speck on the chart, in lat. 20° S. some 350 miles east of Mauritius. It had always been my wish to visit Rodriguez, having heard of the big stags which were said to be on that island. Nor were we disappointed, for on the first day my flag-lieutenant, Cecil Hickley, and I accounted for five deer, and others were bagged by the sportsmen from the ship.

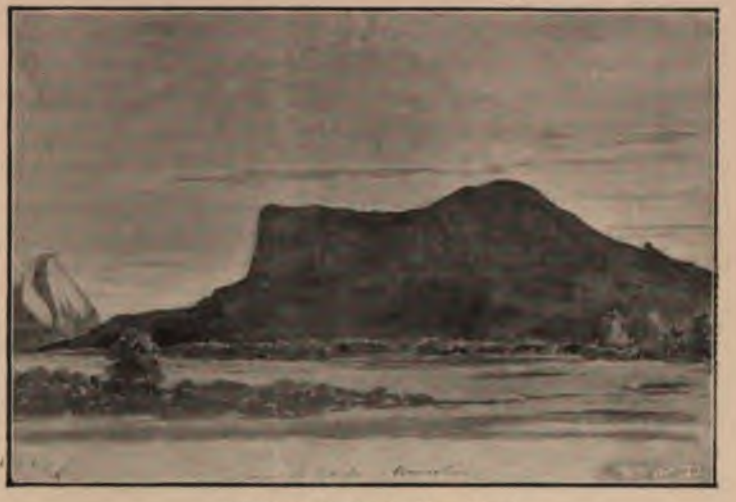
We remained ten days at Rodriguez, a perfect paradise for sportsmen, hunting deer and shooting guinea-fowl and partridges, which were plentiful. The only white people on the island were the magistrate, the doctor, and the priest, and as none of them was on speaking terms with the others, I had to arrange my dinner-parties accordingly. The ladies—there were two of them—were also in a condition of armed neutrality. The population consisted of some 2000 blacks and creoles, who lived by fishing, and did a little poaching on their own account: however, they were very keen to show us sport, and understood the art of driving deer to perfection. The anchorage is a good one, surrounded by coral-reefs, forming a secure harbour inside which the Boadicea and her consorts rode peacefully at anchor.

Leaving Rodriguez, we ran down before the brisk

trade-wind to Mauritius, and moored head-and-stern in Port Louis. More than thirty years had passed since I left these shores, and how changed they now appeared! The old "Peter Botte," upon the summit of which I had planted the union-jack, still reared its head proudly aloft, defiant of the hurricane which had only one month before our arrival devastated the island. Below, all was desolation: churches, sugar-mills, and many public buildings laid low; the native dwellings destroyed, and the lovely gardens at Pamplemousse turned into a jungle. In the harbour many fine ships were on shore and others dismasted. And all this damage was done in three hours, much of it in five minutes! Many people may remember the gale which swept over the British Isles in March 1895, when great havoc was done. Noble trees which had withstood the gales of a century were uprooted or snapped asunder, and yet the force of the wind was but eighty-five miles an hour, whilst at Mauritius the wind was registered at 112 miles an hour, and for the space of five minutes at 123. Before this awful blast nothing could stand, and houses built of wood and stone went down like a pack of cards. The centre of the storm appears to have passed directly over the ill-fated town, and it is possible that its force may have been even greater than that registered at the observatory.

A curious feature of this hurricane seems to have been that its force was greatest near the earth: the higher one went, the less was the destruction. Thus at Curepipe, 1500 feet above the sea, the damage was comparatively slight, and it is probable that on the tops of the mountains the wind was no more than a strong gale. Neither Réunion nor

Rodriguez felt anything of this storm, although situated but 100 and 350 miles respectively from Mauritius. Professor Meldrum of the Royal Observatory, Mauritius, has made this matter his especial study, and his plans showing the path of these cyclones during the last fifty years are of great interest. It seems that they have their rise, roughly speaking, between 10° S. lat. and the equator, and



The Corps de Garde, Mauritius.[1]

between 90° and 100° east long., from whence they travel direct towards Mauritius or Réunion, and passing over these islands, or between them and Madagascar, are deflected suddenly to the south-east, and expend themselves in the South Indian Ocean. Cyclones are most frequent from November to March,

[1] This picture, held sideways, looks like the profile of a human face, and on the right-hand slope is a rock resembling the recumbent figure of a man, said to be Napoleon waiting for the restoration of the island to the French.

and occasionally in April, but are unknown during the rest of the year. They would seem to be begotten in the calm region, between the south-east trade-wind and the north-east monsoon, probably causing a vortex and rotary motion of the air. Professor Meldrum has a theory in which he traces a distinct connection between the periods during which the spots in the sun are most numerous and these cyclones; but whilst admitting the high authority of so learned an expert, I confess I am not scientific enough to understand why the sun's influence should be directed against Mauritius, to the exclusion of other portions of the globe.

The disaster which fell upon this once favoured isle brought forth some of the most heroic qualities of mankind; and the noble exertions of the Governor, Sir Hubert Jerningham, the doctors, the military, and many others, not forgetting the ladies who devoted themselves to the sick, the wounded, and the dying, call forth one's admiration, and will never be forgotten. Nor, on the other hand, will be the cowardly and scandalous behaviour of the black creole population, who refused to exert themselves to rescue the dying or to remove the dead from under the ruins unless well paid beforehand for so doing. In consequence of the earnest appeals of the Governor, money poured into the colony from public and private sources, and in a marvellously short time commercial confidence was restored; the planters became hopeful, and, encouraged by the widespread sympathy manifested from all quarters, especially from the mother country, they faced the disaster cheerfully and bravely. Before our departure the island had regained some of its former prosperity,

but it will be many years before its beauty can be restored.

Those acquainted with Mauritius are apt to associate sport with the *chasses* which are the fashion in the island, whether it be the *chasse au cerf* or *chasse au perdrix*. In either case it is a grand "function." The proprietor, usually a Frenchman, invites a number of his friends to assemble at a given rendezvous about daybreak, most of them having driven fifteen or twenty miles to the meet. If partridge-shooting be the order of the day, the guns are paired off and a pointer allotted to each pair. Shooting begins about seven or eight o'clock, and is over by ten or eleven, when the sportsmen adjourn to a bungalow or shooting-box, where a sumptuous repast awaits them. Having partaken of the hospitality of their host, they break up and return home.

From fifteen to thirty brace of francolins, or black partridges, with a sprinkling of grey ones, is considered a good bag, so the slaughter cannot be considered to be great. Generally the pair who have the best dog make up the bulk of the bag, and as I was the honoured guest on these occasions, the best dog was told off for me. My companion was the owner of the animal, and, with the courtesy of a Frenchman, let me do the shooting. The birds generally get up singly and are easy to shoot, and I gained a reputation, altogether fictitious, for having on one occasion killed nineteen out of twenty shots, and on another twenty-one out of twenty-three. An occasional hare is seen, and in some places quail are numerous. One of the few Englishmen who own shootings in the island is Mr George Robinson, to whom I am indebted for many happy days.

The *chasse au cerf* is arranged on a very grand scale. I have seen as many as one hundred guns assembled, with twice as many beaters, and a multitude of dogs of every sort of breed, and variety of size and colour, but all eager for blood. The guns being posted along the drives, extending often for miles, the beaters commence driving at a given signal: presently deer would appear, and shooting commence along the line. Hinds were not supposed to be shot, but the order was seldom enforced, and at the conclusion of the beat, which generally occupied four or five hours, an adjournment was made for *déjeûner*, when the spoil was laid out. The bag usually consisted of three or four *gros cerf*, as many *trois-cornishons*, or three-year-old stags, and a few pricketts and hinds.

I never cared for this form of sport, and during ten or a dozen *chasses*, mostly got up in my honour, I only fired my rifle once, when I bowled over a small stag. My kind hosts were much disappointed, as I was always posted in a likely place. I told them that, whilst appreciating their kindness and hospitality, I did not care for the *chasses;* but if they would let me stalk in the forest, I would undertake to kill a stag any day. This privilege was granted me on my subsequent visit to Mauritius with very satisfactory results. It must be remembered that the seasons in Mauritius are the reverse of ours and similar to Australian, consequently June, July, and August are the winter months, during which season the climate is cool and pleasant, and one can shoot all day in a tweed suit as in Scotland. In fact, the high lands about Curepipe somewhat resemble that country, and it is always raining there.

It is in this part of the island that the forests extend, and the deer are found there, seldom coming down to the low country, where they would damage the sugar-canes.

Among the many charming old French families in Mauritius I may mention those of Mr Rochecouste and Sir Cilicourt Antelm, who with his brother Leopold and his son are all keen sportsmen. From all these gentlemen I received much kindness and hospitality, and enjoyed splendid sport stalking in the forest. Sir Cilicourt lives in a charming bungalow at Plaine-Sophie: the house is as full as it can hold of trophies which have fallen to his rifle, and though now too old to indulge in his favourite amusement, he delights in giving pleasure to others, especially to keen sportsmen. With my flag-lieutenant I spent many happy days stalking on Plaine-Raoul and Plaine-Sophie, and though I do not propose to record a tenth part of the adventures that befell us there, I may be excused for relating some of them.

The first time I obtained permission was on M. Rochecouste's property at Plaine-Raoul. Leaving Reduit, where I was the guest of the Governor, about midnight, I reached the border of the forest just as dawn was breaking, and found the *piqueurs* (keepers) waiting for me. We had not gone far when we sighted a herd of deer, among which were several good stags. To my astonishment, the two *piqueurs* sat down and began smoking, apparently not thinking much of me. Much disgusted, I went on alone, my coxswain following me at a short distance. The deer soon spotted me and began moving off; so selecting the biggest stag, I fired

at him at 200 yards, upon which they all bolted and disappeared over the sky-line. Feeling sure I had missed, I followed leisurely, and presently came in sight of them again. They were standing about looking uneasy, but the big stag was lying down. They caught sight of me at once and again made off, the stag following. With my glass I could see a dark stain on his flank, and I noticed that he was going heavily, so as soon as they were out of sight I made after them. On gaining the top of a hill I found the deer had gone into a wood, but I came suddenly on the big stag by himself, and rolled him over as he dashed after the others. My coxswain now joined me, and we gralloched the deer, a splendid beast with a grand head measuring 32 inches. We were having a smoke when the two keepers came up and told me in their French patois that the deer had all gone (*fin allez*). "Yes," I said, "all but that one," pointing to the stag, which they had not seen. Their astonishment was amusing. Pierre, the head stalker, was greatly excited: he came up and shook hands with me, saying he had never seen such shooting, concluding I had missed as a matter of course. He said the people who went out with him never fired over 50 yards, and then they always missed, so the poor fellow might well be excused for his behaviour. After this we thoroughly understood each other. I killed another stag that evening and lost a third, which escaped into the bush. Pierre and I killed many good stags together after this. I found him a first-rate stalker, very keen, cool, and with a wonderful eye for deer.

Accompanied by Hickley, we used frequently to

go out to Plaine-Sophie to dine and sleep, starting before daylight for the ground, escorted by Pierre or other attendants. In the rutting season, which begins in August and lasts till the first week in September, we could hear the stags roaring round the bungalow, and we had not to go far before getting a shot. The early morning and evening was the best time, as the deer retreated to the dense forest during the day, where it was impossible to follow them. We generally worked back to the bungalow about ten to breakfast, when our cheery old host, Sir Cilicourt, was on the look out for us, and great was his delight when we brought back the head of a *gros cerf*, and his disappointment if we did not. Hickley had not been so successful as myself, so one day we went out together, and I insisted on his taking my double express rifle, with which he killed a couple of good stags right and left, and afterwards a third. The three heads were photographed in a group.

There was a fine corrie, called a *trou*, lying between two plains, which always held deer, and we never passed it without spying. One day when I was out with young Leopold Antelm, a keen sportsman and a good rifle-shot, we saw some deer lying in this corrie, so we proceeded to stalk them. Leopold insisted on my taking the shot: whilst we were discussing the matter the deer took the alarm and galloped across the valley, making for a pass on the opposite side. Running forward to get a shot, I fired right and left at the best stag. The first ball took him in the ribs and staggered him, the second went through his head and rolled him over, to the delight of my young host and the keepers.

I was much pleased at this shot, from having such a gallery!

Another stalk and I have done. One early morning late in the season I left the bungalow with one of Sir Cilicourt's keepers and a gillie. Following a jungle path, we moved carefully through the forest: there was no wind, and not a sound could be heard but an occasional roar of a stag. A heavy mist rose from the ground, wetting us to the skin; occasionally a ghostly form might be seen moving through the scrub, but whether a stag or hind it was impossible to say in the obscure light. Presently a roar proclaimed a big stag afoot, the challenge being answered by another. Cautiously moving forward in the direction of the sound, we came to a dismal swamp knee-deep in mud and water, in which we could proceed but slowly, pushing our way through the rotten underwood. It was impossible to see many yards ahead, and we frequently paused, waiting for the next roar. It was evident that in this uncanny place we had reached the sanctuary, the battle-ground, of the *gros cerf*.

The trees, though small, were so closely packed we had to push our way through, lifting one leg out of the slough before planting the other. In this manner we forced our way into the heart of the sanctuary. The heat was great; steam was rising from the damp ground; we could not see 10 yards ahead, but ever and again came the roar of a stag close by. We had taken a quarter of an hour to move a hundred yards, when some ghostly forms flitted by only a few yards off: phantom beasts were all about us. We stood still waiting, when the stalker silently pointed to a dark mass not 15

yards off. That it was a stag there could be no doubt by its size, but as to how it was lying it was impossible to say. I therefore fired into the mass. All was still, and the smoke hung like a pall around us. We rushed forward and found nothing!—not a sign of a beast. I was amazed; surely this was no phantom. We looked at each other in blank astonishment. "Vous avez manqué, monsieur!" but it was impossible at that distance. But how to account for it?

We searched around, but the trampled mud and water foiled us. Tracks there were in every direction, but not a sign of a beast. What would Sir Cilicourt say? what must the stalkers think of me —these men who boasted that the Admiral never missed? I never felt so disgusted and ashamed of myself. The rifle seemed all right, the flap-sight had not been lifted in pushing through the bushes. I must have missed. I sat down and smoked in anguish, the only consolation under the circumstances. The stalkers, poor fellows, were dejected; the head one, in his anxiety to help me, pointed to some fresh tracks where the stag must have gone, but it was no comfort to me. We must go home. Meanwhile the other stalker had been looking in quite another direction, and presently called out in an excited tone, "Sang, monsieur, sang!" Never was a word more welcome. I rushed to the spot, and there, sure enough, was blood, and plenty of it, leading away into the dense thicket and bespattering the bushes on both sides, showing that the deer must have got it through the body. Eagerly we followed on the blood-trail, which crossed a ride, into the tangle on the other side.

We had not gone three yards into this when we heard a crash a short distance ahead, and then all was still. I at once stopped the pursuit, knowing that the stag was badly wounded but still able to use his legs, so I sent the head stalker back to the bungalow, some miles off, for the dogs, whilst I and the other man sat down and waited. We were thoroughly wet through, my matches were spoilt, and no whisky was at hand. However, the sun came out warm, and I got a light from the field-glass of my binoculars, to the amazement of my companion. So we smoked our pipes with much satisfaction, though I was disgusted at having made such a bungling shot, and felt very doubtful if we should ever see the stag again, for my experience of woodland deer is that they are seldom bagged if once lost sight of. Whilst waiting the return of the stalker we posted ourselves where four rides met, so that no beast could cross without our seeing it.

After waiting an hour and a half the man arrived with three hounds, also a basket of refreshments sent by Sir Cilicourt. The hounds were at once put on the trail, and in a moment a grand chorus announced that the stag was afoot. Thinking it probable he would break cover in the direction he had taken, I ran down the ride to cut him off, and thus lost my chance of a shot, for he broke back and crossed the ride behind me. Hearing the men shouting, I turned back, and, guided by the baying of the hounds, plunged into the wood and came upon the gallant beast at bay, with the hounds barking round him. A ball in the neck finished him. I found the first shot had taken him too far back, and must have killed him eventually; but without the hounds we

H.M.S. BOADICEA LEAVING MAURITIUS.

should never have recovered him in that dense forest. The usual rites being observed, we were soon *en route* for the bungalow, one of the keepers bearing on his shoulder the finest head of the season, to the delight of our kind old host, who had waited breakfast till my return. So ended the most exciting stalk I ever had in Mauritius.

I subsequently introduced several of these deer, a variety of the sambur, into Madagascar, and also kept some in our grounds at Trincomalee, where they became quite tame and fed out of our hands. I also sent a stag and two hinds to the Zoological Gardens, where they now are.

The races in the Champ-de-Mars are a great feature in Mauritius, and are always well attended, though the sport may not be first class. I was in the Governor's box on one of these occasions when a Roman Catholic priest came in, and we chatted together for some time in French, when the padre, in answer to my offer to have a glass of champagne, replied in excellent English. I remarked, "How well you speak English, Father O'Flinagen!" "Sure, and why the devil shouldn't I?" said he; "don't I come from Tipperary!" And this after I had been bombarding him in bad French for half an hour!

CHAPTER XX.

BOURBON, OR RÉUNION, AND MADAGASCAR.

LEAVING Mauritius, our usual course was to visit Madagascar, the Seychelles, and return thence to India or Ceylon, or take them the reverse way; but the former is perhaps the more convenient, and was so for the Boadicea, as by following that round we were able to make a fair wind of it. At the time of the hurricane, when the Mauritius was in such trouble, the inhabitants of Réunion had been most prompt and generous in offering assistance, which was the more creditable from the fact that Réunion is not a rich island, and the French Government devotes annually large sums for its maintenance. I was therefore desirous of visiting the place, and personally thanking the Governor for his sympathy; so with that object the Boadicea anchored in the roads, and saluted the French flag. But, owing to the vexatious quarantine laws obtaining at Mauritius, which are equally stringent at Réunion, I was unable to land, and after an exchange of complimentary letters we took our departure.

Réunion, or Bourbon, is, like Mauritius, of volcanic formation, one mountain, the Grande Brule, being an active volcano. Lying in the track of hurricanes,

it is also liable to these visitations, which cause great damage to the crops. Heavy rollers, locally called "ras-de-maree," occasionally appear on the coast without previous warning, doing great damage to the harbour works and stopping all communication with the shore. At such times all ships had better put to sea. The island possesses no natural harbour, the anchorage off St Denis being merely an open roadstead; but a wet dock has been constructed to the westward of Point de Galets, capable of accommodating ships 300 feet long. The dock is 40 acres in extent, with a depth of 26 feet inside and 29 feet at the entrance. From seaward Réunion presents a magnificent appearance, the mountains, which are often enveloped in clouds, rising to the height of 10,000 feet above the sea, the Piton-de-niège being capped with snow in the winter months.

From Réunion we stood across to Tamatave, the principal sea-port of Madagascar. Tamatave, although of commercial importance, has little to recommend it. The harbour is a poor one, and the town a dirty, tumble-down place. I paid an official visit to the Hova Governor, and exchanged visits with the French commodore, Captaine de Vaisseaux Richard, a charming man, as most French naval officers are.

From Tamatave we proceeded to Diego Suarez, where the French had established themselves for some years preparatory to the conquest of the island, which at that time (1892) was under French protection. Diego Suarez is the finest harbour on the whole coast of Madagascar, and equal to Brest in strategic importance: it is easily defended, and might be made impregnable from an attack by sea. The entrance is bold and deep; on the heights above

heavy guns have been mounted, and torpedoes could be placed in the narrows. The harbour is spacious enough to shelter the navies of the world. The climate is delightful. Through the winter a strong trade-wind blows regularly during the day, and the nights are cool. This part of the island is well suited for raising stock, and large herds of cattle roam over the pastures. The surrounding country is well timbered and watered, and is well adapted for big game, but no large game is indigenous to Madagascar. In the woods are some semi-wild cattle, pigs, a kind of lynx, and many kinds of lemurs, but no lions, antelopes, or other animals such as abound on the adjacent mainland of Africa.

I should be curious to know if any of the deer introduced into Madagascar lived. My friend, Mr George Robinson of Mauritius, kindly gave me a stag and a few hinds for that purpose. On our second visit to Diego there were twelve of them, including a couple of stags. They were in an enclosure, and were well fed, and the Governor was very proud of them; but one stag escaped. On our last visit the fence had blown down and they were all free. If unmolested they would form the nucleus of a fine herd, and ought certainly to thrive and multiply as they have done in Mauritius and Rodriguez, but I fear the French soldiers will have turned them into venison long ere this.

Guinea-fowl are plentiful in the neighbourhood of Diego, also quails, and our sportsmen seldom returned empty-handed. During our annual visit to this place we made expeditions inland, on either foot or mule-back. In the forests we met with specimens of the celebrated traveller's tree containing water, also india-

rubber trees, wild cotton, &c. There is a poisonous tree of the acacia species which it is as well to avoid. I managed to get stung by this tree, and it put me in a fever for an hour or so: the irritation, spreading up the arms, made me feel sick; bathing in the river only made it worse. It is probably allied to the manchineel-tree of the West Indies, which is poisonous to man or beast. I once saw a poor donkey which had been nearly skinned by standing under one of these trees in the rain.

A line drawn on the chart from the north end of Madagascar to the Seychelles will pass close to a speck called St Juan de Nova, or Farquhar Island. Like other islands of coral formation, Farquhar lies low, and is not visible from a ship's deck till the breakers surrounding it are seen; consequently vessels give it a wide berth, especially as the tides run very strong in the neighbourhood, and set dead on to the reefs. On the lee or north-west side an opening in the barrier reef forms an excellent harbour. I visited the place three years running: on the first occasion we found the people in want of the necessaries of life, so we supplied their immediate needs, promising to return again. The island, a dependency of Mauritius, is leased to a company for the manufacture of cocoanut oil: a considerable trade is also done with turtle, which visit it for breeding purposes, but at the time of our visit no ship had called for eighteen months. Maize has been cultivated with great success. Millions of sea-birds breed in the scrub, and land-crabs of gigantic size and repulsive appearance abound. Mr Spurs, the manager, introduced a few guinea-fowl some years ago, and they have increased so rapidly that he estimated there are several thousand

on the island, and they destroyed the maize; so we organised a *chasse* with such success that we bagged over two hundred of these wily birds in two days. If we had had good dogs we might have bagged many more, as we lost quite 30 per cent in the bush. Partridges would do well there also, and I sent a cage of them from India; but Spurs would have none of them, and sent them back, so I landed the survivors on the island of Félicité, one of the Seychelles group, also six couple of guinea-fowl and some rabbits, and I was pleased to hear from Mr Baty, the proprietor, that they were doing well by last accounts.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEYCHELLES.

A RUN of 400 miles with a "soldier's wind" will carry a ship from Farquhar Island to this lovely group, where H.M. ships frequently resort to give leave to their crews—for here the bluejacket is in his glory, and even for officers the attractions are not to be despised, social entertainments of all kinds, such as dances and picnics, being the order; also boat-sailing, fishing, and seining parties. Possessing in Mahé one of the finest harbours, a ship lies secure moored inside the reef: hurricanes, though not unknown, are exceedingly rare, and the climate is salubrious.

The Seychelles are remarkable for being the home of the cocoa-de-mer or double cocoa-nut, which flourishes on several islands of the group, notably on Praslin. This handsome tree has been successfully introduced into other islands of the archipelago, but the endeavour to introduce it elsewhere has not generally been successful. I believe they have a specimen at Kew Gardens. I sent some germinating nuts to the Government Gardens at Calcutta, and to the Peradinya Gardens at Ceylon; but as the tree takes fifty years to bear, I am not likely to hear the

result. I also planted two nuts in Admiralty Ground at Trincomalee, but they died through want of knowledge in planting them. It is only necessary to dig a hole sufficient to cover one-third of the nut, leaving the remainder exposed.

The principal industry at Seychelles is the culti-

View from Mr Baty's garden, Mahé, Seychelles.

vation of vanilla and cocoa-nuts. The inhabitants are mostly French creoles with a mixture of African negroes, and the language a patois of bad French and broken English. Nevertheless, from its other attractions — a fine climate and lovely scenery — it would be difficult to find a more peaceful and charming winter resort, especially for an invalid. Situated

as they are in the direct route between Aden and Mauritius—1200 miles distant from the former and 800 from the latter, and 600 from the nearest point of Madagascar—it would be difficult to overrate the strategic importance of these islands in time of war; but while Mauritius and most of our colonies are more or less defended, and able to protect themselves against an attack of hostile cruisers, the port of Mahé is entirely unprotected, and there is nothing to prevent an enemy from taking possession of the place in the absence of our ships, or helping themselves to as much coal as they required, and destroying the rest. And yet the Seychelles occupy the same relative position in the Indian Ocean as does Bermuda in the Atlantic.

Mahé is now connected by cable with Zanzibar and Mauritius, and several lines of steamers touch regularly there, going to and from these ports. The Messageries Maritimes vessels used to call there on their way to Australia, and again on their return voyage, but have since diverted their route and go *viâ* Colombo, so as to compete with the P. and O. and Orient lines.

On arriving at Mahé direct from Bombay, on our last visit, we heard that two English ladies had been left on one of the outlying islands, and had been there for some days. It seems that they were homeward bound from Australia in one of the French steamers, and whilst the ship was coaling they landed on the small island for a picnic, intending to return in time; but unfortunately they delayed too long, and on their way back to the ship their canoe stranded on a coral reef: the tide was falling, and there they had to remain all night.

Meanwhile the ship sailed without them, carrying away all their baggage and leaving them only the clothes they stood up in. As soon as I heard of their condition I made all haste to the island with my flag-lieutenant. The poor things came down to the beach to receive us with bare feet, their only pairs of stockings being hung up to dry. We made arrangements to transport them to the Boadicea, and in the mean time took their measure for a new suit of clothes, which we had made on board. I gave up my cabins for them, and took up my quarters on shore, coming off to spend the day with them and have our meals together. Picnics and fishing parties were arranged every day for them, and in the evening the decks were cleared for dancing, so altogether they had a very merry time. From the ship's-stores we were able to supply them with almost all the things necessary to replenish their kit, and we were not a little proud of our fair shipmates, who looked remarkably well in their neat navy serge dresses, blue jean collars and white trimmings, straw hats with Boadicea ribbons, and knife-lanyards, all complete. And I take some credit also, as I took their measurements, and Hickley noted them down in his pocket-book. The ladies remained with us for three weeks, till the next French steamer arrived. Our last dinner on board was a very sad one, but time was up; the galley, manned by officers, pulled them on board, with the Admiral steering, and as she left the Boadicea the strain of "Home, sweet Home," floated

Measuring the ladies for dresses.

MRS PEN-CURZON AND MISS MORDAUNT IN NAUTICAL COSTUME.

Rated A.B. on board H.M.S. Boadicea.

over the calm waters. We commended them to the care of the polite French captain, and parted with mutual feelings of regret. I have the ladies' permission to reproduce their photographs in sailor's dress.

On the island of Aldabrá, situated off the north-west coast of Madagascar, the giant land-tortoise (*Tortuga elephanta*) still flourishes, and is protected by law. Several specimens have been imported to Mahé, where they live to a great age. Through the kindness of Mr Baty I obtained some of these interesting creatures, and I sent a pair to the Zoological Gardens and another pair to Lord Lilford. One of the latter weighed 350 lb. on its arrival at Lilford. I estimated its age at about 150 years. There was one living at Mauritius in 1894 whose age must have been close on 200 years, as it was an old tortoise at the time of the English occupation, 100 years ago. We kept a pair of these creatures in our garden at Trincomalee, where they were perfectly at home, feeding on fruit and vegetables of all sorts—bananas and pumpkins for choice. They require but little water so long as they get juicy food. There are only two places in the world where they are indigenous—Aldabrá and the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific; but I doubt if there are any left at the latter place—we certainly saw none when we were there in 1872. Dr Gunther, in his interesting book on 'Gigantic Land-Tortoises,' describes the difference between the two species, which the illustrations clearly show.

Since writing this I have refreshed my memory with Dr Gunther's account, and find I am mistaken in claiming Aldabrá and the Galapagos as the only places where these giant tortoises were indigenous, as they appear to have been very numerous on

Mauritius, Réunion, and Rodriguez when those islands were first discovered, and shiploads were carried off by sailors for food, each tortoise yielding from 80 to 300 lb. of excellent meat. These creatures must have lived for ages in perfect security from all enemies prior to the earth being inhabited by human beings. It seems also that so late as the year 1875, three years subsequent to my visit to the Galapagos, they were still abundant in Albemarle Island, one of the group, though extinct in Charles Island.

Remains of the dodo have been found in Mauritius and at Rodriguez. A complete skeleton of the bird was found in a cavern in the latter island, also a stone, found near the bones, which the dodo always carried in its stomach, probably for the purpose of digestion. I sent some of these bones and a stone to Mr Phipson, the Curator of the Natural History Museum at Bombay, believing them to belong to the dodo; but I am bound to say that Admiral Sir William Wharton, the Hydrographer of the Navy, who surveyed Rodriguez, assures me that the dodo did not exist on that island, and that the bones belonged to a bird called the solitaire, a large kind of pigeon. I had always been under the impression that the dodo had existed on Rodriguez, as it undoubtedly did on Mauritius.

Before taking leave of these delightful islands I must relate one or two adventures which befell us there. I had embarked the Governor of Mauritius, Sir Hubert Jerningham, and took him to Rodriguez, as he was desirous of visiting the place. We arranged a deer-drive for his Excellency, and the guns were posted along both sides of a ravine in which deer

were always to be found. The head stalker, a creole named Numa, accompanied me as usual. Soon after the drive commenced, a herd of deer, with one big stag, appeared, making across the open, so I fired to turn them, whereupon they all crossed the burn in front of me. I made so sure of the stag that I had not even loaded my second barrel, and I missed him clean, the shot going over his back, to Numa's great disgust. "Oh, mon Amiral!" said he, "jamais je ne vous ai vu manquer comme ça!" The stag bolted out of my sight up the opposite bank, and was missed by every one of the party till the last, a young middy named Corbett, who rolled him over with a ball from his smooth-bore. I was much pleased at this, and told Numa that it gave me far more pleasure than if I had killed the stag myself, especially as it was the boy's first stag. Still the audacity of "wiping the Admiral's eye" was a crime not to be looked over, though not mentioned in the Articles of War. So Corbett was placed under arrest, with a view to being tried by court-martial; but the following morning it was reported to me that the prisoner had escaped, and when last seen was far up the mountain looking for deer, and, it was said, with the Admiral's pet rifle in his hand!

On our last visit to this sporting paradise I embarked my friend Tom Farr, who hunted the stag-hounds in Ceylon, with several couple of his best hounds, intending to have a grand *chasse;* but it proved a failure, for, owing to the rocky nature of the ground, the hounds, accustomed to the soft moist soil of Ceylon, got footsore, and were lost in the woods; and though Tom worked like a Trojan, and hunted his hounds in most sportsmanlike style, not a

deer did we get in that way, though we killed some fine beasts, stalking and driving. Altogether, during four visits to the islands, we killed some eighty deer, mostly stags, and left a good breeding stock for our successors. So ended our sport on Rodriguez, a place I shall ever remember as one of the few spots on the globe where one can still enjoy sport without interference or expense.

The Sultan of Perak was a prisoner at Seychelles whilst we were there, on account of the murder of an English political agent in his dominions, in which affair he was said to be implicated. Being desirous of starting a navy on his return to power, he asked me to assist him, and as an inducement he offered me one hundred wives and twenty for my flag-lieutenant! I was obliged to decline this handsome offer, but I suggested that the numbers should be reversed, and that Hickley ought to have the hundred.

ADMIRALTY HOUSE, TRINCOMALEE.

CHAPTER XXII.

CEYLON.

For those who do not mind tropical heat Trincomalee is a pleasant resort, and certainly Admiralty House is the place to enjoy it. Designed originally by a ship's carpenter, it is built so as to catch the sea-breeze, which sweeps through the spacious rooms with the force of half a gale. A broad flight of steps leads up to the dining- and drawing-rooms, and the bedrooms are on each side. On the ground-floor are offices and servants' apartments, and over all a flat roof from which a fine view of the harbour is obtained, and a cool retreat to smoke the post-prandial cigar before turning in. The heat is certainly trying during the day, the thermometer ranging between 90° and 100° in the shade, but is tempered by the sea-breeze in the day and the land-wind at night, otherwise it would be unbearable.

There is abundance of sport of all kinds, from an elephant to a snipe, and heavy bags of the latter were made in the marshes at Tamleglan. Personally I never cared to shoot an elephant, especially in Ceylon, where they, as a rule, have no tusks. I failed to see the sport in slaughtering a noble beast, and to have nothing to show for it but his tail,

leaving the carcass to rot upon the ground, defiling the air for miles around. A rogue elephant is an awkward customer, and should be killed when possible. To my fancy the best sport with the rifle is "still-hunting" in the woods after spotted deer, which abound all over the low country. Some of the planters keep hounds and hunt the sambur stag on the high lands about Horton Plains: it is a very fine sport, but one has to be young and active to enjoy it, as the hunting is done entirely on foot; no weapon is permitted but the hunting-knife. The deer generally takes to the water and is there killed. The cheetal, or spotted deer, are easily tamed if caught young, but the stag is apt to get savage and dangerous. We had several in a paddock at Trincomalee, and one stag became so vicious that I had his horns cut off: this tamed him for a while, but next year he developed a fine pair, with which he gored two of my native servants, so I shot him.

One hears a good deal about snakes in Ceylon, but in three years I only remember to have seen two venomous ones—a big cobra and a tick-palonga. Rat-snakes are common in the marshes, and are ugly-looking customers, but are harmless.

Mr Fowler, the Government agent at Nuwara-Eliya (pronounced Newralia), has introduced trout in a stream, at Horton Plains, where they grow to a great size but do not seem to breed. Fish of 5 lb. and 6 lb. weight have been killed with the fly.

The golf-links at Nuwara-Eliya are second to none in any part of the world: there is also a nice club and a good hotel; and being situated at an altitude

of over 6000 feet, the climate is delightful and the scenery beautiful—altogether a charming place.

From the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, and Lady Havelock we received much kindness and hospitality, both at their lovely cottage in the hills and also at Government House, Colombo; and the planters are a splendid lot of fellows, most hospitable, and sportsmen to a man. It is not surprising, therefore, that we have a very pleasant recollection of that beautiful island and its kind-hearted inhabitants.

When the dock now in course of construction is completed, Colombo will become one of the best harbours in the world, as it is now one of the most secure, due to the magnificent breakwater; but even to that some merchant captains take exception, saying it is too narrow between the piers, and the turn too sharp for long ships, as it probably is.

There is a curious custom prevailing at Trincomalee, which also obtains at other places in the East—the habit of sending petitions. Whenever a native has a grievance, real or imaginary, he employs a professional letter-writer, who forthwith proceeds to relate the grievance in highflown and preposterous expressions, often of a most amusing character. I used to receive two or three a-week of these productions, generally in the same handwriting, and I append a specimen herewith. I feel sure these writers must keep a stock of ready-made letters to suit all cases, and I daresay some who read this may say that they have seen it, or one like it, before, which is not unlikely, as I had this typed more than five years ago, and sent a copy to the Admiralty and to a few friends at home.

NATIVE PETITION.

Respectfully sheweth,—

That your honour's servant is poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on season for staff of life therefore he prays that you will favour upon him and take him into your saintly service that he may have some permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family: wherefore he falls on his family's bended knees and implores to you of this merciful consideration to a damnable miserable like your honour's unfortunate petitioner—that your Lordship's honours servant was too much poorly during the last rains and was resuscitated by much medicines which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant, whose means are circumcised by his large family consisting of 5 female women and 3 masculine, the last of which are still taking milk from Mother's chest, and are damnable noiseful through pulmonary catistrophe in their interior abdomen. Besides the above-named an additional birth is through the grace of God very shortly occurring to my beloved wife of bosom who has got baby in womb.

That your honour's damnable servant was officiating in several capacities in past generations, but has become too much old for espousing hard labour in this time of his bodily life, but was not drunkard nor thief nor swindler, nor any of this kind, but was always pious and affectionate to his numerous family consisting of the aforesaid 5 female women and 3 males, the last of whom are still milking the parental mother. That your generous honour's Lordship's servant was entreating Magistrate for employment in Municipality to remove filth &c. but was not granted petition. Therefore your generous lordship will give to me some easy work in the department or something of this sort. For which act of kindness your noble lordship's poor servant, will as in duty bound pray for your longevity and procreativeness. I have the honour &c.

From Trinco we used generally to go to Calcutta and Rangoon, timing our visit so as to spend Christmas in the Hooghly, the cool season at Calcutta. The station is so large, extending from the Red Sea to Burma, and from the head of the Persian Gulf to the southward of Madagascar, it takes the Admiral all his time to complete the round in twelve months, so we were only able to visit each place three times during the three years allotted to the command of the station.

At Bombay one's time is fully occupied with inspections, and the Indian marine, though under the immediate direction of the officer especially appointed, is also closely associated with the navy. This service, second only to the Royal Navy, attained a high state of efficiency under the able superintendence of Captain (now Admiral) Sir John Hext, and is not likely to deteriorate under the present director, Captain Goodridge, R.N. The climate of Bombay can hardly be said to be an agreeable one, being hot, moist, and clammy; but there is a very nice society there, principally military and mercantile, and three excellent clubs, the yacht club being the great attraction of an evening when the band plays on the lawn.

At Calcutta, where the Boadicea and her consorts moored alongside the Bund, our time was fully occupied with social and official functions, and enjoying the hospitality for which the capital is so famous. At Government House the popular Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne lavished hospitality on a princely scale, and not only to officials of exalted rank but to the humbler classes, as I will presently show. In the beautiful park at Barrackpore there are several

ornamental ponds or tanks in which fish of fabulous size were said to exist, so I asked and obtained permission of his Excellency to bring a party of blue-jackets and haul the seine. On the day appointed I proceeded to the place with fifty men from the squadron and several officers, intending to make a picnic of it. What was our surprise to find a most sumptuous repast prepared for us under the shade of a banyan-tree, and another, even a more substantial one, for the men near by. This included roast-beef, plum-pudding, turkeys, hams, beer *ad lib.*, and cigars, and even finger-glasses and napkins, to which poor Jack was unaccustomed. Behind every two or three guests stood a gorgeous native servant in the vice-regal livery. The gallant tars did ample justice to the Viceroy's kind hospitality, though a bit shy of the napkins, finger-glasses, and splendid plate; and I overheard one say to the other, "I suppose, Bill, this is what they call a 'dejeunez on the foresheet'"! (*à la fourchette*).

His Excellency's health having been drunk with great enthusiasm, we proceeded to business. We had brought with us three seines in case one was not sufficient. The Boadicea's, being the largest, was stretched across the lower end of one of the ponds and hauled from end to end; but, to our astonishment and disgust, not a fish was seen. We then spliced a second net to the bottom of the first, and weighted it with shot, &c., and backed it up with the third, and then proceeded as before. We had not got far when an enormous fish, fully 50 lb. in weight, jumped the net and escaped, followed by others. The excitement now became great; half the men were in the water holding up the seine, beating the

HAULING THE SEINE AT BARRACKPORE.

water, and yelling at the top of their voices to frighten the fish. My coxswain, Glover, was standing up in a small dingey superintending operations, and shouting out orders to the people on the bank, mostly contradicting each other, as he had partaken freely of the banquet. The net was being slowly drawn to land, and it was evident that some large fish were enclosed; the uproar was terrific. Suddenly a huge fish made a desperate leap, cleared the net, and hitting Glover in the stomach, knocked him overboard, capsizing the dingey, which turned over on the top of him. He presently reappeared covered with slime and his mouth full of mud, which, however, did not prevent him using terrible language. Eventually the seine, containing the boat, the coxswain, some cartloads of mud, and several enormous fish, was dragged ashore. These fish, called carnation carp, live to a great age, and attain as much as 70 and 80 lb. Amongst our capture were two of 50 lb. each and several smaller; also fresh-water crayfish, and other varieties of every shape and colour. The carp had skins as tough as leather and scales as big as a rupee; they are said to be coarse eating, but the blue-jackets relished them. We had another haul in the Government grounds at Calcutta, and captured some more of these sacred monsters; but I fear we did damage to the beautiful water-lilies (*Victoria regia*), though we did our best to avoid them.

During our stay at Calcutta, I made an expedition with the ladies to Darjeeling, and we were fortunate enough to have a splendid view of the Himalayas on the second morning, a treat denied to many who go there with that object. I do not consider that photographs do justice to this magnificent panorama. I

may be wrong, but it always appears to me that photography exaggerates the foreground and minimises the distant objects, and the photographs that I have seen give no idea of the height of the Himalayas as seen from Darjeeling.

From Calcutta we went to the Andaman Islands, the convict settlement of India, where it will be remembered Lord Mayo was assassinated, and the life of the last Governor, Colonel Horsford, was attempted. Many of the convicts are dangerous characters, and being reckless and weary of life, are ready to go for any "Burra-Sahib" that may visit the place, so it is not safe to roam about the island without a guard, especially after dark. One day we rode to a native village to witness a *corroboree*, which was got up for our benefit, when the usual barbaric antics were gone through to the accompaniment of tom-toms. Men and women in nature's garb danced round, singing a monotonous chant and clapping their hands in time. Some of the girls were decidedly pretty, though black as a coal. The belles wore a girdle of leaves, forming a kind of bustle—it could hardly be called a "dress-improver"—which hung down behind and fastened round the waist. At the Governor's garden-party the men gave an exhibition of their skill with bow and arrow, shooting at dummies. On this occasion the black ladies were provided with sacks, with holes for their legs, giving them a very comical appearance. During our stay the cricketers of the squadron played against a local team, during which the Governor's band, composed of murderers, played appropriate selections of music, such as "I stood on the bridge at midnight;" "Meet me by moonlight alone;" "Will he come?" "I wait for thee;" "It may be *four* years, but it can't be

THE HIMALAYAS FROM DARJEELING.

for ever;" "Oh Willie, we have missed you!" &c., and winding up with "Home, sweet Home"!

I have reason to remember our visit to the Andamans, for I lost the top of my thumb there, bitten off by a parrot-fish. The brute came to the surface after some torpedo experiments, shamming death; I incautiously put my thumb in his mouth, when the creature's jaws shut with a horrid snap, taking off the flesh of my thumb to the bone. Our surgeon dressed the wound, which healed up without any worse consequences than a callousness of the extremity owing to the nerves being lacerated. My coxswain picked up the portion of the thumb, and following me down into the cabin, asked what he should do with it. I told him to give it to a panther cub we had on board, the beast having already shown a partiality for human flesh.

The origin of the natives of the Andamans is obscure: it is believed that they came originally from the Malay Peninsula. They are small in stature, very dark in colour, and are, as a rule, quiet and inoffensive, though some tribes in the interior are not to be trusted. The race is dying out, as usually happens, before the march of civilisation and its attendant evils. The Nicobar Islands, to the south of the Andaman group, are inhabited by a set of treacherous savages addicted to cannibalism.

Leaving Port Blair, we stood across to the mainland and anchored off Rangoon, where we spent a most enjoyable time, visiting Mandalay and other places; but having to return to India, we were too hurried to properly appreciate that interesting and beautiful country, and it was with regret that we took our departure and sailed for Madras.

The Bay of Bengal is during the prevalence of the

north-east monsoon as calm as a lake, and after a few days' pleasant sailing we moored inside the breakwater at Madras, with stern cables to the shore. During our stay here we were most hospitably entertained by Lord Wenlock, the Governor, at Gindy, his country residence, some seven miles out from the city. We were here introduced for the first time to that graceful Indian antelope the black buck. A herd of these animals was kept in the park at Gindy, where they had run wild and had increased so much it became necessary to thin them; so we had permission to shoot six, which his lordship kindly distributed to the sailors of the squadron. The club-house is probably the finest in India, and we were invited to a magnificent ball there during our stay.

Whilst at Calcutta I heard of a place near Colimere Point, on the south coast of India, where black buck were to be found, but it was said to be a difficult place to get at and the landing dangerous. Being desirous of visiting this place, I left the Boadicea to go on to Trincomalee, and proceeded in a smaller vessel to Negapatam, where we engaged a pilot and a local craft with a native crew familiar with the coast. Having anchored off the place, we transferred ourselves and our belongings to the surf-boat and stood in for the shore. By this time it was quite dark, and the prospect was not encouraging. Heavy rollers were breaking all round us and threatening to come aboard. Presently the rotten old craft bumped on the bar, and things looked bad; but the boatmen jumped overboard and pushed her over the bar into deep water, and soon afterwards ran her on the beach. Having landed, we made our way across

a marsh to a deserted bungalow, where we made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, sleeping in some straw we found there, and serenaded by jackals through the night. Next morning, after an early breakfast, we shouldered our rifles and spread out over the plain, which was sparsely covered with low scrub, backed on the land side with jungle and forest trees. We had not gone far when herds of black buck could be seen galloping across the open, and firing became general along the line. The antelope allowed us to approach to about 200 yards, when they moved off in graceful bounds. As most of the shots were at 150 to 200 yards, a good many were missed; but we managed to bag twelve fine bucks, three of which fell to my rifle, before we returned to the bungalow. We also saw a few partridges, hares, foxes, and jackals. The latter made night hideous with their melancholy howls, and they stole some of the meat. The next morning we reembarked and returned to Trincomalee.

A year later I again visited this place, when we had the same experience landing in the surf; but this time it was daylight, and we found a safe nachorage to leeward of the point. We had some very pretty stalking and bagged twenty-five antelopes, which were divided between some villagers and the ship's company. After my return from this expedition I received a letter from the district collector informing me that I had been poaching on a rajah's preserve, and was therefore liable to a fine of 500 rupees and six months' imprisonment!

I regret that the exigencies of the service prevented me from again paying a visit to this interesting and most sporting place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.

It has been said that sailors go round the world without seeing it. This is so far true that we sailors seldom have the opportunity of visiting the interior of countries where we may be stationed, and even then we have little chance of sport except through the kindness of influential friends who are able and willing to make the necessary arrangements. It can therefore be imagined with what delight I accepted the invitation of my kind friend Colonel H. Vincent, then resident at Rampur, to join in a tiger-hunt. The month of April is perhaps the best for big-game shooting in India, although it is the hottest time of year. At this season the dry grass has been burnt, and the chance of meeting with tigers is the best. In April 1893 I had my first experience of this fascinating sport, so often described by abler pens than mine—men who can count their tigers by the score, and who have been familiar with Indian shikar from their boyhood, while I am but a novice at the trade. I trust, however, that I shall not be thought presumptuous in relating my experience in the jungle, small though it be, and contemptible compared with that of many

good sportsmen with far more knowledge of the subject. Behold, then, my trusty flag-lieutenant and self, my coxswain thirsting for blood, and two native servants, comfortably established in a saloon carriage *en route* for Rampur, N.W.P. The heat in India at this season is terrific and the dust awful, notwithstanding the precaution of wet "tatties" and other luxuries, so well managed in Indian railways. For two days and two nights we traversed the plains, stopping for meals at stated times. The scenery *en route* is monotonous and depressing, and the eye wearies of the everlasting dried-up plain, with a few trees interspersed; half-starved natives tilling the soil, and emaciated cattle endeavouring to eke out a living from the scant and withered herbage along the route. But all things have an end, and on the morning of the third day we were welcomed on the platform of the Rampur station by our genial host. We remained at his comfortable bungalow that day, sending on our servants and baggage the same evening, and the following morning we started in a carriage and pair on a long drive of fifty miles to the first camp. With several relays of horses we reached the rendezvous about noon, and here a most welcome and picturesque sight awaited us. Our tents were pitched under the shade of widespreading trees; some twenty elephants were tethered hard by, swinging their trunks to and fro, whilst their mahouts were busy feeding and watering them; a number of camels, bullocks, carts, and camp-followers were scattered about eating or cooking food, and otherwise employed. Each sportsman had a tent to himself, with bathroom attached, and large mess-tent, where we all assembled to partake of sumptuous

fare. Never had I seen such luxury, my recollection of camp life taking me back to the barrens of Newfoundland, where we had to be content with one tent, or tilt, and the plainest fare, washed down with water, and perhaps "a wee drop of the craythur." Here we revelled in iced whisky-pegs and soda-water *ad lib.*, and the best of cooking.

We found, to our disgust, that a party of Tommy Atkins from Calcutta were camped on the ground, and had been shooting deer in the neighbourhood for some weeks, disturbing the game for miles round, so it was necessary for us to move on. We had a small shoot that afternoon, and bagged a few para, or hog-deer, and a couple of pig, but every other class of game had been shot or driven off into other jungles; so next morning we struck our camp, the baggage was packed on camels and sent on ahead to the next camp, and we started off on elephants after breakfast to shoot our way to the rendezvous. This being my first experience on an elephant proved how very difficult it is for a beginner to shoot off the back of one of these animals in motion, especially with a rifle. Another thing which impressed me greatly was the extraordinary sagacity of the beast. I should not have mentioned this, supposing it to be well known, had it not been that I have heard that a high official, and an authority on Indian elephants, has stated in a book on sport in India that the elephant is a stupid beast. Such was not my experience. After ten days on the back of one, I came to the conclusion that he was very much the reverse, and that he is superior in intelligence to most of the higher class of animals, and often to the man who is mounted on his neck. In fact, I

was much disgusted to see the mahouts digging their pointed iron spikes into the poor beasts' heads until the blood and matter spouted out. I was told it was necessary to keep the animals in subjection; but I do not believe in the necessity for such brutality, and expressed myself strongly to that effect, the result being that my mahout, at all events, abstained from using his spike whilst I was there. Whilst travelling through the forest this man kept up a running conversation with the elephant, all of which the huge beast seemed to understand. Sometimes it was to step over a fallen tree, or to knock down a smaller one standing in the way. If anything fell off the howdah, the intelligent creature carefully picked it up and handed it to his master. Each elephant plucked a branch of green leaves to fan himself and brush off the flies, which torment them greatly. I cannot see where the stupidity comes in; it certainly is not with the elephant. Savage, I have no doubt, they occasionally are, especially when badly treated, and at certain times: so also are horses, bulls, and deer.

We reached our second camp before sundown, having met with various kinds of game on the way, such as deer, peafowl, jungle-fowl, and partridges, also many pig; but it seemed a pity to shoot the last, as the natives would not touch them, so they were left to the jackals. To record in detail each day's work would be monotonous. We usually mounted our elephants after breakfast, and were under way by nine o'clock, when the sun was at its hottest, but never oppressive, and we did not mind it. I think the elephants felt it more than we, especially when long without water; whilst we

had ice always handy, and plenty of baccy. The day's programme was as follows. On arriving at a likely-looking bit of jungle the elephants were formed in line abreast, with a pad elephant between the guns; so in this way we covered a lot of ground. Each sportsman stood in front of his howdah, gun or rifle in hand, and a spare one handy. The orders were to fire at nothing but tiger; and it was tempting to see sambur, spotted deer, para, pig, and peacock offering splendid chances, and not to shoot. After luncheon general shooting was permitted, and a regular popping along the line ensued, as game of all kinds jumped out of the long grass; but, notwithstanding a considerable expenditure of powder, the bag was generally a light one. I do not know a more difficult object than a para (hog-deer) rushing through the long grass, if one is mounted on an elephant and armed only with a rifle. At one place we managed to make an example of them, and bagged over a dozen in a corner. A few sambur, pig, and spotted deer also fell to the rifles, and peafowl, jungle-fowl, and partridges to the guns. Every night a bullock was tied up, and a report made in the morning as to whether it had been killed during the night; but it was not till we had been out four or five days that a kill was recorded. Immediately all was excitement in camp, and after a hurried breakfast we proceeded to the spot. The wretched cow had been tied up in the middle of a jungle with long grass, surrounded by dense woods. The head shikari said that the tiger was lying up close to the kill, as is their custom if undisturbed; so some guns were sent ahead to command the passes where the beast would be likely to

break, whilst the others formed line and beat up towards the kill. My mahout selected a good position, at the junction of two nullahs, but unfortunately too far back, so that I could not command the open space in front. The tiger was at home, but did not stir till the line of elephants was close upon him, when with a roar he bounded out, and keeping to the left front, where no gun was posted (we were only four or five), escaped, though several shots were fired at him. We then beat up a neighbouring jungle, where another tiger was seen, but missed, owing to the long grass, which was as high as our elephants' backs. Much disgusted, we returned to camp.

However, our luck was soon to change; for a day or two afterwards another kill was reported close to camp, and in a favourable position for getting a shot. On reaching the place we observed a number of vultures sitting on a tree near by, showing that "stripes" was at home. The same tactics were again employed. I was sent on ahead and posted at a corner of the jungle, another rifle close by; the remainder formed line and beat towards us. The grass was from 10 feet to 15 feet high, so that when the elephants entered the jungle they were lost to sight, except the howdahs and their waving trunks. Rockets were now thrown into the jungle, exploding with terrific noise and setting fire to the grass. Presently an elephant trumpeted, and a general chorus was heard along the line as they scented the tiger. The challenge was answered by fearful roars, and the excitement was now intense, the mahouts urging on the unwilling elephants. We could observe the grass moving ahead of them, but it was impossible to see

where to shoot. The line was closing in to the point where I was placed, when suddenly there was a flash of something yellow, as a tiger, or rather two, dashed out close to my companion, Dr Manifold, who fired right and left, and rolled over a splendid male tiger. The beaters now came out, and we crowded round to admire the magnificent proportions of the noble beast. The second shot had taken effect at the back of the neck, and he was quite dead.

The shikaris said there were two tigers, and I had distinctly seen the grass moving beyond where the first lay dead, and had fired in that direction, but without effect, believing it to be the same animal. So the line was formed afresh, the same plan being pursued, and I went forward as before. The second beast had gone into another patch of jungle near by. Crackers were thrown in, and soon the trumpeting of the elephants announced that they had winded the tiger, and again its movements could be traced by the waving grass. There was a narrow jungle path separating one patch of grass from another, and I saw the tigress (for it was a female) cross it, but had no time to shoot; so urging my mahout forward, I took up a good position ahead of the advancing line, when the tigress broke covert to the left close to me. I gave her a shot, which hit her too far back. She immediately disappeared, but was viewed again 100 yards away, going at full gallop over a ridge, and several shots were fired at her. We followed on the line, and after beating about for nearly an hour she was up again, charged an elephant, and in the confusion that ensued retreated back to the jungle she had been in before. The line was re-formed to beat back, and again I saw the

THE TIGER'S CHARGE.

phantom figure silently cross the path: the rifle was at my shoulder, but I could not shoot, as there was another gun in the line not 100 yards off. The tigress now moved slowly forward, roaring loudly, closely pursued by the elephants, till she came to an open space where the grass was bare, when she faced about and charged in gallant style. In a flash she was on to the head of one of the elephants, which stood its ground bravely, keeping its trunk in the air and trumpeting loudly. It was a most exciting moment. My mahout would not close. After much pressure and abuse I got him to push my elephant up to 5 yards; but I could not shoot for fear of wounding the elephant or the mahout, till the tigress, already crippled by my shot through the loins, fell to the ground, when a volley finished her. I could not help feeling sorry for the poor beast, which had fought so bravely against such odds, as she lay there gasping out her last breath. My coxswain, who was with me in the howdah, now slipped off to take her measure with a tape-line, and, to our great amusement, shout out "15 feet, sir!" The actual length of the tigress was 9 feet 5 inches, and of the tiger 9 feet 6 inches—a very handsome pair, in the prime of life.

This was my first and last experience of tiger-shooting, for we had no further luck. Two more were seen subsequently, but not accounted for; and the limited time at my disposal obliged me to return to Bombay. But we had a most enjoyable ten days, and were most hospitably entertained by Colonel Vincent and his friends Mr Wright and Dr Manifold. Appended is the bag: 2 sambur, 4 spotted deer (axis), 22 para (hog-deer), 3 pig, 8 hares, 2 tigers, 5 peafowl,

5 jungle-fowl, 29 black partridges, 2 snipe, 2 various: total, 84 head.

The wonderful yarns on Indian shikar related over the evening pipe or cigar on these shooting expeditions are not the least part of the enjoyment. One famous *raconteur* related how a tiger had hit him a backhander over the head, rendering him insensible for three weeks. The doctors could make nothing of his case, till at last they tried trepanning, when, lo and behold! the tiger's claws were found embedded in his brain. Upon lifting these the patient speedily came to his senses and recovered.

Another sportsman was charged by a bear, which he knocked over, and whilst standing with one foot on the animal's carcass, believing it to be dead, he was attacked by another bear, which he also rolled over. Whilst this was going on he fancied he felt something tickling his leg, and on looking down he discovered that the first bear had eaten the calf of his leg, leaving only the bone with the shooting-boot attached to it.

A third party declared he was after bison, and was charged by an old bull, which tossed him and his horse over his head, throwing them yards away into the jungle, where he lay whilst the bison hunted around looking for him for fifteen minutes.

There was another yarn of a boa-constrictor which really "took the cake"; but I forget the particulars, and should fear to be accused of romancing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RIFLE AND GUN IN N.W. PROVINCES.

In the spring of 1894 I was invited by Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, to join him in a lion-hunting trip to Kathiawar, but I was reluctantly obliged to decline, owing to other engagements. However, in April of that year I again had an opportunity of enjoying the delights of big-game shooting in India. On this occasion the rendezvous was Sutna, in the dominion of the Rajah of Rewa, then a minor. Colonel Vincent was our host as before, and my companions the same as on my last trip. The country was reported to be not so good for tigers as at Rampur, but we had some capital sport, bagging fifty-three head of various game in five days. Reaching Sutna on the morning of the 26th, we remained at the colonel's bungalow that day, sending our baggage and native servants on ahead, and following the next morning. The heat during the day was awful, the thermometer registering from 105° to 108° in the shade, notwithstanding punkahs and wet "tatties" hung up in the doorways and windows. A hot blast blew all through the day, drying up everything. Our solah topees, boots, and sponges shrivelled up and cracked, and the only way to retain my sun-

hat in shape was to keep a wet sponge in it. Fortunately the nights were cool, and we slept out of doors under mosquito-nets.

After a hot and dusty drive of thirty-five miles we arrived at a most comfortable bungalow, picturesquely situated under the shade of large mango-trees, and after breakfast and siesta Hickley and I started out on elephants to look for black buck. We had not gone far before we saw two fine bucks lying down in a very exposed position, which we proceeded to stalk; but they soon spotted us and moved off, giving us a long shot with no result. We then remounted our elephants and went after more, and soon came across a small herd; but the animals were too wary, so we divided and tried to circumvent them, when Hickley killed a good buck, and we returned to camp. The next morning we made an early start, and proceeded on elephants to a forest a few miles away. The country hereabouts was pretty and well timbered, resembling a park. After an hour's ride we met an army of beaters with tom-toms, tin kettles, old paraffin-cases, &c. Dismounting from our elephants, we were taken to our posts. The Rajah had built a wall five miles long, cutting off a portion of the jungle, which was used as a preserve. At intervals in this long wall openings were left for the game to pass, and at each opening was a tower, with loopholes on the side facing the jungle and at the sides, with steps at the back. In each tower a gun was placed, and as there were but three of us, I was put in the centre—the Rajah's seat—with Colonel Vincent on one side and Hickley on the other, about 500 yards apart. At a given signal the beat commenced, and loud shouts and beating of tom-

toms filled the air. My battery consisted of a double ·500 express rifle, a single ·400, and a double smooth-bore loaded with ball. Having loaded the weapons and placed spare cartridges handy, my coxswain and I lighted our pipes and waited events. Presently a herd of sambur made their appearance about 200 yards in front of my post, and stood there uncertain which way to go: they then moved off in the direction of Colonel Vincent, who fired, wounding a stag. This turned them, and they broke back into the jungle, and remained huddled up in a bunch on my left front, where I could just see their heads. A herd of black buck now hove in sight, amongst them two good bucks. They stood perfectly still within rifle-shot of my post, but I lay low, not wishing to turn them, till suddenly they seem to have decided and made a rush past my stand, when I rolled over the two bucks right and left with the double rifle, and a chincara, or ravine-deer, with the single. One of the bucks got up and disappeared in the *mêlée*, for at this moment a "sounder" of pig were reported coming on the other side. I had just time to rush across and kill a couple of old boars when the sambur appeared, led by an old hind, but on smelling blood they turned back. Just at this moment a magnificent full-plumaged peacock came flying over the wall, and alighting, ran up the hill at the back, but was stopped by a ball from the little express. Another lot of pig now rushed past on the off-side, leaving two more old boars rolling in the dust. I had hardly time to load when the sambur again put in an appearance on my left front, and as the beaters were coming up behind, they made a rush for it, when I singled out the wounded stag and rolled him over,

also another stag, and a hind that had been wounded. A single pig now appeared, but receiving a ball through the body, retreated into the jungle and was afterwards found dead. The next to appear was a solitary sambur stag, which I killed with the smooth-bore, followed by a smaller stag, which passed on the other side and fell dead in his tracks. The beaters now came up, and we gathered up the slain. Round my post were lying four sambur stags and a hind, one black buck, one chincara, four pigs, and a peacock. Hickley got a couple of sambur stags, two hinds, and a cheetal stag, and Vincent got a sambur stag. Total, ten sambur, six pig, one black buck, one ravine deer, one peacock. One of the beaters claimed to have been gored by a sambur, and made a great fuss about it, but Vincent said he was shamming: a drop of whisky and a trifling douceur soon restored him. Having loaded up the pad elephant with the game we returned to camp. The above may be termed slaughter,—I am not defending it, nor do I claim it as sport: it was battue shooting made easy, to suit the Rajah; but it was a new experience, and excellent practice with the rifle at running animals.

In the evening we went on the lake in front of the Rajah's palace, and cruised about in a small paddle-wheel craft worked by natives on a treadmill, which primitive method propelled her about three miles an hour. Flocks of whistling teal and widgeon were seen; but they were very wild, and we only succeeded in bagging one. The palace was a poor place, full of looking-glasses and tawdry rubbish, no doubt pleasing to oriental taste. There were some big fish in the lake, and we tried spinning for them, but without success. A few alligators slumbered on the banks.

On the 29th Hickley and I started on elephants for the forest, where a drive was organised, the guns being placed in "machans" in trees. This drive was not a success. We saw a few sambur, hinds, and calves, but did not shoot; also peafowl, partridges, pig, and small deer. One pig only was shot. Coming down from our post, we tried stalking black buck on the plains, but without success. I forgot to mention that all the game we killed at the big drive was distributed amongst the beaters, who fought for it: even the pig were devoured, leaving but little for the jackals.

On the 30th we had another drive in the jungle, Hickley and I being posted in machans as before, but the result was unsatisfactory, only a few hinds, some hog-deer, pig, and peafowl being seen; also numbers of monkeys, parrots, and pigeons, but no stags, which seem to have deserted the neighbourhood. In the evening we went to the lake and shot a few teal, and I landed and stalked some chincara, but, having only my smooth-bore, could not get within shot. However, on the way back, just at dusk, I saw a couple of chincara standing under a tree fully 200 yards off; so allowing for elevation, I chanced a shot, and heard the thud of the bullet, but they both galloped off. Following on their tracks, I came upon a fine buck lying dead. This was a regular gallery shot, but a lucky one.

On May 1 we went to the forest to stalk chincara on foot. We saw several in the jungle, but failed to bag any; and on our way back we met a messenger bringing news of a tiger having killed a bullock not far from camp. A beat was arranged, but much valuable time was lost, and it was not till 3 P.M. that we started on elephants, with an army of beaters, to

look for him. Arriving at the spot, Vincent, Hickley, and I were posted in machans, and the drive commenced, but the tiger had decamped. We went to the spot where the bullock had been tied up, to assure ourselves that the shikaris had not lied, and saw where the tiger had sprung upon the poor beast, and had dragged the carcass to some rocks, where we found it partially devoured and in a stinking condition. The tiger had probably been disturbed and taken the hint.

The next morning we visited some neighbouring tanks, and back to breakfast, having bagged four widgeon, four cotton teal, two blue-winged teal, five sand-grouse, and a brace of partridges, and in the evening we got some more.

May 3.—We struck camp and returned to Sutna; but observing some black buck *en route*, we stopped the carriage and tried a stalk. The antelopes were lying about on the sky-line, so it was impossible to get close, but Hickley with a long shot wounded a fine buck. I ran to cut off the herd, and fired some long shots, but only succeeded in killing a young black buck with a good body but poor head. Following the herd into the jungle, I lost them, but started a big lot of pig, and rolled one over at full gallop. The jungle was full of game, but we had no time for hunting, for we had to catch a train at Sutna, and the same evening we left for Bombay. So ended my last shoot in the Indian jungles.

CHAPTER XXV.

A VOYAGE UP THE PERSIAN GULF TO BAGDAD.

It is not given to every one to have the opportunity of visiting this little-known part of the world: in fact, with the exception of a few naval officers, Indian marine officers, and political agents, very few Englishmen are at all acquainted with it. There is, nevertheless, much to interest the traveller and sportsman in the locality. The Persian Gulf has always been a bugbear to naval officers who are detailed for service in its waters for the protection of British interests and the suppression of the slave-trade. The heat is terrible during the summer, and the work monotonous; but in the winter months the climate, especially at the head of the Gulf, is delightful, and excellent sport is to be had in the neighbourhood of Bussorah, and for many miles above and below that city.

Early in March 1894, being desirous of visiting that part of the station, the Indian Government placed at my disposal a fine paddle-wheel steamer, the Lawrence, for that purpose. This vessel had been used as a yacht, and was most comfortably equipped. The captain and officers belonged to the Royal Indian Marine, a splendid service, and the

crew were lascars. Embarking at Bombay, we sailed for Muscat, at the entrance to the gulf, and anchored off the town three days afterwards. This place has been brought into notice by reason of a rebellion which occurred there lately. A neighbouring sheik deposed the Sultan and took possession of the town. The Sultan fled to one of the forts, from whence he fired promiscuously into the town, more especially into his own palace, where the opposite party had

Muscat, from the anchorage.

established themselves. After some desultory fighting the invaders were driven forth and order restored. At the time of our visit the place was in its usual sleepy condition. Having exchanged complimentary visits with the Sultan, we landed and walked through the suburbs, which are devoid of interest and filthy to a degree. The city has an imposing appearance from the sea. Two dilapidated forts command the entrance, or would do so if provided with modern

artillery. In former days two rival sultans established themselves in these forts, and bombarded each other across the water till one fled to Bombay. The forts still bear the marks of shot on their rugged faces. The city is shut in by barren and precipitous mountains, having one gap through which a hostile force could approach. Not a vestige of herbage is to be seen, and the heat is terrific; but whilst we were there a *shamal*, or norther, was blowing, and it was pleasantly cool, so we formed a rather agreeable, but erroneous, impression of Muscat. On the eve of leaving Muscat the Sultan sent off a boatload of live stock and vegetables for the crew of the Lawrence and a gold-hilted sword for myself. I told Captain Brownlow to do as he liked with the former, and I proposed to return the latter; but as the Political Agent assured me it would be considered an insult, I kept it till my return to Bombay, when I offered it as a prize to the best lady player at halma, and it was won by my daughter after a close contest. In return for this precious article I sent the Sultan a large musical-box for the amusement of the ladies of the harem.

After twenty-four hours' stay we stood across to Bushire, a Persian city situated in the north-east corner of the gulf. Bushire is a miserable place: the houses are built of mud, which, baked in the sun, gives it the appearance of a deserted graveyard. No colour greets the eye; the country is flat and desolate, relieved by a distant chain of mountains in the background. Ships have to anchor three miles from the town, and the sea-breeze blows strong, raising a considerable sea and making the landing sometimes difficult. We met with a most

hospitable reception from Colonel Wilson, the Political Agent, who by his kindness made our stay most pleasant, and the time passed agreeably till we took our departure for Bussorah on March 13. Bussorah, or Busrah, is a Turkish town situated on the west bank of the river Shat-el-Arab, about seventy miles from its mouth. A bar extends across the entrance, preventing large ships drawing more than 15 feet from crossing. Having negotiated this bar, we entered the river, and passing a miserable fort called Fao, we anchored off Bussorah on March 15.

The river Karun falls into the Shat-el-Arab at a place called Mohammera, where lives a powerful sheik much dreaded by the Turkish authorities. A flotilla of small craft belonging to the sheik are always anchored off his house, and it is customary to salute him with a gun when passing, to acknowledge his position—a courtesy which is always returned. Some miles up the Karun lions and deer are to be found. These Mesopotamian deer are said to be the parent stock of our fallow-deer. Snipe and francolin are plentiful in this locality. Both banks of the Shat-el-Arab are planted with groves of date-palms. The export of dates forms the principal revenue of the country. All the land hereabouts is extensively irrigated, and heavy crops of rice and wheat are raised hereon. Bussorah is the principal town on the river. A squadron of broken-down Turkish gunboats are anchored off the city, under the orders of a commodore, who flies his flag on shore; and the local governor, or Wadi, also resides here. A considerable trade is carried on between Bussorah and Bombay, two lines of steamers being employed

in the service — the British India and a Persian company.

Above Bussorah the river is too shallow for ocean-going craft, and the produce is carried in flat-bottomed paddle-wheel steamers of light draught, two belonging to Messrs Lynch Brothers and the rest to a Turkish company. There is ample room for more, but the Turkish authorities, with their jealous and short-sighted policy, forbid it, and trade suffers in consequence. The city proper is situated two miles from the river: to reach it one has to ascend a creek. The British consulate and the houses of the foreign residents are abreast the anchorage, overlooking the river. A few snipe and francolin may be picked up on the opposite shore, but to find them in any quantity it is better to go farther from the town, either up or down the river. The Lawrence being unable to go higher up, we shifted into the Comet, a smaller vessel, which Colonel Mockler, H.M. Consul-General at Bagdad, kindly placed at our disposal, and proceeded up the river.

The next morning we arrived at the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, the supposed site of the Garden of Eden; but as we intended to stop here on our way down, we passed on, and, taking the right branch, entered the Tigris. For some miles above the junction the scenery is uninteresting, the banks are low, and vast marshes extend on either side, the home of millions of mosquitoes and venomous flies, which swarm on board, so that it is advisable to push on through this part during daylight and anchor for the night above this pestilential locality. The inhabitants appear to be a miserable lot, but are doubtless contented with their

existence. Children ran along the banks in a state of nudity, keeping pace with the vessel, and clamouring for any garbage that might be thrown to them. The adult male population stood staring at the vessel as she forced her way against the stream. Beyond the marshy district the land is flat on both sides, fringed with a thorny brushwood, in which pig and francolin are to be found. In the distance, on the eastern side, a magnificent chain of mountains extends as far as the eye can reach, their summits capped with snow. The first object of interest is Ezra's tomb, situated on a bend of the river. The dome is beautifully enamelled with tiles of a turquoise blue, and stands well out against the sky-line when the sun is shining on it. A few palm-trees mark the site. So tortuous is the river that by landing and walking across a bend it is easy to meet the steamer some miles farther on, she having to traverse a considerable distance to reach the rendezvous. In this way we got a little exercise, and managed to pick up some game for our table. We stopped to coal at a village called Koot, but did not land, as the repulsive and insolent attitude of the natives was not inviting. We bought some very fine sheep at this place, with heavy brown fleeces, for four rupees each. This part of the country is well adapted to the breeding of stock. Large herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats roam the pastures, attended by their swarthy owners, who live in mud huts near by, and change their quarters as convenient.

In the evening we landed for our usual stroll with the gun, arranging a rendezvous some miles farther on; but upon approaching the place about

dusk we were astonished by a terrific fusilade, and supposing that the Bedouins had attacked the vessel, we hurried on. Finding rifle-balls whistling about our ears, we shouted out to cease firing, when two wild boars came charging up the bank and disappeared in the jungle, taking no notice of us, which was just as well, as we had not a single cartridge left. It appeared that the pig were seen swimming across the river, and a hot fire was opened upon them from the ship; and those on board, unaware of our proximity, continued firing as they scrambled up the bank, on a level with our heads.

On the 21st we landed in the morning for shooting, and again in the evening, bagging several brace of francolin and an enormous sow; but as none of our men, being Mohammedans, would touch the pig, it had to be left to the jackals. These francolins are very fine birds, somewhat resembling, but superior in size to, the black partridge of India. We misjudged the distance across the bend of the river on this occasion, and had a long weary tramp in the dark to reach the Comet. We found that the ladies had gone off in charge of the captain to visit the ruins of Ctesiphon, a very remarkable and interesting relic, having, it is said, the largest arch in the world. The ruin is plainly visible from a ship's deck passing up or down the river, and is well worth a visit. It is said to be the old palace of Darius.

The next morning we arrived at Bagdad, and anchored off the Residency. Bagdad is 600 miles distant from Bussorah by water, but as the crow flies very much less. Colonel Mockler was away, but he most kindly placed his house at our disposal,

and deputed Dr Baker, the resident medical officer, to entertain us, which he did most handsomely.

The first view of the city as one comes round a bend of the river is decidedly pleasing. The Residency and European houses are on the east bank, and a bridge of boats connects this portion of the city with the western suburb. A constant stream of people, camels, horses, sheep, and goats are passing all day along the bridge. At this point the river is 350 yards broad and 30 feet deep; but this depth is exceptional, for, owing to the numerous sandbars along the route, it is only navigable for craft drawing 4 feet. The stream runs at an average rate of three miles an hour, in places very much more, especially during the hot season, when the snow is melting on the mountains. The country bears evidence of having at one time been thickly populated by an industrious and intelligent people: signs of ancient grandeur are everywhere visible. At every bend of the river are ruins of temples, tombs, and cities; but now there is desolation, and the wretched inhabitants are poverty-stricken and oppressed: ground down and robbed by a corrupt government, they have no energy or enterprise left to develop the resources of the country.

The bazaars are superior to any I have seen elsewhere, and fine tapestries and silks, embroidered in gold and silver, may be purchased at reasonable rates. Smallpox is very prevalent, and at least a third of the population suffer from this scourge. The town is filthy, the streets narrow and unpaved; mangy dogs are everywhere apparent, and are probably the only scavengers. It is as well to take a guide through the bazaars, to prevent being jostled; and if there are ladies of the party,

THE GOLDEN MOSQUE OF KADHIMAIN, BAGDAD.

they should be veiled and escorted by an orderly from the Consulate. In the early morning and evening a most enjoyable ride may be had in the neighbourhood of the city. At this season (March) the desert is carpeted with wild-flowers, the air is delightful, and the horses, generally Arab or Persian, enjoy a gallop as much as their riders.

About six miles from the city is the beautiful mosque of Kadhimain, having two domes and four minarets, all covered with pure beaten gold. No European is allowed inside the mosque, but we were allowed to make a sketch of it, and were provided with an escort of soldiers to prevent our being molested. The ruins of Babylon are sixty miles from Bagdad, but we had no time to visit them. By all accounts we did not lose much, as there is nothing left but some mounds of earth. In certain seasons good snipe- and duck-shooting may be had about an hour's ride out of the city, but the season was past when we were there.

In summer the heat is very great in Bagdad, and the European residents live underground in cellars, with wet "tatties" across the doors, and they sleep on the flat roofs of their houses. The place is said to be healthy, but there is a very objectionable form of complaint which attacks new-comers, regardless of age or sex. This disease, locally called a "date mark," is a kind of boil, and leaves an ugly scar. It is supposed to be due to drinking impure water, and is common in Aleppo and other Eastern cities. Most of the local trade is carried on in native craft called "buggaloes," manned by Arabs, who handled them well. These vessels are built at Bahrein and Bushire. They are handsome models, with fine lines and great shear, and are very fast. For crossing

rivers a very curious conveyance is used. This vehicle, called a "guppah," is somewhat on the principle of a Welsh coracle, but is perfectly round, like a tub, made of wicker-work, covered with hide, and coated inside and out with tar. A large one can carry a dozen men with a horse or two, and a couple of men propel the craft with paddles, working on opposite sides.

After four days' very pleasant stay in Bagdad we re-embarked on board the Comet, and started on our return journey. Going down-stream we made eleven or twelve knots over the ground, and for this reason we had no time for shooting, as we could not get across the bends in time to catch the steamer, but we managed to pick up a few francolin after she had anchored for the night.

On the 28th we arrived at Gurna, and went ashore to inspect the Garden of Eden. There is but little to see in the place, and it is not easy to get up any romance concerning it. A miserable village marks the site, and the tree of knowledge, which was shown us, is an acacia apparently about thirty or forty years old. There is capital snipe-shooting to be had at the back of the garden, but unfortunately the river had overflowed its banks, so the snipe had gone, and we only saw some pig.

The next morning we arrived at Bussorah, and having bid adieu to our friends, we re-embarked on the Lawrence and proceeded down the river, anchoring off Mohammera for the night. Being delayed by a gale of wind with thunder and lightning and hail, we spent the day in the marshes, bagging twenty-six snipe, three quail, and five francolin: the following day we sailed for Karachi.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KARACHI.

THE 1st of January 1895 found the flagship alongside the mole at Karachi, one of the best ports for its size in India. In some respects Karachi is a long way ahead of Bombay, for ships of deep draught cannot lie alongside the jetty at the latter port unless in the docks. In fact, Bombay is a very much overrated harbour, and in the south-west monsoon it is no port at all, whereas Karachi is at all times secure, and sheltered from all winds, though the accommodation is limited. The town is situated five miles from the port, and a railway and tramway connect the two. It is a thriving, go-ahead place; the club-house is one of the best in India, and the residents are most hospitable. First-rate duck-shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood, also plenty of partridges, francolins, quail, and hares. Mr James, the Chief Commissioner of Sind, was away on circuit, but had most kindly made arrangements for our comfort, and deputed Colonel Crawford to look after us and show us all the sport he could, and to that gentleman we are indebted for a most delightful time and excellent sport.

Leaving Karachi by the night train, we reached

the banks of the Indus at daylight, where the Commissioner's steamer awaited us, and conveyed us, a party of four, seventy miles down the river, where the colonel was encamped. Numerous alligators were basking on the banks, and afforded us some pretty practice with the rifle, several being killed. Arriving at the rendezvous, we found camels awaiting to take us to the bungalow, which we reached in time for an evening's shoot, when we bagged some partridges and quail, and captured two little pigs out of a herd. The next day was devoted to duck-shooting. Mounting our camels after breakfast, we arrived in due course at a large lagoon, covered in parts with long reeds, having open spaces between, with large trees standing in the water—a perfect sanctuary for wildfowl. Each gun or pair of guns was told off to a boat, in which were two natives. One poled in the stern, the other sat in the bows to retrieve. Soon the firing became general, and clouds of ducks rose from the swamp. Whenever a bird fell, overboard went the bowman to fetch it. The water was from knee- to waist-deep, and many ducks were lost, as, if not dead, they dived and held on to the reeds under water, where it was difficult to get them. Even when dead they disappeared under the network of weeds, added to which many were stolen by eagles, which hovered overhead and pounced upon the slain. However, there was plenty for all, and the result of the day's sport was eighty-seven ducks of different sorts, mallard, pin-tail, spot-bills, shovellers, pochards of two kinds, widgeons, and teal. This, by the bye, is the only place where I have ever shot the mallard out of the British Isles, though I am aware they abound in Norway and other countries.

January 4 we devoted to general shooting, walking

the birds up in line—a very pretty and varied day's sport—our bag comprising 2 hares, 24 francolin, 111 snipe, 26 quail. The next two days were spent in the marshes, when we bagged 106 ducks the first day and 166 the second. The latter was the most sporting and enjoyable day I ever experienced. Hickley and I were in one boat, or rather "bolsa," as they call them in South America, made of rushes, but quite water-tight, and most comfortable. The ducks kept getting up amongst the trees, and came over at a great pace, giving us splendid rocketing shots. We bagged sixty-six in our boat, of which forty were mallard, and not a bird was wasted, for the colonel had them put in hampers, and most kindly sent them down to the ship, where they were much appreciated. We lost at least 30 per cent, having no dog; but I doubt if a dog would have been of much use, as he could neither swim, by reason of the weeds, nor touch the ground. Our native retriever worked well, and gathered many birds which would otherwise have been lost, and the eagles took their share. In the evening we had some flight shooting, as the ducks returned to their feeding-grounds.

Our last day was devoted to general shooting, when 49 francolin, 90 snipe, 35 quail, 7 duck, and 2 hares were bagged, making a total of 527 head for five days' shooting. This bag, though good enough and sufficient to satisfy most sportsmen, by no means represents the capabilities of the country, and I have heard of 400 and 500 ducks being killed in one day in a good season.

Well content with our sport and the colonel's hospitality, we mounted our camels, and striking across country for the nearest railway station, we

took train and returned to Karachi, making up the grand total of our bag on the East Indian station to 4817 head.

On the eve of departure of any celebrity from India it is customary to give him a banquet at the Byculla or the yacht club, and what is called a good "shove off." Thus when Lord Roberts left for England we were able to assist at the function, and escorted the gallant and popular General to sea with a fleet of small craft—an attention, I have reason to believe, he greatly appreciated. Likewise on Lord Harris's departure we were delighted to do him honour. His Excellency was previously entertained by the members of the yacht club, on which occasion it devolved on me to return thanks for the Navy. The following verses appeared in a local paper a day or two afterwards:—

THEIR UTILITY.

"What has always surprised me is the extraordinary ignorance or indifference to naval matters by the public in general all over the world. . . . When stationed in Scotland, it was part of my duty to visit the coastguard stations, on which occasions I had to appear in uniform. It was no uncommon thing for me to be taken for a railway guard."—H.E. Admiral Kennedy, at the yacht club dinner to Lord Harris.

"Sing hey, lads all, for a song of the sea,
And raise a cheer for our Royal Navee;
Though I must say I never could see
That Royal Navee's utilitee.

'Tis the British custom old to extol our Navy bold,
And to rend the air with cheers for gallant Jack;
But if *I* were just to show you how little people know
Of the Navy, you'd be taken quite aback.

They imagine all our days pass in one ecstatic blaze
Of a-hoisting of our slacks and a-splicing the main brace;
And our morals they disparage, by asserting we've a marriage
With a pretty girl at every seaport place.

They can't tell a plain house-boat from a man-o'-war afloat,
And they think we all lie drunk about the street;
While they even find it hard to make out a railway guard
From the Admiral, in full dress, whom they meet.

They've a notion fixed that we, when we're cruising out at sea,
'Mid our duties dance a hornpipe all the day;
That we swallow tots of rum and then make creation hum,
And we really get no respite from our play.

But there's one thing that they know,—when they're threatened by the foe,
And we clear the decks for action, as we swing out on the tide—
Then it's "God bless gallant Jack, and in safety bring him back!"
And—our usefulness gets somehow justified!

Sing hey, lads, then, for a song of the sea,
And raise a cheer for the Royal Navee!
When the broadsides fly, we can manage to see
That Royal Navee's utilitee.

"RASTEL."

Our last visit to Calcutta was celebrated by a ball on board the Boadicea to the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne on the eve of their departure for England. The ship was moored alongside the Bund, and was beautifully decorated with palms and tropical flowers and lit up with electric light. All the *élite* of Calcutta were present, and everything went off successfully. Lord Lansdowne invited me to await the arrival of his successor, Lord Elgin; so I remained behind after the Boadicea sailed for Trincomalee, and accompanied his Lordship and family in the Warren Hastings to Trinco, where they landed for an hour or so, and where I left them to pursue their homeward voyage.

The Boadicea's time having expired, she was ordered home to pay off, her place being taken by the Bonaventure, a smart cruiser, but quite unsuited for a flag-ship. The transfer was made at Aden, and it was with a sorrowful heart I watched my old flag-ship steam out of the harbour, taking away my shipmates, with whom I had been associated for close upon three years, and for whom I had a sincere regard. We returned to Colombo in the Bonaventure, and remained there till my relief was appointed, when we went to Bombay, and I turned over the command of the station to Admiral Drummond, and went home by mail-steamer.

What touched me most on leaving the station was the soldiers' farewell: a large party of them embarked on board one of the British India steamers and escorted us out to sea, cheering vociferously as long as we were within sight or hearing.

With the hauling down of my flag the last act in my official career closes. It may not be out of place to quote in conclusion the words of my favourite song:—

"I've braved the stormy ocean,
In foreign lands I've been,
To misfortune I've not been a stranger;
I've had my share of troubles,
Many curious sights I've seen,
But I've managed all right through the danger.
The clouds they may gather,
The sky it may look black,
There's a sweet little cherub
Keeps watch for poor Jack;
So away with melancholy,
We'll all be gay and jolly;
Hurrah for the life of a sailor!"

P.S.—In the meantime, as my services are not required, I am reduced to this—

Landverk, our home in Sweden.

The result—

An evening's catch of trout.

INDEX.

Acapulco, 187, 197, 198.
Admiral, the fettering dignity of an, 278.
Africa, service on east coast of, 119 *et seq.*
Agamemnon, 16, 18, 30 *et seq.*
Ajax, 240.
Alabama, Confederate cruiser, 157.
Albania, a yachting cruise to the coast of, 162 *et seq.*
Albion, 20.
Aldabrá, 301.
Algerine, 96, 97, 101, 102.
Algiers, 30.
Alma, the, 16.
American Civil War, 157.
Amethyst, 92.
Andaman Islands, 312 *et seq.*
Andes, the, 173.
Anger Point, 35.
Anita, of Hamburg, burning of, 202 *et seq.*
Anson, Commander, 198.
Antelm, Sir Cilicourt, 285.
Arethusa, 10, 12, 20.
Ariel, 147.
Ascension, 158.
Asuncion, 251.
Atlanta, 207.
Auckland, the East India Co.'s steamer, 76.
Audacieuse, 104.
Avalanche, 111.
Avenger, 9.

Bagdad, 337 *et seq.*
Bahia, 205, 245.
Bahia Blanca, 253, 261.
Balaklava, 16, 20, 25.
Balchic Bay, 12, 15.
Barracouta, 39, 43, 45, 46, 48, 50, 52, 58.
Barrier Forts, the, 39.
Bate, Captain, of the *Actæon*, 39, 40, 44, 93.
Bay Islands, 229.
Beagle Channel, 266.
Beamish, Lieutenant H., 46.
Beikos Bay, 10.
Belize, 224.
Bermuda, 153, 220.
Besika Bay, 9.
"Bird's-nest Fort," 40, 69.
Boadicea, 277 *et seq.*
Bogue Forts, 38—bombardment of, 49 *et seq.*—68.
Bombay, 277, 309, 332, 346.
Bonaventure, 346.
Bourbon. See Réunion.
Brazil, 171 *et seq.*, 244 *et seq.*
Brierley, Mr, picture of battle of Fatahan by, 88.
Buenos Ayres, 244, 245, 273, 275.
Bushire, 333.
Bussorah, 334, 340.
Buzzard, 154.

Calcutta, 309 *et seq.*, 345.
Calcutta, 33 *et seq.*—in the war with China, 38-114—117.
California, 197.
Callao, 172, 173 *et seq.*

Camilla, 76.
Canton, 38, 39, 40, 42, 52—bombardment of, 43, 92—a fire in the factories, 56—evacuation of, 69.
Canton river, the, 38, 41, 45—operations in, 53 *et seq.*, 54 *et seq.*—93.
Cape de Verdes, the, 33.
Cape of Good Hope, 35, 152.
Cape Town, 155.
Carthagena, 226.
Cator, Lieutenant, 105.
Ceylon, 305 *et seq.*
Channel Squadron, the, 116 *et seq.*
Chanticleer, 153.
China, war with, 38 *et seq.*—the Barrier Forts taken, 39—Capture of Macao Fort, the "Bird's-nest Fort" and the Shamean Forts, 40—the "Factories" garrisoned, 42—the Dutch-folly Fort captured, *ib.*—bombardment of Canton, 43—Chinese fire-junks, 45—attempt to blow up the *Niger*, *ib.*—attack on twenty-five mandarin junks, 46 *et seq.*—bombardment of the Bogue Forts, 49 *et seq.*—capture of the Anunghoy Forts, 51—French-folly Fort destroyed, 55—a fire in the Factories, 56—sport in the river, 61—a dare-devil dash, 63—the evacuation of Canton, 69—battle of Fatshan Creek, 84 *et seq.*—Sir Henry Keppel's account of the action, 91—capture of Canton, 93—withdrawal of troops to Hong-Kong, *ib.*—in search of pirates, 94 *et seq.*—capture of the Peiho Forts, 106 *et seq.*—at Tientzin, 110 *et seq.*—a treaty of peace concluded, 114.
Chinese junks, 36—fire-junks, 45—"stink-pots," 47.
Chinese "Rules for the Extermination of the Barbarian Forces," 71 *et seq.*
Chooga Island, 134.
Chupat, the Welsh settlement of, 256 *et seq.*
Coastguard, the, 234, 236 *et seq.*
Codrington, Commander, 160, 162, 168.
Colimere Point, sport at, 314, 315.
Colombo, 307, 346.
Colonia, 250.
Comoro Islands, 146.
Congo Island, 128.
Constantinople, 10, 28, 161.
Cook, Captain, of the *Russian*, 199.
Coquimbo, 206, 207.
Corbett, Admiral Sir John, 240.
Cormorant, 104, 106.
Coromandel, 38, 39, 49, 50, 53, 55, 65, 66, 85, 86, 92, 104, 110, 112.
Cracker Bay, 263.
Crawford, Colonel, 341.
Crimean War, events leading up to the, 8 *et seq.*—bombardment of Odessa, 12—the fleet attacked by cholera, 15—the bombardment of Sebastopol, 17 *et seq.*—in the trenches, 23 *et seq.*—assault on the Redan and Malakoff, 26—the fall of Sebastopol, 28—the fall of Kinburn, 29.
Cuba, 225.

Darjeeling, 311.
Delgado, Cape, 131.
Devarenne, Commodore, 208.
Diego Suarez, 293 *et seq.*
Dragonne, 112.
Druid, 208 *et seq.*
Drummond, Admiral, 346.
Dundas, Vice-Admiral Sir James, 9.
Dutch-folly Fort, 42, 43, 69, 93.

Eaglet, 70.
East Indian station, in command of, 277 *et seq.*
Egg Harbour, 255, 263.
Elgin, Lord, 92, 104, 112, 113, 114.
Elk, 76.
Encounter, 40, 43, 44, 50, 55, 67.
Escape Creek, 84.

Fairfax, Admiral Sir Henry, 162.
Falkland Islands, 171, 245, 264, 265.
Fanshawe, Admiral Sir E., 118.
Farquhar, Admiral, 178.
Farquhar Island, 295.
Fatshan, 62, 64, 83—battle of Fatshan Creek, 84 *et seq.*

Fernando do Noronha, 246.
Firm, 106, 107.
Flamingo, 212.
Flogging in the navy, 13 *et seq.*
Fonseca Bay, 187, 192.
Forbes, Lieutenant, 96, 101.
Forester, 93, 95.
Forsyth, Commander, of the *Hornet*, 61.
Fortescue, Captain, of the *Barracouta*, 46, 48, 59.
Fowler, Sir A., 241.
French-folly Fort, 46, 49, 55.
Furious, 104.
Fury, 83.

Galapagos Islands, 178—sport on Charles Island, 179 *et seq.*—193, 301.
Gamble, General, 224.
Ganges, 22.
Gardner, Captain Alan, 162.
Garden of Eden, the, at Gurna, 340.
Gibraltar, 8.
Goodenough, Captain, 160, 162.
Goodridge, Captain, R.N., 309.
Gough, Fort, 93.
Graham, Captain, of the *Rodney*, 2, 10, 23, 30.
Grass Island, 97.
Gros, Baron, 92.
Gunther, Dr, reference to 'Gigantic Land-Tortoises' by, 301.
Gurna, 340.

Halifax, 153, 220.
Hall, King-, Captain W., 34, 62, 67, 69, 105, 117.
Hamilton, Lieutenant Vesey, 84.
Hancock, Admiral, 199.
"Happy Valley," English cemetery at, 67, 78.
Harris, Lord, 325, 344.
Hassan, island of, 92.
Haughty, 84 *et seq.*
Havana, 225.
Havelock, Sir Arthur, 307.
Hayti, report on, 229—"Vaudouism" in, 230—illegal imprisonment of British, 232—the President, 233.
Hernandaria, 251.
Hero, 153.
Hext, Admiral Sir John, 309.
Hickley, Lieutenant Cecil, 279, 286 *et seq.*, 300, 304, 317, 326 *et seq.*, 343.
Highflyer, 83.
Himalaya, 154.
Honduras, British, 224 *et seq.*
Hong-Kong, 23, 33, 36, 38, 69, 77, 91, 93, 95, 102, 104, 114.
Hong-Kong, 85, 86.
Hopkins, Admiral Sir John, 162.
Horn, Cape, 206.
Hornet, 50, 60.
Horsey, Admiral de, 206.
Hoskins, Admiral Sir A., 239.
Hyacinth Island, 86.

Ibo, 128.
Inflexible, 82, 93.
Iskundah Shah, 140-145.

Jamaica, 222, 225, 233.
James, Mr, Chief Commissioner of Sind, 341.
Java, 35.
Jerningham, Sir Hubert, 282, 302.
Juan Fernandez, 173.

Kalamita Bay, 15.
Karachi, duck-shooting near, 341 *et seq.*
Katcha, the, 16, 20.
Kellet, Admiral, 162.
Kennedy, Admiral Sir William, entered on the *Victory* and transferred to the *Rodney*, 2—the gun-room officers, *ib. et seq.*—nearly wrecked on Lisbon bar, 7—accident near the Sorelli rocks, 8 *et seq.*—at Malta, 9—at Besika Bay, *ib.*—at Beikos Bay, 10—the massacre of Sinope, *ib. et seq.*—the bombardment of Odessa, 12—at Balchic Bay, *ib.*—flogging in the Navy, 13 *et seq.*—the fleet visited by cholera, 15—at Kalamita Bay, *ib.*—the Alma, 16—off the Katcha, *ib.*—the bombardment of Sebastopol, 17 *et seq.*—the *Rodney* aground, 19 — a

terrific gale, 20 *et seq.*—narrow escape of being blown up, 22—floating the *Lord Raglan*, 23—a severe winter, *ib.* — joins the Naval Brigade, 24 — in the trenches, *ib. et seq.*—transferred to the *Sphinx*, 27—to Constantinople with despatches, 28—rejoins the fleet at Odessa, *ib.*—the fall of Kinburn, 29—transfer to the *Algiers* and return to England, 30—the *Rodney's* part in the bombardment of Sebastopol, *ib. et seq.*—appointed to the *Calcutta*, 33—passage to Hong-Kong, *ib. et seq.*—a novel form of sea-bathing, 36—war with China, 38 *et seq.*—attack on Macao Fort, 39 *et seq.*—three months in an open boat, 41—capture of the Dutch-folly Fort, 42—bombardment of Canton, 43—use of torpedoes, &c., by the Chinese, 45—attack on junks and French-folly Fort, 46 *et seq.*—bombardment of the Bogue Forts, 49 *et seq.*—operations on the Canton River, 53 *et seq.*—a fire in the Factories, 56 *et seq.*—firing the town, 59—one boat *versus* eighty junks, 63 *et seq.*—evacuation of Canton, 69 *et seq.*—in command of the *Eaglet*, 70—a mandarin's directions for the destruction of British ships, 71 *et seq.*—massacre of passengers and crew of a British steamer, 77—adventures in the paddy-fields, 79 *et seq.*—reinforcements from England, 82—battle of Fatshan Creek, 84 *et seq.* — Sir Henry Keppel's account of the action, 91—promoted to lieutenant, 92—Commissioner Yeh and the Tartar General captured, 93—searching for pirates, 94 *et seq.*—capture of the Peiho Forts, 106 *et seq.*—up-river to Tientzin, 110 *et seq.*—signing of the peace treaty, 114—return to England, *ib.*—the *Calcutta* paid off, 117—ordered to join the *Trafalgar*, *ib.*—a ship-mate's yarns, 118 — appointed first lieutenant of the *Wasp*, 119—an adventurous voyage, 120 *et seq.*—on the rocks, 123—sport on Robben Island, 125—Mauritius, 126—searching for slavers, 127—ashore on a coral reef, 128—nineteen days in an open boat, 130 *et seq.*—arrival at Zanzibar, 139—the *Iskundah Shah*, 141—the *Wasp* afloat again, 145—return to Mauritius 147—the ascent of the "Peter Botte," 148 *et seq.*—the *Wasp* ordered home, 152—joins the *Hero*, 153—Bermuda, *ib.*—the *Narcissus*, 154—at Simon's Bay, *ib. et seq.*—sport at Saldhana Bay, 156 *et seq.*—incidents of the passage home, 158 *et seq.*—appointed first lieutenant of the *Victoria*, 160—a trip to Tunis, *ib. et seq.* — accompanies Lord Clarence Paget to Constantinople, 161—flag-lieutenant to Lord Clarence, 162—a yachting adventure, *ib. et seq.*—receives commander's commission, 168—joins the *Vestal* in the West Indies, 169—transferred to the *Reindeer*, *ib.*—stationed at Callao, 172 *et seq.*—revolution in Peru, 173 *et seq.*—sport on Charles Island, 178 *et seq.*—duck-shooting at Mazatlan, 181 *et seq.*—a revolution, 182 *et seq.*—destruction of San Salvador by an earthquake, 187 *et seq.*—sport in Vancouver, 193—returns to England, 198—voyage to Valparaiso, 202 *et seq.*—a ship on fire, 203—home again, 207—appointed senior officer on the coast of Newfoundland, 208—sport in Newfoundland, 212, 217 *et seq.* — at Bermuda, 220 — Jamaica, 222 — Belize, 224 — Havana, 225—the Bay Islanders, 229—report on Hayti, *ib. et seq.*—in command of *Lord Warden*, 234 *et seq.*—transferred to *Ajax*, 240—shooting caribou in Newfoundland, 241 — senior officer on the south-east coast of South America, 244 *et seq.*—Pernam-

buco, 245—Fernando do Noronha, 246 — Trinidad in the South Atlantic, 247—up the Paraná, 250 *et seq.*—San Blas, 253 *et seq.* — the Welsh settlement of Chupat, 256 *et seq.*—sport in Patagonia, 259 *et seq.*—the ship on fire, 260 — the Falkland Islands, 264—the South American Mission, 266 *et seq.*—Monte Video, 272—Buenos Ayres, 273 —a clever swindler, 274 — in command of the East India station, 277 *et seq.*—the dignity of an admiral, 278—sport at Rodriguez, 279, 302 *et seq.*—Mauritius after a cyclone, 280—sport on the island, 283 *et seq.*—Bourbon, 292 —Madagascar, 293 *et seq.*—Farquhar Island, 295 — the Seychelles, 297 *et seq.*—Ceylon, 305 *et seq.*—Bombay, 309—Calcutta, *ib. et seq.*—the Andaman Islands, 312—Madras, 314—sport at Colimere Point, *ib. et seq.* — tiger-shooting in Central India, 316 *et seq.* — rifle and gun in N.W. Provinces, 325 *et seq.* — up the Persian Gulf to Bagdad, 331 *et seq.*—duck-shooting near Karachi, 341 *et seq.* — end of his official career, 346.
Keppel, Admiral Sir Henry, 82, 86, 87, 88, 91, 127.
Keppel Island, 267.
Kinburn, 28, 29.
King, Captain, 23.
Kirk, Sir John, 141.
Kiswara, 131.
Kivinge, 132.
Knight's 'Cruise of the Falcon' referred to, 246 *et seq.*
Kowloon, 79.

Labrador, 219.
Lansdowne, Lord, 309 *et seq.*, 345.
Laughton, Professor J. K., 116.
Lawrence, 331 *et seq.*
Liffey, 201 *et seq.*
Lima, 173 *et seq.*, 196.
Lintin Island, 94.
Lisbon bar, 7.
Livingstone, Dr, 146.
London, 16.
Lord Raglan, 20, 23.
Lord Warden, 234 *et seq.*
Luce, Captain, 20.
Lufigy river, 134.
Lynx, 19.
Lyons, Lord, 161.
Lyons, Sir Edmund, 16, 27, 30, 161.

Macao Fort, 39, 40, 42, 62, 66, 69.
Mackenzie, Bishop, 146.
Madagascar, 291, 293 *et seq.*
Madeira, 33, 121, 171, 202.
Madras, 313, 314.
Magellan, Straits of, 171, 206.
Mahé, 297, 299 *et seq.*
Malakoff, the, 26, 29.
Malta, 8, 9, 160, 168.
Mandarin, distinguishing marks of the different grades, 71, 114.
Manzanilla, 187.
Marathon, 236.
Marlborough, 162.
Matanzas, 225.
Mauritius, 126—the ascent of the "Peter Botte," 148 *et seq.*—devastation of, by cyclone, 280 *et seq.*—sport in, 283 *et seq.*—294, 302.
Mazatlan, 181, 183, 185, 198.
Mediterranean station, 160 *et seq.*
Meldrum, Professor, his theory as to cyclones, 281.
Milne, Admiral Sir Alexander, 153.
Mirs Bay, 96.
Mockler, Colonel, 335, 337.
Mohammera, 334, 340.
Monfia, 127, 134, 136.
Monte Video, 205, 222, 244, 245, 249, 272, 274.
Mozambique, 127.
Murray, Patrick, 160.
Muscat, 332.

Nachimoff, Admiral, 11.
Nagasaki, 114.
Nankin, 50, 51.
Narcissus, 152, 153, 154, 158.
Navy, the, as it was fifty years ago, 1 *et seq.*—discipline in, 13 *et seq.* —leave granted to officers, 117—

the naval reserve, 234—ignorance about the navy, 235—beneficial effects of the naval exhibition, 236.
Newfoundland, 208 *et seq.* — the fisheries, 209—difficulties in navigating the coasts, 210 *et seq.*, 214 *et seq.*—sport on the island, 212 *et seq.*, 217 *et seq.*—the inhabitants, 213—magisterial duties of the captain, 216 *et seq.* — the French, 220—shooting expeditions to, 241 *et seq.*
Nicaraguan Canal, 197.
Nicobar Islands, 313.
Niger, 45, 76.
Nimrod, 104.
Norway, 201.
Nuwara-Eliya, 306.

Odessa, 12, 28.
Orpheus, 153.

Paget, Admiral Lord Clarence, 160, 161, 162, 163, 168.
Panama, 192, 196.
Paraná, the river, 250.
Patagonia, 245, 253 *et seq.*—sport in, 259 *et seq.* — the Patagonian Indian, 261—its geological interest, *ib.*
Peiho Forts, capture of the, 104 *et seq.*—114.
Peiho river, 104, 110, 113.
Perekop, 27.
Pernambuco, 245.
Persian Gulf, a voyage up the, 331 *et seq.*
Peru, a revolution in, 173 *et seq.*
Pichili, Gulf of, 104.
Pim, Lieutenant Bedford, of the *Banterer*, 61.
Pique, 104.
Pirates, hunting for, during the China war, 76, 94 *et seq.*
Plover, 85, 86.
Port Louis (Falkland Islands), 171.
Port Louis (Mauritius), 126, 147, 280.
Port Madryn, 256.
Port Stanley, 171.
Price, Sir Ross, 242.
Prowse, Judge, 216, 217.
Psyche, 161, 168.
Purvis, Admiral J. C., 22.
Putiatine, Count, 92.

Queen, the passenger steamer, captured by the Chinese, 77.
Quilos, 131.

Rabbit Island, 156.
Raleigh, 82, 88.
Rampur, tiger-shooting at, 316 *et seq.*
Randolph, George, Commander of the *Rodney*, 2, 10, 16, 18.
Rangoon, 313.
Redan, the, 26, 29.
Reid, Mr, American representative at Hong-Kong, 92.
Reindeer, 169 *et seq.*
Réunion, 280, 292 *et seq.*, 302.
Rifleman, 252.
Rigby, Colonel, 139, 141.
Rio de Janeiro, 170, 171, 245, 249.
Robben Island, 125.
Roberts, Lord, 344.
Robinson, Mr George, 283, 294.
Rochecouste, M., 285.
Rodney, 2 *et seq.*—nearly wrecked on Lisbon bar, 7—nearly waterlogged between Gibraltar and Malta, 8—in Besika Bay, 9—at Constantinople, 10—at Sinope, 11—at the bombardment of Odessa, 12—in Balchic Bay, *ib.*, 15—in Kalamita Bay, 15—off the Alma, 16—at the bombardment of Sebastopol, 17 *et seq.*—the *Rodney's* part in the bombardment, 30 *et seq.*—86.
Rodriguez, 279, 281, 294, 302 *et seq.*
Rolland, Commander W. R., 34, 39, 62.
Rosario, 253, 275.
Rovuma river, 131, 144.
Ruby, 222, 244 *et seq.*
Rugged Islands, 104.

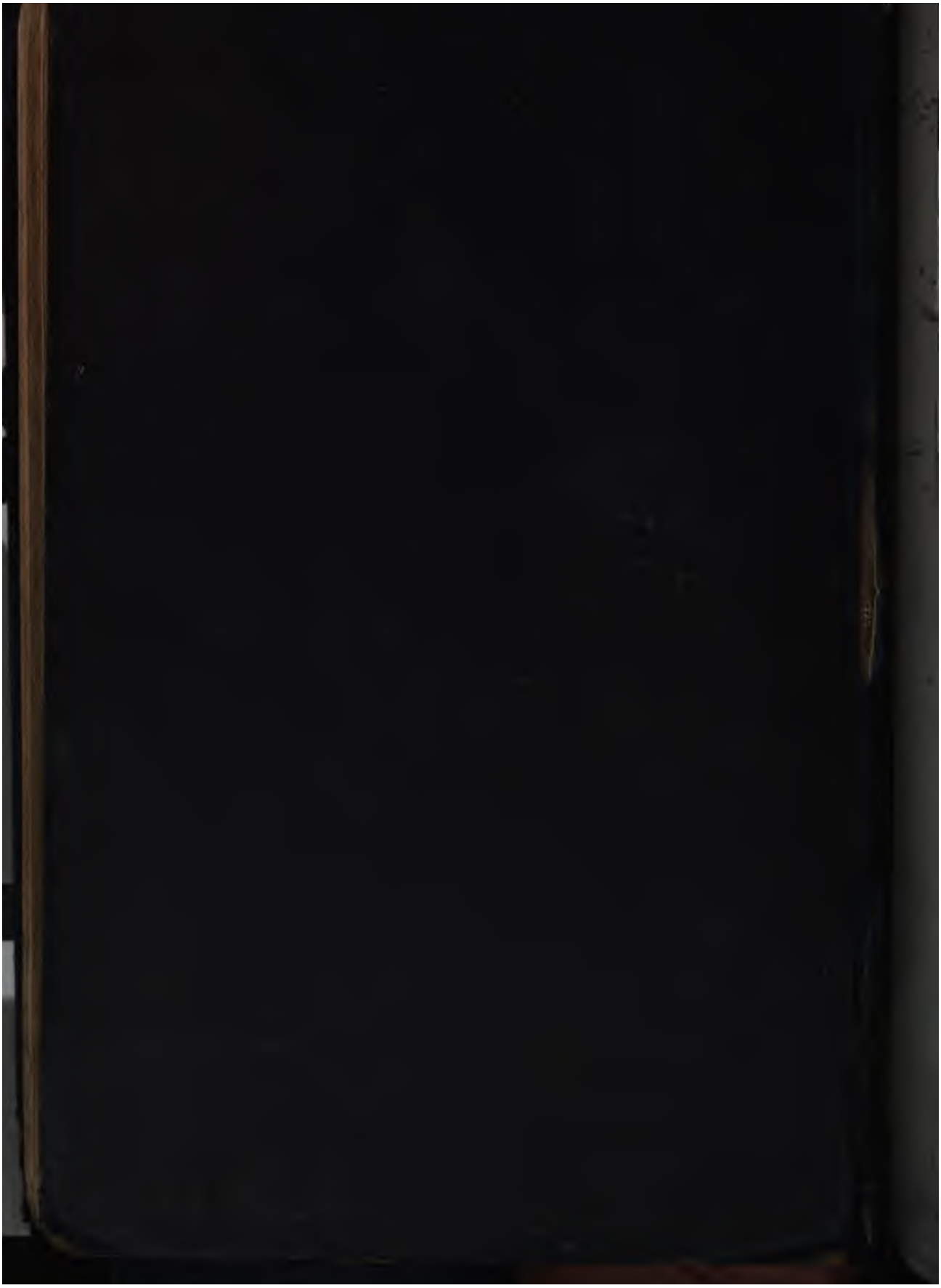
St Elena Bay, 261, 263.
St Helena, 115, 152.
St Jago, 204.
St Juan de Nova, 295.

St Vincent, 204.
Saldhana Bay, 156.
Salt Lake City, 198.
Sampson, 21, 39, 44.
San Blas (Mexico), 182 *et seq.*, 196.
San Blas (Patagonia), 253, 255.
San Salvador, destroyed by an earthquake, 187 *et seq.*
Sanspareil, 20, 31.
Santa Catalina, buried treasure in, 225 *et seq.*
Saumarez, Commander, 106.
Scylla, 173.
Sebastopol, 12, 16—bombardment of, 17 *et seq.*—the fall of, 28, 29.
Seychelles, 127, 296, 297 *et seq.*
Seymour, Admiral Sir Michael, 33, 38, 43, 67, 83, 85, 86, 91, 92, 106, 108, 111, 113, 114.
Seymour, Culme-, Admiral Sir Michael, 90.
Shah, 200, 206.
Shamean Forts, 40.
Shanghae, 104.
Shannon, 92.
Shetlands, attempt to obtain naval recruits in the, 235.
Sidon, 125.
Sierra Leone, 160.
Simon's Bay, 125, 154 *et seq.*
Singapore, 35, 115.
Sinope, the massacre of, 10 *et seq.*
Sir Charles Forbes, 85.
Slaney, 104, 105, 106.
Slave traffic on East coast of Africa, searching for slavers, 127, 128—the "Free Emigration Trading Company," 147.
Smart, Sir Robert, 160.
Smith, Bowden-, N., 112.
Smyth's Channel, 171.
Sorelli rocks, 9.
South American Mission, the, 266 *et seq.*
South American station, in command of the, 244 *et seq.*
Spaniard Harbour, 268.
Sphinx, 27, 28, 29.
Spiteful, 17 *et seq.*, 31.
Starling, 82.
Staten Island, 267.
Stewart, Admiral Sir Houston, 117.
Stirling, Bishop, 258, 260, 266 *et seq.*
Sumatra, 35.
Sutna, big game shooting at, 325 *et seq.*
Sutton, John, 127, 131, 135-138, 143, 144.
Swallow, 253.
Swan Island, 228.
Sweden, 347.
Sybille, 62.
Symonds, of the *Arethusa*, 10.

Table Bay, 125.
Table Mountain, 155.
Taif, escape of the, from Sinope, 11.
Tamatave, 293.
Tchernaya, the, 25.
Tepic, 182 *et seq.*, 196—the "Tiger of Tepic," 186.
Terrible, 21.
Tientzin, 110, 111, 113, 114.
Tierra del Fuego, 266 *et seq.*
Tigris, the river, 335 *et seq.*
Tonga Island, 133.
Tongy Bay, 131.
Torpedo, practice with the Whitehead, 200.
Tova Island, 260.
Tozer, Bishop, 224.
Trafalgar, 117, 118.
Tribune, 83, 86.
Trincomalee, 277, 291, 305 *et seq.*, 345.
Trinidad Island in the South Atlantic, 246 *et seq.*
Triumph, 206.
Tunis, 160.
Tuscaloosa, tender to Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, 158.

Uskuwaia, 266 *et seq.*

Valdez Peninsula, the, 263.
Valparaiso, 172, 173, 206.
Vancouver, 193 *et seq.*
Vanderbilt, United States cruiser, 157.
Varna, 12, 15.
Vengeance, 23.
Vestal, 169.
Victoria, 160, 162, 168.

West Indies, service in the, 105 *et seq.*, 222.
Wharton, Admiral Sir William, 302.
Zanzibar, 127, 130, 138 *et seq.*
Zerda, Colonel, commands Charles Island, 179 *et seq.*

c 3